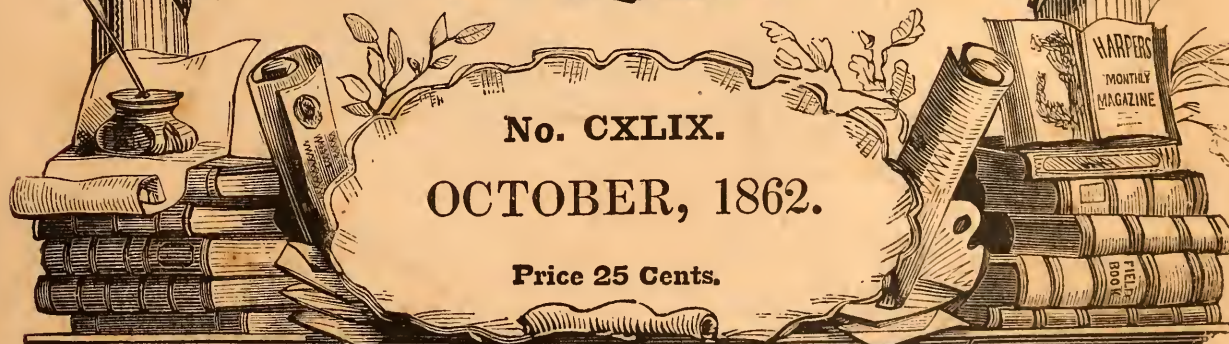




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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLIX.—OCTOBER, 1862.—VOL. XXV.



THE CAPTIVE SAVED.

THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

SINCE the days of the robber barons in Germany, and border feuds between Englishmen and Scots, no portion of history is so fertile in narratives of personal daring and individual adventures as that which records the pioneer settlements of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. The immigrants into the later settled States, who relied in a great measure on the Federal armies for protection, did not find so wide a field for individual exploits; besides which, the power of

the hostile tribes had been so broken by earlier conflicts that they were unable to offer so obstinate a resistance as they had done to the first encroachments beyond the Alleghanies. Thus the truly heroic age of our Western history extends only from the founding of Boonesborough, in 1775, to the Treaty of Ghent; after which, the savages, deserted by England, recognized their fate, and yielded the dominion of the Northwest to the white men.

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The treaty of 1762 had made the English colonists and the savages east of the Mississippi fellow-subjects of the same crown, but had done little to mitigate the hostility which a century and a quarter of constant and merciless war had engendered between them. The savages knew that their enemies were not the kings of England or France, who reigned thousands of miles away, but the ever restless colonists of the Atlantic sea-board, whose power they dreaded, and whose aggressions they were continually experiencing. So then, when war broke out between their own peculiar enemies and the English, the nations of the Northwest gathered as eagerly to the flag of Britain as they had ever done to that of France, and displayed as much ferocity under the command of St. Leger and Prevost as under that of Duquesne and Montcalm.

No national hatred was ever more bitter and lasting than that which existed between the two races on this continent—not even that between Spaniards and Moors—nor were hostilities ever carried on during any long series of years with such relentless ferocity. The final aim of both parties being extermination, the destruction of non-combatants was an object to be sought with hardly less eagerness than that of the most efficient warriors, and pity to any one of the hostile race came to be considered a weakness, especially among the whites. To smite the heathen hip and thigh, or, better still, make him an inheritance, was only another expression of the “right of might” doctrine always so willingly embraced by the strong, even when unaccompanied by the divine sanction that was supposed to justify its application in the particular case of a great continent abounding in every element of wealth being found in the possession of a people too weak to defend it. That a Christian, armed with steel cap and musketoon, should lack what the Mexican armed in cotton mail and obsidian sword possessed, appeared just as absurd to the Virginian cavalier and the New England Puritan as it did to the Spanish conquistador; and though the former did not proclaim their opinion so loudly as the latter, they acted it out as fully and relentlessly. A conflict begun in such a spirit could not be otherwise than merciless at the outset; and when we remember that the pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio were the sons and grandsons of the backwoodsmen of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, and that they met the red men with the accumulated rancor of generations raging in the breasts of both parties, neither the ferocity of their battles nor the cold-blooded treatment of prisoners will be deemed a matter of wonder.

But what does seem strange is, that in reading the story of these barbarous wars, if we are for a moment relieved by some tale of unwonted magnanimity, it is nearly always an Indian who falsifies the savage creed in which he has been educated; while a white man's boasted civilization is but seldom found to raise him sufficiently above his habitual prejudices as to show mercy to an Indian. One such exceptional act of kind-

ness we will venture to relate, because we are perfectly sure of its authenticity, having heard it from the gentleman who was its subject.

The massacre at the River Raisin is a name suggestive of all that is horrible in Indian warfare: at the mere mention of it our mothers still shudder, and over it our grandmothers wept bitter tears for sons, the very flower of Kentucky, who there fell a sacrifice to savage cruelty and the perfidy of an English general. It is well known that the first conflict at Frenchtown resulted favorably to our army, and that when the assailants renewed the attack, they for hours made good their frail stockades against the whole force of British and Indians combined. During the hottest part of this latter fight, Mr. C—, then a mere boy, was struck down by a bullet through the body, and carried to a log-hut in the rear, used as a hospital for the wounded, with whom it was soon crowded. After the surrender, which was not made until the English commander pledged his honor for the safety of the prisoners, a number of savages, drunk with rage and whisky, rushed into the cabin and began to tomahawk and scalp the helpless inmates. Young C—, who happened to be lying in such a position as to be partially hid but yet able to see all that was done, feigned death, hoping thereby to escape the hatchet, though he well knew it would not save him from the scalping-knife, for scalps then bore a good price at the government offices in Canada. While trying to nerve himself to endure the horrible mutilation without flinching, he noticed the entrance of an Indian who, instead of taking any part in the barbarous employment of his fellows, appeared to regard it with disapproval. Grasping at the slightest hope of escape, the youth determined to appeal to this man for protection. Springing suddenly to his feet, and eluding some blows aimed at him, he rushed to his side, and earnestly begged to be received as his prisoner. The noble savage for a moment regarded his eager petitioner with a look of mingled doubt and pity, and then asked if he thought himself able to endure a rapid march to Canada. Receiving an assurance in the affirmative, he threw his blanket round the youth and led him to his own camp, where he supplied him with proper food, examined tenderly into the nature of his hurt, and watched over his safety with the solicitude of a brother. During the subsequent day, when so many of the prisoners were murdered in cold blood by their guards, this Indian, by assistance and encouragement, enabled his suffering protégé to keep so well up with the party in its hasty march as not to attract the attention of his less merciful companions, who would have dispatched him if he had delayed their progress. At night, when the poor boy's wounds kept him awake and tossing with pain, his red friend sat by him trying to assuage his agony, and when he at last discovered that this was best accomplished by the patient lying across something, offered his own person for that purpose, and bore without moving the inconveniences of such a position during the remainder



INDIAN AND PONY.

of the night. The same conduct was continued until Mr. C—— was delivered to the British authorities at Malden. From that time he never saw or could hear of his noble benefactor; but he always cherished his memory with feelings of the deepest gratitude. We think we may challenge any historian of civilized warfare to point out a more striking instance of generosity than this. Certainly a darker scene was never relieved by a brighter gleam.

There is another little incident we have heard related by a venerable lady of our acquaintance, which displays a similar forbearance on the part of an Indian; and which we will here narrate, because it presents one of the very few instances of reciprocal forbearance on the part of the whites to an enemy who had fallen into their hands; and, what makes it stranger still, that enemy, not only an Indian but a horse-thief: which latter class of criminals the settlers hated as cordially, and slew as remorselessly, as they did the former. The lady, when a girl of eighteen or nineteen, resided with her father on the outskirts of the settlements at a period when the older parts of the State had become well popu-

lated, and the Indians, intimidated by the frequent expeditions into their own country, had ceased to cross the Ohio in large bodies, but singly, or in small parties, prowled along the frontiers with the design rather of plundering than slaying; seldom hesitating, however, to take a scalp when the opportunity offered, so that the whites still thought it dangerous to move far from home without company, but at the same time regarded their cabins as perfectly secure from attack, except in very isolated situations where succor could not be readily obtained. Miss M——, therefore, was in the habit of rambling fearlessly into the fields near her father's house for the purpose, among other things, of feeding and petting a favorite pony. One evening she went forth about sunset, and remained for an hour standing upon a log caressing the gentle animal, throwing her arms round his neck, stroking his face with her handkerchief, and talking to him as young ladies are apt to do with a pet of any description. Next morning, to her great grief, the pony was missing, and an examination showed that he had been stolen by an Indian. A small party, consisting of her

brothers and a few neighbors, quickly started in pursuit of the robber, and late in the evening came in sight of a single young warrior standing on a log with his arm round the neck of his prize—stroking his face with a piece of cloth, and talking to him in a soft girlish voice just as he had seen the young lady doing the evening before. The pursuers, guessing the truth and moved to a most unusual degree of clemency, instead of shooting the thief down in his tracks took the pains to surround and capture him, and thus learned that he had been lying under the very log on which Miss M—— stood while caressing her pet. And his savage fancy had been so much captivated by the graceful tableau that he had forborne to injure her though within arms' reach for an hour, and was trying to re-enact the scene himself when his enemies came upon him.

Two men, Boone and Harrod, are generally regarded as representatives of the border populations of their times, and in some superficial points they were so. But in mental power, elevation of sentiment, they were as different from the mass of their contemporaries, and as superior to them in every moral quality, as George Washington was to the majority of those who aided him in the Revolutionary struggle. Except in superficial things, indeed, no great man can be a representative one; for the very fact that he is great implies that he is exceptional, and he is only great so far as he is exceptional. Those who would find representatives of the Indian fighters of the West must look for them among such men as M'Intosh and Wetzel. But Boone and Harrod were remarkable for their magnanimity toward their red-skinned antagonists. The latter in particular was not surpassed in this respect by any hero of chivalry. He was in every essential a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*; and his life was a true romance of the forest. Born in is not certainly known where, ignorant of letters but intelligent from observation, with a spirit as lofty and as gentle as that of Sidney himself, he appeared among the earliest settlers of the country—or rather preceded them, for when Boone came first to Boonesborough Harrod's cabin already marked the site of Harrodsburg—and, after spending his prime of manhood in protecting the lives and property without deigning to grasp the immense fortune his own enterprise had placed within reach, at last, when all around him was peace and prosperity, when an affectionate family made his home pleasant, and age was beginning to silver his jetty curls and steal the vigor from his stalwart tread—when it was natural that he would settle quietly down, beloved by neighbors to whom he had shown so much kindness, and honored by the commonwealth he had helped to build up—he suddenly plunged into the forest, and disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. The beginning and end of his life no man knows, nor can any one point out the spot where his cradle stood or his bones repose.

Nature seldom produces such men as James Harrod. He was truly one of her noblemen, and art had no part in his formation. Unable to write his name, he succeeded in placing it permanently among the most beloved and renowned of his adopted State. Never seeking command, he was always called to leadership by the public voice in times of difficulty and danger. Perfectly candid and honest, he turned with disgust from the strifes and intrigues of party to the more honorable warfare with the wild beasts and wilder men of the forests. Entire personal freedom was his ruling passion; and he indemnified himself for even the ordinary restrictions of society by indulging in long solitary excursions into the wilderness, often lasting many weeks, while he abhorred and resolutely refused to wear the shackles of party-discipline and official propriety. Hence, except as Colonel of Militia, his name is not found among the dignitaries of his time—his want of education, indeed, incapacitating him for most civil employments. It was as a neighbor and friend that he was most distinguished; and in these simple capacities he performed most of those services that have joined his name with those of Boone and Clarke, in a triumvirate which the people of Kentucky still delight to honor as the three great founders of their State. Let the best-informed historian of Kentucky tell why this man was so highly admired, and by what arts he gained so much of the people's love:

"At Harrodsburg," says Mr. Marshall, "news was brought him that the Indians had surprised a party four miles away and killed a man. 'Boys,' said he, 'let us go and beat the rascals;' and accordingly he snatches his gun and runs at the head of his party. He hears that a family is in want of meat, and takes his rifle, repairs to the forest, kills the needful supply, and presently offers it to the sufferers. A plow-horse is in the range—a pasture without bounds. The owner, not yet used to the woods, and apprehensive of the danger attending a search, says to Harrod, 'My horse has not come up, so I can't plow to-day.' 'What kind of a horse is yours?' The description is given, Harrod departs, and in a little while the horse is driven up to the owner's door. If," continues the same author, "he who leads a party can be said to want ambition, James Harrod seems to have been free from that passion. Simple, frugal, candid, and complying, seeming to command because always foremost in danger; utterly destitute of art he nevertheless had a party—not because he wanted it, but because it wanted him; for whenever men are surrounded by danger they instinctively seek a leader, especially for self-defense and protection, and this leader is generally their favorite companion, the man in whose courage, skill, and perseverance they have the most implicit faith." This is the testimony of one who knew Harrod personally, and who is in general very niggardly in awarding praise to his contemporaries.

Mr. Webber relates an incident of one of



HARROD AND THE WARRIOR.

Harrod's solitary rambles into the wilderness which we have never seen mentioned elsewhere, and which strikingly illustrates the chivalrous character of this hero of the backwoods :

Being on one occasion hotly pressed by a party of Indians he plunged into the Miami, then in a flooded state, and holding his rifle above water with one hand, and swimming with the other, succeeded in reaching the other shore untouched by the bullets which closely flew about his head. Two of the savages as bold as himself followed, but the foremost, when in mid-stream, received a shot and disappeared with a stifled yell beneath the rushing waters, while the other, warned by his comrade's fate, turned back, and the chase was given up. An hour or two afterward, as Harrod approached the river a few miles below the point where this encounter had taken place, he saw something struggling in an eddy, and was not a little astonished when he beheld a naked warrior draw himself painfully upon a pile of drift-wood, where, having with difficulty fixed himself, he proceeded to apply a rude bandage to his shoulder, down which the blood was flowing from a deep rifle-shot wound.

Rightly conjecturing this to be the same Indian whom he had lately shot, who had contrived to save himself by clinging to some piece of floating timber, and moved by an impulse such as few white men of his time would have understood, he resolved to lend what assistance he could to his disabled adversary. But how to approach him was the first difficulty; for Harrod well knew that if he should present himself in the guise of an enemy the savage would not hesitate to plunge again into the stream rather than allow a foeman the honor of carrying away his scalp as a trophy of victory. Stealing cautiously, therefore, to one of the trees on the bank a few yards from where the unconscious object of his kindness sat, he laid aside his gun, knife, and hatchet, and then slipped suddenly into view with his arms extended, in token of peace, and to show that he was without any weapon. At the first sight of him the savage started in act to plunge into the stream, but a second glance assuring him that no immediate hostility was intended, he forbore his purpose, but remained watching with the jealous gaze of a disabled wild beast the stranger's approach, ready at the first sus-

picious motion to seek death in the foaming river rather than await it at the hands of an enemy. At length the encouraging gestures and open, kindly countenance of the other convinced him that nothing unfriendly was intended, when he suffered himself to be approached. Harrod finding him almost fainting from cold and loss of blood, gently assisted him to the shore, where he dressed his hurt with a portion of his own clothing, and then taking him on his back, bore him several miles to a beautiful little cave, which he had discovered years before, and used as a lodging in inclement weather during his excursions into this region. Here he continued to feed and nurse his late foe as long as he required such attentions, and finally dismissed him in safety to his tribe.

Such was James Harrod to his friends; and—a better test of character—such was he to his enemies.

Daniel Boone, the twin-founder of Kentucky, is one of those men who are much talked about and little understood—or rather, greatly misunderstood. He is generally regarded as a mere rover of the woods, who fled thither to escape the contact of his fellow-men, and happened to stumble on fame by the mere accident of being the first to settle in the country watered by the lower tributaries of the Ohio, and who possessed no extraordinary powers save endurance and courage. Even his panegyrist, Governor James Morehead, in an anniversary oration at Boonesborough, cites him as an “example of what may be achieved in our country by a man of no uncommon mental endowments”—a very striking example, indeed, if it were true; but no man ever acquired the voluntary obedience of his fellows, and retained it for any length of time, without superior powers of some sort. Our laws may call all men equal, but a higher law forbids; and by that eternal law was Daniel Boone invested with the office of leader of men.

Even among intelligent persons Boone has been too much undervalued; because through a long course of national prosperity the principal business of our public men has been to talk well, and we have, in our admiration of this faculty, come to look with small respect upon that inarticulate kind of intellect which reveals itself in acts and not in words. And the consequence has been that the workers have left the conduct of public affairs to the talkers, and turned their energies into the channels of private enterprise, which accordingly show a degree of energy and success almost unknown in the world. And now, when the storm is upon us in all its fury, and our people stand aghast at the sudden ruin of all their towering hopes; when they see that the talkers have theorized and philosophized us almost to the giving up our pretensions to our national existence, and begin to look around for men of action to lead them through the danger, we find these leaders stepping forth from private stations to which their voiceless energies had been confined, and that scarcely one of their names has ever been a party watch-word. And

this, instead of a suspicious, is really a propitious omen; for while the *work* of the country lay in making great roads and other enterprises of a private nature, these men did that work; and now, by the same law of their natures, when the great work of the nation is war and government, they come forth to do that. We have learned by a fearful lesson that mere institutions, however good, are no safeguards against personal ambition and national degeneracy; let us pray, then, for the speedy appearance of that which can save us—God's true vicegerent on earth—a *great man*: not a great talker—we have had enough of them—but a great doer.

This Magazine has already given* a biographical sketch of Boone, detailing the main incidents of his life, and although quoting Morehead's inadequate estimate of his character, presenting as a whole a fair estimate of the man. In that article the commonly accredited account of the Battle of Blue Licks is given in brief; and the present writer, in a former paper, has alluded to this account, rather by way of illustration than with any confidence in its correctness. Indeed it always seemed to him incredible that a body of men, most of them veterans in Indian warfare, could, merely by a taunt, be so far deprived not only of their habitual caution but of common sense, as to rush pell-mell into a trap whose existence had been pointed out by one who knew the whole ground, and could read the signs of an ambush as easily as he could a printed page. The whole tale about M'Gary's scornful exclamation having stung the whole army into momentary insanity always seemed to us very much like one of those excuses which national pride is sure to invent in order to hide its own humiliation. At length this suspicion was confirmed by a letter that appeared in one of our later historical collections, and which, though partially suppressed by the editor, still contained enough to prove that the whole disaster was attributable, not to any rash but chivalrous impulse of outraged gallantry, but to the most commonplace and unromantic misconduct on the part of both men and officers. As this statement was said to be derived from Boone, who was in the fight; from Clarke, who, as commander-in-chief, must have been well informed as to all its particulars; and from Kenton, who had often conversed with the survivors of the massacre, it certainly deserves to be heard in opposition to the received account; and when once so heard, we think there will be no doubt as to which will command the greater credit.

In order to render a description of this famous battle intelligible, it will be necessary to give the reader some general idea of the field on which it occurred, which, as its topographical features are very marked, may be easily done.

At the place called the “Lower Blue Lick,” the Licking River, in its general northwesterly course, encountering a spur of the great mount-

* October, 1859.

ain bed of Eastern Kentucky, sweeps sharply off to the left for more than a mile, whence, after doubling the point of the promontory, it flows back, along the further side, to a point almost exactly opposite to that of its original deflection; and then, by another abrupt turn, resumes its general course toward the northwest—thus forming a very elliptical “horse-shoe bend.” The inclosed area was entirely occupied by a bold limestone ridge, except at its western extremity, where the alluvial deposit had formed a bottom of several acres in extent. From this bottom, which was covered with coarse grass and other growths natural to such a situation, and from the river on either side, the hill rose bold and bare not only of vegetation but even of soil itself—leaving the whole surface paved, as it were, with large limestone flags, black and blistered by the sun, with only a few stunted cedar shrubs growing here and there out of the crevices. Following the crest of this desolate-looking ridge for about a mile, the road passes between the heads of two ravines which, beginning only a few yards apart, run down somewhat obliquely to the river on each side. These ravines were filled with a dense jungle of small wood; while beyond them, instead of a rocky pavement, the surface of the hill was covered with an open forest of heavy timber, through which ran the great buffalo road. Thus the field of battle was a complete *cul-de-sac*, with but two outlets, one formed by the narrow pass between the heads of the ravines, the other by the ford at the other extremity of the ellipse.

On the 15th of August, 1782, an Indian army, consisting of detachments from all the northern tribes, whose march had been so secret that not the slightest rumor had preceded them, suddenly appeared before Bryant's Station, a few miles northeast of Lexington. The garrison, though taken by surprise, prepared for a stubborn defense, and, at the same time, sent off a runner to Colonel Todd, at Lexington, the superior officer of the district, who at once called out the forces immediately about him, and sent warning of the attack to Colonel Boone, at Boonesborough, and Lieutenant-Colonel Trigg, at Harrodsburg, to join him as quickly as possible with what men they could gather on the spur of the moment. Trigg also transmitted the news to Colonel Logan, the senior officer of the Kentucky militia. The three parties under Boone, Todd, and Trigg, having Harland, M'Gary, and Levi Todd as majors, were united at Lexington on the 17th, forming together a body of between two and three hundred men, the very flower of the young commonwealth. This little army reached the threatened station early on the morning of the 18th, but found that the enemy had raised the siege and departed about daylight, not choosing to wait an attack at that place; but instead of skulking off, as if anxious to baffle pursuit, they had taken the great buffalo trail to the Blue Licks, probably the best-beaten road at that time in the country. This circumstance

at once aroused Boone's suspicions, which were increased, as they advanced in pursuit, by many signs which seemed to show that the savages were moving as slowly and making as distinct a trail as possible, while taking every precaution to conceal their numbers, which they accomplished so well that the veteran woodsman could only guess their force to be between three and five hundred. At length, after a march of 36 miles, the army reached the bank of Licking River, and for the first time caught sight of the Indians, three or four of whom were seen, on the other side, leisurely ascending the ridge. The conduct of this party convinced Boone and all the more experienced among the whites that they were merely acting as a decoy to draw the pursuers over the river, and that their main body, though invisible, was not far off. A council was therefore called, in which all who chose seemed to have taken part. Boone, who had often hunted over the ground, described it minutely, particularly the situation of two ravines, and gave it as his opinion that the whole Indian force was lying in ambush at that point. He therefore advised that they should defer further operations till Logan, who was known to be hastening on, should join them with the men of Lincoln; and then, with their combined forces, continue the pursuit, and try to bring the enemy to battle in some less formidable position, before they could recross the Ohio. This would certainly have been the most prudent course, but the Fabian policy was little admired by the borderers, and seldom practiced. Seeing, therefore, that this first plan was unacceptable both to the officers and men, and still anxious to defer the battle as long as possible, but above all to prevent the passage of the river, he next proposed that the army should be divided into two bodies, the stronger of which should march *up* the river and cross at another ford, beyond the mouth of the ravine on that side, thus gaining the rear of the enemy's right; while the other division, moving *down* along the northern side of the bend, should flank and uncover their left, supposing them to be posted, as he conjectured, in the ravines; and to make sure of this latter point, he urged that scouts should first be sent out to examine the ground in both directions.

The usual version is, that while Boone was enforcing this last proposition Major M'Gary broke emphatically away from the group of officers, and waving his hat, spurred his horse into the water, calling on all who were not “cowards to follow, and he would show them where the Indians were;” when, according to M'Clung (who has been copied by every subsequent writer), the whole army, stung to madness by the taunt, flung aside all thoughts of discipline or danger, and poured in one mingled mass of horse and foot through the ford, and in the same disorder ascended the hill. Mr. Marshall, the best historian of those times, says, that first one and then another followed M'Gary, until the movement was gradually communicated to the whole body, which crossed in disorder in-

deed, but with none of the thoughtless precipitation so vividly described by M'Clung. But the letter of which we have spoken represents the whole movement as made in obedience to the orders of the commanding officers, and further states that, instead of rushing heedlessly on to an engagement, the men were reduced to some degree of order before ascending the hill, and each of the three divisions assigned its particular position and duty.

Of all the leaders, Boone alone seems to have understood how fatal a blunder had thus been committed. And so knowing, we can imagine his feelings when he saw that little army, composed so largely of his personal friends, among whom were a son and a nephew, inclosed in a trap, where victory was almost impossible, and defeat would be destruction. Still his mind continued as clear and his thoughts as unconfused as before the fatal step had been taken, and he saw that there remained one desperate hope of victory and salvation—namely, to push on, force the narrow passage between the ravines, and gain the woods beyond, thus at once gaining shelter for themselves, cutting the enemy's line, and exposing their rear—a situation in which he knew neither the savages nor any

other troops could be held steady for any length of time. With this hope he rapidly ascended the hill with his own men, and in a few minutes neared the desired point, which he found strongly guarded, and where the battle immediately began. Boone and M'Gary, at the head of their brave little forlorn hope, attempted to clear the strait on a run, and close with the enemy in the woods beyond. Had the number of the whites been near equal to that of the Indians, their stubborn valor might possibly have prevailed. Some few, indeed, did succeed in entering the wood, but it was only to die by the tomahawk instead of the rifle. But the converging fire from a semicircle of concealed foes swept the exposed and narrow passway with such murderous effect that Boone, after having seen his son stretched dead at his feet, gave up at last the desperate attempt. A single glance told him that the rest of the army was already not only defeated but on the brink of destruction, as he had foreseen. For the two wings, the extremities of which were to rest on the river on either side, thus occupying the whole breadth of the ellipse, having come into action wearied by a long march, and considerably disordered by the hasty passage of the stream, were met by a fire



BOONE AT THE BLUE LICKS.

from the ravines so accurate and sustained that in three or four minutes every field-officer except Major Todd was killed. The men, thus left without commanders, and unable to face the deadly fusillade, to which they could return no effectual reply, had gradually fallen back, still maintaining their connection with the centre, so that the line had first assumed a triangular form, and finally, when the action ceased in the van, the entire force was disposed along the crest of the ridge in an irregular column, searched throughout its whole length and breadth by the hostile shot. This position they maintained for a while, unable to advance, yet unwilling to fly; but their hesitancy was of short duration, for the Indians were now seen leaving the lower part of the ravines with the design of occupying the ford. The meaning of this movement was at once understood, and a panic seized the soldiers, who, leaving their wounded friends to their fate, rushed in tumultuous disorder down the hill, each thinking only of securing his own safety by reaching the only outlet from that bloody trap before it should be closed. But many never reached it at all, and others who did perished under the hatchet before they could gain the opposite shore; for the savages, issuing from their coverts when the retreat began, swarmed thickly round the flanks and rear of the flying crowd, striking them down at every step, and even slaying numbers in the stream itself, in spite of a galling fire from some of the whites who had already gained the farther bank. But in the midst of this rout and dismay Boone saved himself by a boldness as timely and sagacious as his former prudence. Being most deeply involved, he saw that to fly toward the ford would only be sharing the fate of the crowd who had preceded him, as the Indians could reach that point before he could. Calling around him a party of fifteen or twenty friends, they dashed into one of the ravines, and, after a short but furious hand-to-hand struggle with the Indians who still remained there, succeeded in breaking through their line and gaining the shelter of the woods, whence, by a circuitous route, they reached Bryant's without losing a man.

Such we believe to have been the true character of the famous battle of the "Blue Licks," in which we scarcely know which to admire most, the skill with which the Indian leader posted and fought his savage army, or the acuteness with which Boone penetrated all his plans, and pointed out the means by which they might have been baffled.

But Daniel Boone was not only great-minded; for if our conduct and feelings toward enemies form, as they certainly do, the best measure of magnanimity, then was the Kentucky pioneer one of the most noble-minded of men. The narrative of his adventures, as detailed by himself, contains not one of those savage personal encounters with Indians which give so much interest to the lives of his compeers. The man, in fact, seems to have had nothing of the bully or

bravo about him, and to have had a singular aversion to shedding the blood even of his enemies. Even in that touching passage of Filson's narrative, where the veteran pioneer sums up his losses by savage hands—his two eldest sons being included in the list—he seems to feel no bitterness or anger in the melancholy retrospect, only deep sadness and a slight consciousness of ill-treatment from those for whom he had suffered so much.

Thus we see that Boone and Harrod were entirely free from one of the most characteristic feelings of their class, namely, "Indian hating;" a feeling the strength of which we may faintly conceive by talking to one of the old pioneers who yet linger here and there in the Western country, but more vividly perhaps from the frequency of what may very properly be termed revenge monomania. Mr. Bird's "Bloody Nathan," and Mr. Webber's "Silent Hunter," whether portraits or fancy sketches, are both good representatives of a class of persons whose minds had been more or less disordered by some of those awful incidents of savage warfare which make us shudder even at the distance of seventy years, and whose mysterious modes of life and ruthless pursuit of vengeance still form the burden of traditionary tales in many regions of our State.

Toward the end of the last century there lived at Vincennes a woman whose whole life had been spent on the frontier. She had been widowed four or five times by the Indians; her last husband, whose name was Moredock, had been killed a few years before the time of which we speak. But she had managed to bring up a large family in a respectable manner. Now, when her sons were growing up, she resolved to better their condition by moving "West." The whole of Illinois was a blooming waste of prairie land, except in a few places where stood the trading posts built a hundred years before by the French. These quiet little colonies of Normans and Bretons, nestling here and there, supply almost the only idyllic chapters in our history, otherwise so resonant with the noise of battle and the din of progress.

The lower peninsula of Illinois was not of a nature to attract emigrants when so much finer lands were to be found on the banks of the Great River and its tributaries; nor was a land journey over that marshy region, infested as it was by roving bands of savages, to be lightly undertaken, when the two rivers furnished a so much more easy though circuitous way to the delightful region beyond. Hence it was usual for a company of those intending to make the journey to purchase a sufficient number of pirogues, or keel-boats, in them descend the Ohio, and then ascend the Mississippi to the mouth of the Kaskaskia, or any other destined point. By adopting this mode of traveling all serious danger of Indian attacks was avoided, except at one or two points on the latter stream, where it was necessary to land and draw the boats around certain obstructions in the channel.



ATTACK ON THE EMIGRANTS.

To one of these companies the Moredock family joined itself—several of the sons being sufficiently well-grown to take a part not only in the ordinary labors of the voyage but in any conflict that might occur. All went well with the expedition until they reached the rock known as the "Grand Tower" on the Mississippi, almost within sight of their destination. Here, supposing themselves to be out of danger, the men carelessly leaped on shore to drag the boats up against the current which here rushed violently around the base of the cliff. The women and children, fifteen or twenty in number, tired of being cooped in the narrow cabins for three or four weeks, thoughtlessly followed. While the whole party were thus making their way slowly along the narrow space between the perpendicular precipice on one hand, and the deep, swift-flowing stream on the other, the well-known yell of savage onset rung in their ears, and a volley of rifles from above stretched half a dozen of the number dead in their midst, while almost at the same moment a band of the painted demons appeared at each end of the fatal pass. The experienced border-men, who saw at a glance that their condition was hopeless, stood for one mo-

ment overwhelmed with consternation; but in the next the spirit of the true Indian fighter awoke within their hearts, and they faced their assailants with hopeless but desperate valor. The conflict that ensued was only a repetition of the scene which the rivers and woods of the West had witnessed a thousand times before, in which all the boasted strength and intelligence of the whites had been baffled by the superior cunning of the red men. "Battle Rock," "Murder Creek," "Bloody Run," and hundreds of similar names scattered throughout our land, are but so many characters in that stern epitaph which the aborigines, during their slow retreat across the continent toward the Rocky Mountains, and annihilation, have written for themselves in the blood of the destroying race. The history of Indian warfare contains no passage more fearful than is to be found in the narrative of this massacre at the Grand Tower of the Mississippi. Half-armed, surprised, encumbered with their women and children, and taken in so disadvantageous a situation, being all huddled together on a narrow sand beach, with their enemies above and on either side, their most desperate efforts availed not even to postpone their

fate; and in the space of ten minutes after the warning yell was heard the mangled bodies of forty men, women, and children lay heaped upon that narrow strip of sand. The conflict had ended in the complete destruction of the emigrant company: so complete that the savages imagined not a single survivor remained to carry the disastrous tidings to the settlements.

But one such wretched survivor, however, there was. John Moredock, who having fought like a young tiger until all hope of saving even a part of the unfortunate company was lost, and who then, favored by the smoke, and the eagerness of the assailants for scalps, and the plunder of the boats, glided through the midst of the savages and nestled himself in a cleft of the rocks. Here he lay for hours, sole spectator of a scene of Indian ferocity which transformed his young heart to flint, and awoke that thirst for revenge which continued to form the ruling sentiment of his future life—and which raged as insatiably on the day of his death, forty years later, when he had become a man of mark, holding high offices in his adopted State, as it did when crouching among the rocks of the Grand Tower; and, beholding the bodies of his mother, sisters, and brothers mangled by the Indian tomahawks, he bound himself by a solemn oath never from that moment to spare one of the accursed race who might come within reach of his arm; and especially to track the footsteps of the marauding band who had just swept away all that he loved on earth, until the last one should have paid the penalty of life for life.

How long he remained thus concealed he never knew; but at length, as the sun was setting, the Indians departed, and John Moredock stepped forth from his hiding-place, not what he had entered it, a brave, light-hearted lad of nineteen, the pride of a large family circle and the favorite of a whole little colony of borderers, but an orphan and an utter stranger in a strange land, standing alone amidst the ghastly and disfigured corpses of his family and friends. He had hoped to find some life still lingering amidst the heaps of carnage; but all, all had perished. Having satisfied himself of this fact, the lonely boy—now transformed into that most fearful of all beings, a thoroughly desperate man—quitted the place, and guiding himself by the stars struck across the prairie toward the nearest settlement on the Kaskaskia, where he arrived the next morning, bringing to the inhabitants the first news of the massacre which had taken place so near their own village, and the first warning of the near approach of the prowling band which had been for several months depredating, at various points along that exposed frontier, in spite of the treaties lately made by their nations with the Federal Government.

John Moredock was by nature formed for a leader in times of danger, and his avowed determination to revenge the massacre of his friends and kindred by the extirpation of the murderous band coincided so exactly with the feelings of

the frontiersmen, that, in spite of his lack of previous acquaintance, he in a few days found himself at the head of a company of twenty-five or thirty young men, whose lives had been spent in the midst of all kinds of perils and hardships, and who now bound themselves to their leader by an oath never to give up the pursuit until the last one of the marauding band engaged in the attack at Grand Tower should be slain.

Stanch as a pack of blood-hounds this little company of avengers ranged the frontier from the Des Moines to the Ohio, now almost within reach of their victims, and now losing all trace of them on the boundless prairies over which they roamed, unconscious of the doom by which they were being so hotly but stealthily pursued. Once, indeed, the whites came up with their game on the banks of a tributary of the Missouri, a hundred and fifty miles beyond the utmost line of the settlements; but as the Indians, though unsuspecting of any particular danger, had pitched their camp in a spot at once easy to defend and to escape from, and as Moredock wished to destroy and not to disperse them, he forbore striking a partial blow, and resolved rather to postpone his revenge than to enjoy it incompletely. Fortune, however, seemed to repay him for this act of self-restraint by presenting the very opportunity he had sought, when, a few weeks afterward, he discovered the whole gang of murderers encamped for the night on a small island in the middle of the Mississippi. After a hasty consultation with his companions, a course of procedure was determined upon which strikingly displays both the monomaniacal tendency of the leader and the desperate ascendancy he had acquired over his followers. This was nothing less than to shut themselves up on that narrow sand bar and engage the savages in a hand-to-hand conflict—a conflict from which neither party could retreat, and which must necessarily end in the total destruction of one or the other. A most desperate undertaking truly, when we reflect that the numbers of the combatants were about equal, and that to surprise an Indian encampment was next to impossible. But John Moredock, and probably more than one of his companions, were monomaniacs, and considerations of personal danger never entered into their calculations. Revenge, not safety, was their object, and they took little thought of the latter when the opportunity of compassing the former was presented.

Slowly and stealthily, therefore, the canoes approached the island when all sounds there had ceased, and the flame of the camp fire had sunk into a pale red glow, barely marking the position of the doomed party among the undergrowth with which the central portion of the little isle was covered. The Indians, confiding in their natural watchfulness, seldom place sentinels around their camps; and thus Moredock and his band reached the island without being discovered. A few moments sufficed to set their own canoes as well as those of the Indians adrift, and then, with gun in hand and tomahawk ready,



RETURN OF JOHN MOREDOCK.

they glided noiselessly, as so many panthers, into the thicket, separating as they advanced so as to approach the camp from different quarters. All remained still as death for many minutes while the assailants were thus closing in around their prey, and not a twig snapped and scarcely a leaf stirred in the thick jungle through which thirty armed men were making their way in as many different directions, but all converging toward the same point, where a pale glimmer indicated the position of the unsuspecting savages. But though an Indian camp may be easily approached within a certain distance, it is almost impossible, if there be any considerable number of them, to actually strike its occupants while asleep. As savages, roaming at large over the face of the Continent without fixed habitations, and relying upon chance for the supply of their few wants, they know nothing of that regularity of habit which devotes certain fixed portions of time to the various purposes of life, but each one eats, sleeps, or watches just as his own feelings may dictate at the moment, without any regard to established usages of time or place. Hence the probability of finding all the members of an

Indian party asleep at the same time is small indeed. On the present occasion two or three warriors, who were smoking over the embers, caught the alarm before the assailants had quite closed in. Still the surprise gave the white men a great advantage, and half a dozen of the savages were shot down in their tracks before they comprehended the meaning of the hideous uproar, which suddenly broke the midnight stillness as Moredock and his company, finding their approach discovered, rushed in upon them. This fatal effect of the first volley was a lucky thing for the adventurers; for the Indians are less liable to panics than almost any other people, and they closed with their assailants with a fury that, combined with their superior skill in nocturnal conflict, would have rendered the issue of the struggle a very doubtful matter had the number of combatants been more nearly even. As it was, the nimble warriors fought their way against all odds to the point where their canoes had been moored. Here, finding their expected means of flight removed, and exposed upon the naked sand beach, the survivors still made desperate battle until all were slain except three,

who plunged boldly into the stream, and, aided by the darkness, succeeded in reaching the main land in safety.

Twenty-seven of those engaged in the massacre at the Grand Tower had been destroyed at a single blow. But three had escaped from the bloody trap, and while these lived the vengeance of John Moredock was unsatisfied. They must perish, and he determined that it should be by his own hand. He therefore dismissed his faithful band, and thenceforth continued the pursuit alone. Having learned the names of the three survivors he easily tracked them from place to place, as they roamed about in a circuit of three or four hundred miles. Had the wretches known what avenger of blood was thus dogging their tracks, the whole extent of the Continent would not have afforded space enough for their flight, or its most retired nook a sufficiently secure retreat. But quiet as relentless Moredock pursued his purpose, and but few even of his acquaintances knew the motive of his ceaseless journey along the frontiers from Green Bay to the mouth of the Ohio, and far into the unsettled wastes beyond the Mississippi. At length, about two years after the massacre of his family at the Tower, he returned to Kaskaskia having completed his terrible task, and bearing the scalp of the last of the murderers at his girdle.

Had he rested here few persons would have felt inclined to blame, while most would have applauded his conduct as being guided by the most rigid principles of poetic justice. But, alas! human virtues, unregulated, are almost certain to degenerate into vices, the more dangerous because so deceptive. John Moredock, although he no longer devoted his whole time to Indian hunting, never relaxed in his hatred to that people; and when he died at the age of sixty, popular as a public officer, highly esteemed as a neighbor, and beloved as a husband and father, the ruling passion was still strong in his heart: so that his biographer could truly say that he had never spared the life of an Indian when in his power, or lost an opportunity of inflicting injury upon the detested race. And yet this man was remarkable for his mildness in his intercourse with his own people; and though possessed of that constitutional courage that braves the most frightful dangers without a tremor, and of a strength and activity seldom surpassed, and living in a state of society where these qualities were more available for the protection of a man's person and rights than the loosely administered laws, he was never known to be engaged in a quarrel with his fellow-citizens. And yet this man, so peaceable and kind-hearted in all other respects, hesitated not to murder a red man when and wherever he might meet him.

While small parties of marauders were still prowling through the thick beech forests which cover the country for miles south of the Ohio River, a small station had been erected considerably in advance of the general frontier line. A few miles from this little place of refuge two

men, named Saunders and Smith, had ventured to build their lonely cabins about a mile apart, on opposite sides of a small stream. The Saunders family consisted of the parents, a daughter about seventeen, and a son about five years old. In the neighboring family was also a young daughter of about the same age with Mary Saunders; and of course the two girls, having no other associates of their own age and sex, became very intimate, and were in the habit of exchanging frequent visits unattended by any male protector, without much fear of danger, as the path from one dwelling to the other lay with its whole course visible from the doors of both. On one of these visits Mary Saunders had remained later than usual; but as no signs of lurking enemies had been reported in the vicinity for some time, she felt no hesitation about returning alone, although twilight was already setting in, and set forth gayly upon her journey, promising—according to their established custom on such occasions—to notify her safe arrival at home by singing a snatch of a favorite song, which, amidst the profound silence of that secluded neighborhood, could easily be heard over the intervening space. Her friend, whom a vague fear still rendered uneasy, watched till her form disappeared in the dark shadows of the lower valley, and then stood listening long and anxiously for the promised signal. But it never came. On the other hand, no scream or other sound was heard such as would certainly have accompanied any act of violence, so that she finally turned away, partially relieved of her apprehension, but remarking that it was strange that Mary Saunders had forgotten to give the accustomed signal on reaching home.

But poor Mary Saunders had not reached home; and her parents, supposing that she had determined, as often before, to remain with their neighbors all night, were not alarmed at her absence. When, however, on the morrow she failed to make her appearance, this feeling of security gave place to doubts and a fearful misgiving—which a visit to their neighbors converted into a certainty—that their child had fallen into the hands of some prowling band of savages. The alarm was quickly spread, and long before noon the bereaved father, at the head of a resolute party of sympathizing friends, was straining forward on the track of the captors. It was a chase which many a parent in those times had followed with an aching heart, knowing well that the danger attending success was not less terrible, and only in a slight degree less certain, than that which a failure to overtake the fugitives involved. For the Indians never hesitated to kill their prisoners when a recapture seemed imminent. So it proved on this occasion; for, after following the trail until late in the evening, the half-maddened father found his daughter tomahawked and scalped by her brutal captors—not because they feared an immediate rescue, but apparently in cold blood, as the atrocious deed had evidently been committed several hours before the arrival of the pursuing



MURDER OF MARY SAUNDERS.

party. And here the poor mangled girl had lain during all these long hours. But she was still able to recognize her father as he knelt beside her, and to recount every thing that had befallen her since she had parted with her friend the preceding evening.

It seems that she had sauntered carelessly along until she approached the stream and entered the shadow of the grove of small trees that bordered its banks. Here, becoming somewhat more watchful, she thought she heard a sound resembling stealthy footsteps on either hand, and a moment afterward saw several figures gliding among the trees on the opposite shore; but so dimly defined against the obscure light of the opening beyond that she could not distinguish whether they were those of human beings or of deer, which she knew frequented the meadow-like bottom at night. While pausing to assure herself on this point, she was softly and firmly, but not rudely, seized by several pairs of strong arms, and before she could utter a single scream a cloth was bound tightly over her mouth, and then, without an instant's delay, she felt herself borne away at a rapid pace toward the

deep forest. After traveling until all danger of discovery was past, they encamped for the night, closely guarding their captive, but otherwise treating her with gentleness. Early the next morning they again set forth rapidly toward the Ohio, intending to put that barrier between themselves and the pursuit which they knew would be made as soon as her capture became known. The strength and endurance of the border maiden was such as our degenerate women know nothing of; but at last it began to fail, and she was no longer able to keep pace with the rapid flight of her captors; although with trembling limbs and panting breath she strove to do so, warned by the increasing impatience of the savages, and knowing well the penalty should her weariness too much delay their progress. As long, therefore, as her limbs would uphold her she continued to reel forward, hoping that the noon halt would enable her to hold out until her friends should come up. But when the hasty meal was dispatched, and the savages ready to set forth, she found herself unable to move. After a hasty consultation the chief—a stern, sullen-looking barbarian—approached, and

by signs ordered her to sit down. Believing that he intended an outrage worse than death, she refused to obey; but in this she probably did him injustice, for, to the credit of the red men be it said, there is scarcely one single instance of their offering such violence to their female captives. Still the mistake was natural to one in her forlorn condition. Again the command was given more emphatically, and again obedience was refused. Exasperated by such resistance, he grasped his tomahawk, and shaking it threateningly before her, he fiercely reiterated his order in such broken English as he was master of. The hapless maiden still refused. But though she had courage enough to choose death rather than dishonor, she had not enough to enable her calmly to face the approach of the latter; and therefore threw her apron over her head, which was instantly cleft by the hatchet of the brutal savage. Then, as she sunk at his feet, he tore the scalp away, and, without taking pains even to see that she was dead, departed with his band, leaving her still breathing on the spot where she had fallen. Thus she was found by her distracted father, to whom she related the foregoing particulars, and in whose arms she died before reaching home.

But of all who mourned for Mary Saunders none mourned so long or so bitterly as her infant brother George, the excess of whose childish grief threatened for a time to overpower his reason. Had his situation been similar, his life, like that of John Moredock, would probably have been devoted to a ceaseless vengeance, and his name become famous along the borders as an Indian slayer. But before he reached manhood the frontiers had been extended hundreds of miles toward the north and west, and an Indian had become almost as much a curiosity in Central Kentucky as a Malay or an Arab; so that his hostility, though undiminished in virulence, remained a mere barren sentiment in his own heart, or proved its existence only by a bitter curse whenever the detested name was mentioned in his presence. But even in the careless seasons of youth and early manhood the memory of that sweet face which he had worshiped in infancy never grew dim, though the grave in the orchard (beside which those of his father and mother had also been made) was left to the care of strangers when he wandered forth, a lonely orphan, to seek his fortune in the wide and growing West.

Twenty-five years after the murder of Mary Saunders a deputation of Shawnees (whose diminished tribes had been removed from their old seats on the Miami to the West), returning from an embassy to Washington, happened to stop in one of the flourishing towns then springing up on the Mississippi. After supper, when the inmates of the hotel where they lodged, together with many of the inhabitants of the city, were assembled in the dining-hall, it was proposed that the wild warriors should entertain the company with some of their war and hunting dances. To this they readily consented, and a space was

cleared in the middle of the floor for the ceremony.

The first who presented themselves were young braves who had seen but little of actual warfare, and their songs were confined principally to the narration of their exploits in hunting the wolf and buffalo. When all these had finished the oldest chieftain of the band arose. He was a man of gigantic stature, with a countenance naturally stern and forbidding, and rendered positively hideous by the parti-colored painting with which it was covered.

Unlike those who had preceded him, his song—which consisted of a sort of recitative chant in broken English, with a pantomime accompaniment almost as expressive as the words—referred not to adventures of the chase or to little combats with other enfeebled tribes on the prairies, but to the great actions of former days, when the Shawnees, Delawares, and Wyandots were mighty nations, and maintained a doubtful struggle with the Long Knives for the dominion of the “dark and bloody land.” And the old man’s eye gradually kindled with all its youthful fire, and his voice grew shrill and piercing, as he recalled the memory of those prouder days, and recounted the numbers of pale faces he had slain, and painted with fearful distinctness the scenes of carnage in which his savage heart had delighted. Surprise, fight, massacre, and torture, with all the wiles and stratagems of Indian warfare, the stealthy approach to some isolated cabin, the sudden onset, the yells of pursuers and cries of fugitives, were presented with a horrible reality that made the blood of the spectators run cold in their veins, and caused many to turn shuddering away from so vivid a representation of what the pioneer fathers had suffered so short a time before.

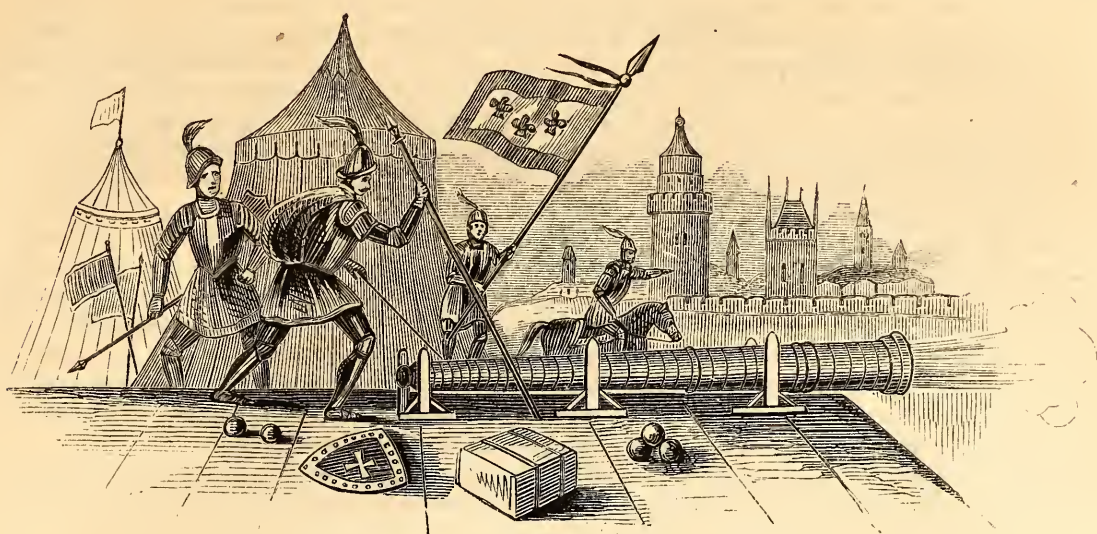
Soon, however, their attention became partially diverted by the conduct of one of their own number, whom many recognized as a young physician lately settled in the place, who had at first seemed to regard the ceremony with a contemptuous indifference, but was observed to become suddenly attentive, pressing forward into the front ranks, where he stood with suspended breath and straining eyes gazing eagerly upon the savage tragedian, who had just begun the narration of a new adventure, at the remembrance of which his own feelings seemed to be wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy, while his actions, which had before been sufficiently earnest, grew more and more violent, until they became so terrifically wild and excited that most of the ladies left the room, unable longer to endure the spectacle which began to wear so much the appearance of a horrible reality. He told how, many winters ago, when his nation was in all its glory, he had led his young men across the beautiful river against the border settlements of the white people in Kentucky. How, while they lay in ambush, a young maiden came gliding timidly along in the darkness, casting fearful glances on every side and starting at every rustle of the leaves on the trees or in the grass

at her feet, like a fawn which dreads the wolf when driven by thirst to seek the stream. How he himself lay upon his face so close beside the path that he felt her garments brush him as she passed. How the affrighted captive struggled in his arms like a quail in the talons of a hawk, and strove to scream for help, stretching her hand despairingly toward her father's cabin as they bore her past into the forest; and how, when encamped, the maiden slept not, but wept and prayed to the white man's Manitou continually. Then, unconscious amidst the excitement of his own savage feelings of the volcano of passions he was kindling in the bosom of one of his hearers, he began to enact the closing scene of the adventure, representing with wonderful histrionic art the characters of victim and murderer alternately, as the exigencies of the story required. Now with brandished tomahawk assuming the stern and menacing mien of the one, and anon exhibiting all the alarmed and despairing attitudes of the other; his voice and gestures becoming yet more wild and startling as he approached the final catastrophe. At length, throwing his blanket over his head, he

cowered for an instant almost to the floor, like one who dreads but can not avoid a stroke; then suddenly springing to his full height, with a face convulsed with rage, he seemed to deliver a furious blow, while at the same moment a yell of devilish significance pealing through hall and corridors of the house announced the accomplishment of the brutal deed. But before the appalling sounds ceased to vibrate from his lips, the young gentleman who had been watching the scene so eagerly, starting forward with a cry as savage if not as loud, had cleared with a bound the intervening space, and seizing the barbarian by the wrist, buried the blade of a hunting-knife again and again into his panting breast before any of those present could interfere even by a word to prevent him. And then, as the savage sunk without a groan at his feet, the homicide, still grasping the dripping weapon, turned to the horrified company, and proceeded calmly to explain the motives of his conduct, which to a Western audience at that period seemed perfectly satisfactory—for the slayer was George Saunders, and thus strangely had he discovered his sister's murderer and avenged her death.



DEATH OF THE INDIAN.



CANNON OF 1390.

ABOUT CANNON.

UNFORTUNATELY the inhabitants of this little planet of ours are a fighting race, and from their earliest history until now have been accustomed to settle all matters of dispute by the stern arbitrament of war. Not merely questions of power and sovereignty or territory, but those of morals and even of religion, have at last been appealed to the same fearful tribunal. The footsteps of the Saviour had scarcely ceased echoing on the earth before the Cross became the banner under which the strong legions of Rome moved to battle; and the waves of bloody war followed fast on the heels of the Reformation under Luther. From earliest time the generations of men have been looking forward to the day when "swords should be beaten into plowshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and men learn war no more;" and yet we seem to advance only in the number, variety, and murderous character of the engines of death that we construct. From the fist and club and knife to the sword, battle-axe, and spear—and thence to fire-arms, which are constantly improving in destructive power—we are steadily advancing to God knows where.

Of all the instruments of destruction, however, invented by man cannon are the most terrific and deadly. And now human ingenuity seems strained to its utmost to make them resistless on the one hand, and, on the other, to construct defenses that shall be impregnable against them. In fact, destructive power and defensive capacity seem to have striven side by side since the race began; till, from the helmet, shield, and coat of mail, we have come to bomb-proof batteries and iron-clad steamers.

At first sight it seems strange that the invention of gunpowder and cannon—two such terrible engines of destruction—can be traced to no particular nation, nor fixed at any particular period. We only know that the former must of necessity precede the latter. Like most of our great discoveries, however, they both probably

had their origin in the East, from which the knowledge drifted slowly and imperfectly into Europe. And here, too, they had such small beginnings, and advanced by such uncertain steps, that we can not award to any particular nation the merit of first introducing them. The famous Greek fire may have been the result of an attempt to imitate powder, already known among the Arabs; or it may have been one of the steps in the progress toward the discovery of powder itself.

There is great discrepancy among writers as to the time in which artillery was first used. The word "cannon" is evidently derived from the French word *canne*, "a reed;" and they were first made of wood wrapped in numerous folds of linen, and secured by iron hoops. Some say the Chinese used them eighty years after Christ, and that a deserter from Heliopolis introduced them into Greece in 676. Condé, in his History of the Moors of Spain, says they used them in attack and defense of fortified places as early as 1118; and so on down till we have Cordova, in Spain, besieged by artillery in 1280. Ferdinand IV. is said to have taken Gibraltar from the Moors by artillery in 1308. There seems to be good reason for believing that Spain and Italy used artillery about this period. Many doubt these statements, and assert that there was not ten years' difference in the time in which artillery was used by the principal powers of Europe. Taking this view, they place its introduction in the commencement of the fourteenth century. Louis Napoleon seems to find no authority for their being used in France till 1369, in which year 500 little cannon of a "palme de longueur" were made in the town of Prouse. Others say that there is found in the archives of Tournay a statement that, in 1346, the town council having heard that a worker in tin, named Peter Bruges, knew how to make an engine named "connoiles" which could throw leaden balls, ordered him to construct one. He did so, and present-

ed for their inspection a hollow tube weighing two pounds. This at their request he fired off, and though, to their surprise, they could not see the flight of the ball, they found it had killed a man beyond the second wall of the town. This so frightened Peter that he fled to a church for safety. In view, however, of all the circumstances he was granted a free pardon. This seems good authority; and other circumstances render it probable that the general introduction of artillery into Europe could not have been much antecedent to this. It is hardly credible that in a military age, when the art of war was the chief study of all European princes, two centuries could have elapsed after its introduction into Spain and Italy before it was used by the bordering powers. The knowledge of such an invention must have traveled fast in those warlike days when might made right. This also seems probable from one of the letters of Petrarch, who was born in 1304. He says: "I am astonished that thou also dost not possess those brazen globes, which, impelled by fire, start off with a horrible noise. Was it not sufficient that the anger of an immortal God should thunder from the sky, but must a fragile being thunder in the earth? This scourge, till lately, was so scarce as to be looked upon as a prodigy; but now that men's minds are apt for the most wicked deeds, it has become common, and is made use of as much as any other weapon."

This is stronger evidence from being wholly circumstantial, and shows clearly that cannon were not much used till his time, and that their employment soon became general.

Against this, however, it is said that the Moors had cannon at sea in 1342, the English fleet in 1347, the Arragonese in 1359, and the Danes in 1361. But it must be remembered that cannon were placed immediately after their invention on board ships. The common belief that they were employed for a long time in the reduction of fortified places on land before they were introduced into maritime warfare is erroneous. Cannon at first were fixtures, and their proper place was in position on board a vessel, which was also the most appropriate vehicle for transporting them. The short intervals elapsing between their introduction into the various maritime powers of Europe is indirect proof also that their introduction on land was equally simultaneous, and thus corroborates the evidence of Petrarch.

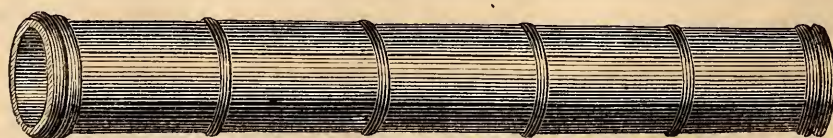
Some assert that cannon were first used by the English in the battle of Crecy, or Cressy, in 1346; others at that of Werewater, in 1327. Be this as it may, at the outset they were comparatively harmless weapons. Made of staves of iron, and roughly hooped together like barrels,

and imbedded in solid timber, and with none of the modern facilities for elevating or depressing them, or changing their direction, their range was easily avoided, while a squadron of cavalry could gallop several miles during the time it took to load one. The balls were of stone, and went every where but in the right direction. But such a destructive engine could not long remain in its infancy, and one is amazed at the rapidity with which its capabilities were developed, and the perfection to which it was brought as a weapon. Indeed our boasted improvements over the ancients consist chiefly in the accuracy of firing, and the mechanical aids and skill in handling cannon, rather than in the construction of the piece itself.

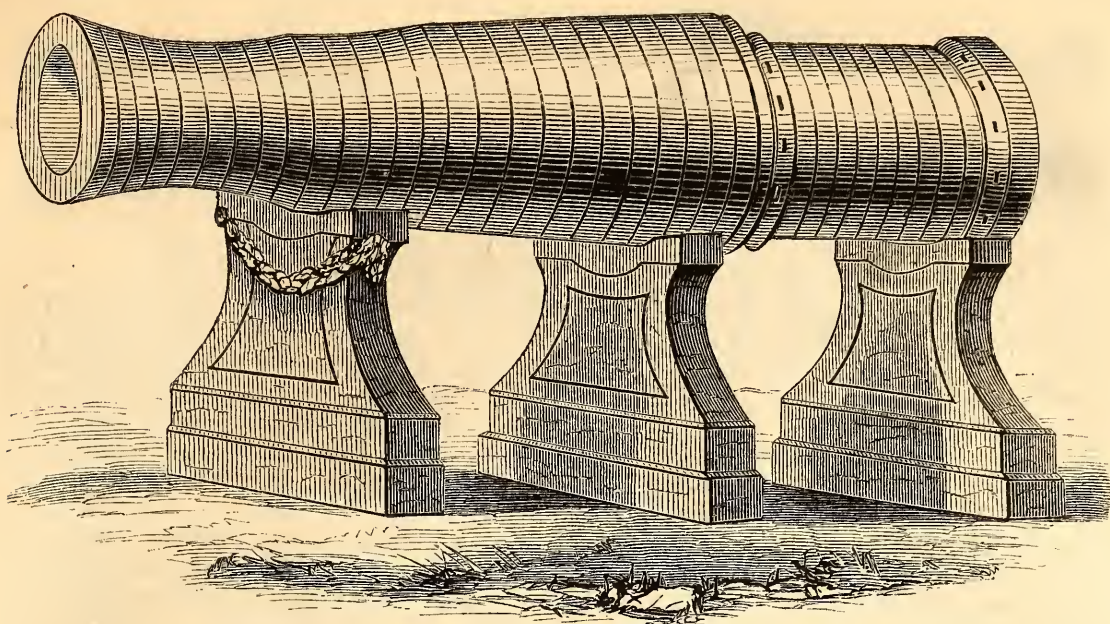
The employment of such a powerful engine to effect breaches in the walls of defended cities at once suggested itself to the warlike princes of those times. To do this they must be made large enough to throw balls of enormous weight. Hence monster guns became the great desideratum, and they soon reached proportions that to-day seem fabulous. These were called "bombards," and were made of wrought-iron staves firmly hooped together. Of course they assumed a great variety of forms and proportions; but one constructed by the Venetians seemed to have furnished the best model. The staves of this were securely bound by thirty-four iron rings, driven on one after another, and close together, while red-hot. Besides these the piece was further strengthened by eight larger rings at the muzzle and breech, and four more intermediate ones with rings by which it was handled. They were at first imbedded in timber, and hence could fire only directly in front. But when once planted before walls the heavy stone balls they threw did terrible execution. The charging of them, however, was a very slow and laborious affair, often requiring half an hour.

Our initial figure shows the manner in which this gun was mounted for service. The piece being placed in the long, trough-like timber, was brought to its proper elevation by blocking up in front. The stone shot was rolled into the muzzle, up a sort of movable inclined trough of wood, by hand-spikes. The recoil was prevented "by a firm blocking of timber fixed in rear of the breech, between which and the blocking a stuffed pad of leather seems to have been interposed as a sort of a buffer." The recoil was not so sudden and swift as in the guns at the present day. These pieces were made with a separate chamber, which fitted into the bore and which received the charge. These at first were taken out and loaded and then inserted, but afterward they were fastened firmly in the gun.

Pieces called "Basilica" were used in Cepha-



ORIGINAL CANNON.



BOMBARD DU GAND.

lonia, made of two or three pieces and screwed together, but which were difficult to serve. They were said to possess enormous power—the balls which they threw being able to pierce six or eight feet into solid masonry. Then, as now, all kinds of experiments were tried in the construction of wrought-iron guns, so as to combine strength and destructive force with the greatest possible size. Those generally adopted, however, were known by the name of “bombards” and “serpentes.” The latter were forged like the former, but of smaller calibre, and of enormous length. Some of the earlier writers say they were made occasionally 50 feet long! These dimensions, however, seem preposterous, and are more probably the rough guess of the author than the results of actual measurement. Still there seems to be undoubted authority for believing that some of them were 30 feet in length. After gun-carriages were introduced they were never mounted on two wheels, but on four placed wide apart. A notion seemed to prevail at that time that the longer the gun the farther it would carry.

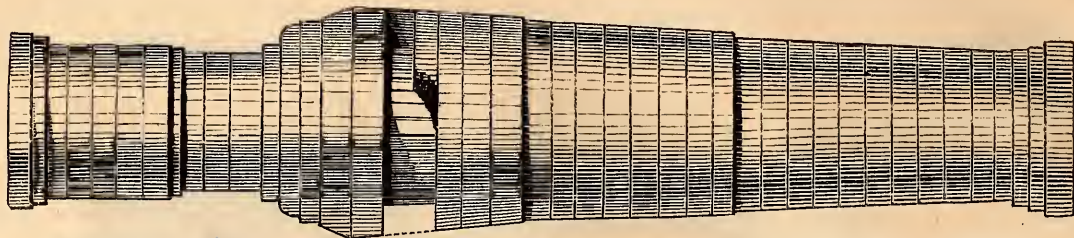
Perhaps the most remarkable of the ancient bombards, formed of longitudinal staves firmly bound together by rings, is the “great gun of Ghent” (Bombard du Gand). It was probably forged in 1382, when Philip Von Artevelde was besieging Oudenarde of Belgium. Afterward, in 1452, when forced to abandon the siege of this same place, the Gantois left it in the hands of the enemy, among whom it remained as a trophy for nearly a century. It was then, however, recaptured by the Gantois leader Rockelfing, and fired in triumph on the 8th of March, 1578, on the quay Kuypszat—now the plain Des Recollets. It stands to-day on stone trestles, as seen in the cut, near the Marche du Vendredi. This bombard, probably the largest in Europe, threw enormous stone balls, as well as “barrels filled with pieces of stone, iron, and glass,” for grape-shot.

The chamber is made separate from the chase, or gun proper, but firmly fastened within. It still bears the name first given to it, “The Raging Meg;” whether in allusion to the noise of its explosion, or to perpetuate the memory of the hated, infamous Margaret, Countess of Flanders, who died in 1279, chroniclers have not settled.

It weighed 33,606 pounds. As an illustration how writers formerly exaggerated the dimensions of former monster guns, Voisin says this piece is 18 feet long; whereas, by actual measurement, it is only about 11½ feet. It was about 9 feet in circumference at the muzzle, and the chamber and chase together made a wall over a foot thick. Froissart says it played a fearful part in the siege of Oudenarde, and its enormous masses of stone thundering against the walls sent consternation among the inhabitants. He declares that its terrific explosions could be heard ten miles in the daytime, and twice that distance at night; and when it hurled its ponderous load on the place, it seemed as if “all the devils in hell were on the march.”

The great gun of Moscow, now in the arsenal at St. Petersburg, and which attracts so many visitors, though 21 feet long weighs only 17,435 pounds, with a calibre of but 68 pounds.

The next ancient bombard in size and interest, still in existence in Europe, is also a “Meg”—the “Mons Meg” of Edinburgh. It is in the main constructed like the former, except that the piece is slightly conical inside and out, the calibre at the muzzle being three-quarters of an inch less than at the breech. This form may have been given it as a scientific experiment, or simply to facilitate the driving on of the rings. It is 13½ feet long, and over 6 feet in circumference at the muzzle, and still larger at the breech. The longitudinal bars are twenty-five in number, and 2½ inches broad by ¾ of an inch thick, while the external rings average 3¼ inches



MONS MEG IN EDINBURGH CASTLE.

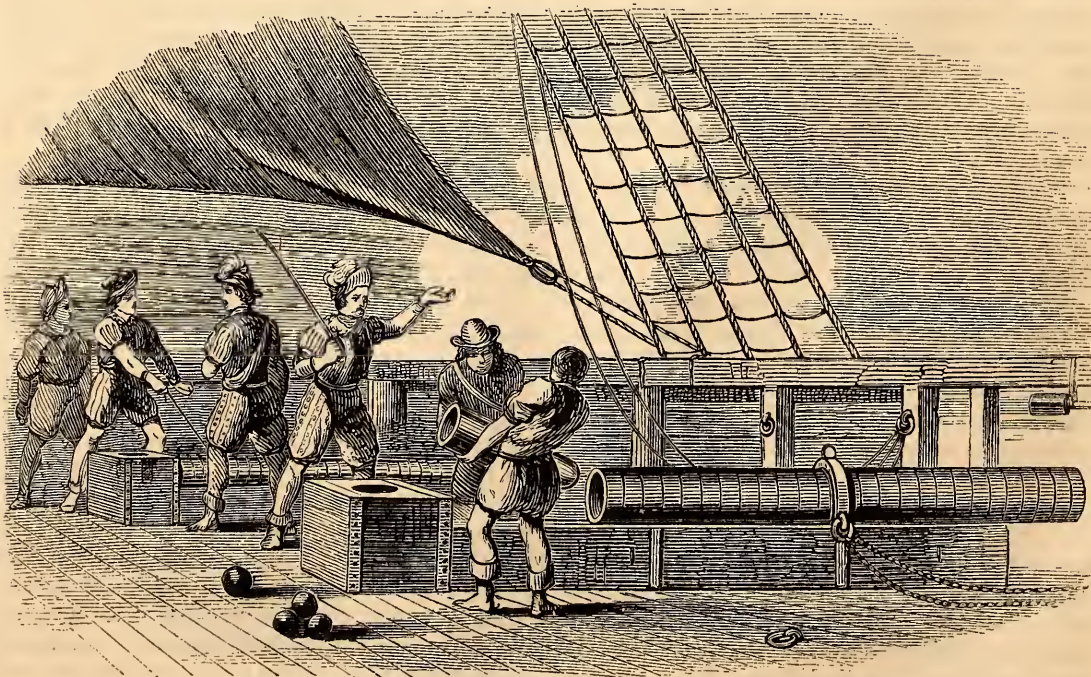
in width to $3\frac{1}{2}$ thick. It took a peck of powder to load it, and threw a granite shot weighing 330 pounds.

The Scotch have the following tradition respecting this piece: "When the act of forfeiture against the Douglas was passed by the Scotch Parliament in 1455, and the Castle of Threave was the last strong-hold of that family, King James II. marched into Galloway, and taking up a position near where the town of Castle Douglas now stands, besieged it. Among the country people who came to witness the siege were a blacksmith and his sons, named M'Kin or M'Ken. Seeing that the royal artillery produced no effect, old M'Kin offered, if furnished with proper materials, to make a more efficient piece of ordnance. The King gladly accepted the proposal, and the people of Kirkcudbright each contributed a bar of iron, out of which M'Kin produced the gun called 'Mons Meg.' It was made at Buchan's Croft, close to the 'Three Thorns of Carlin Wark,' where the King had encamped. In a short time the garrison surrendered under the fire of this piece. The King gave M'Kin the forfeited lands of 'Mollance' as a reward. M'Kin soon became called (as was the custom) 'Mollance,' after his lands. The cannon was named after him, with the addition of Meg, his wife's name, whose voice was said to rival that of her namesake. Thus the original name of the gun, Mollance

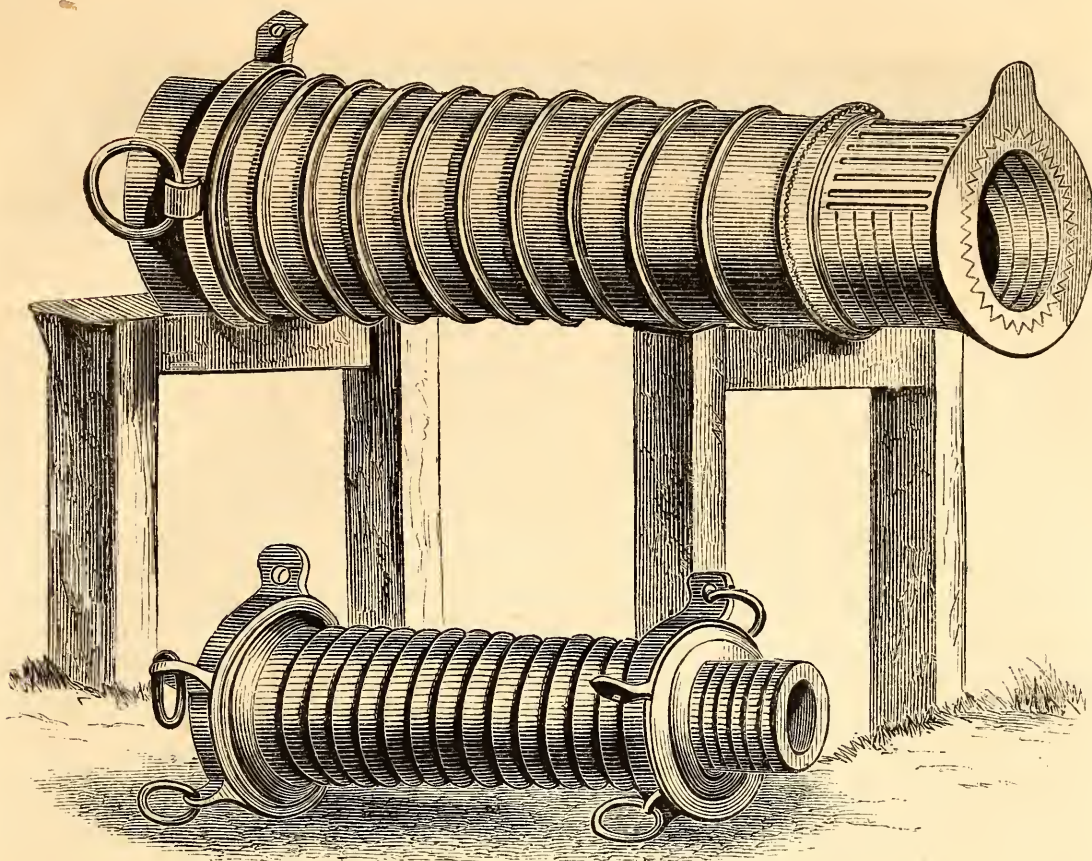
Meg, was soon shortened into Mons Meg." Others say the name was derived from Montis Magnus, the place where it was made. Others still assert that it was called after Margaret, wife of James II., the nickname of which is Meg. But the probability is the sobriquet originated just as other pet names do. We have had our "Long Toms," "Spitfires," and even one old piece, taken at Louisburg, was called the "Old Sow."

At all events Meg was a great favorite as well as wonder of her time. Whenever her services were required she was taken with great pomp and ceremony from Edinburgh Castle, and the same display was exhibited on her safe return to her old quarters. She was finally captured by Cromwell when he took Edinburgh, in 1650, and carried to London Tower, where she remained till 1822, when, at the urgent request of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, she was given up, and was installed at her old home with appropriate ceremonies, where she still lies as represented in the cut. The iron rings which are partly wanting on the breech were blown off in 1682 in firing a salute to the Duke of York.

Science can devise no better guns than these to accomplish the work they were designed to perform—the beating down of massive masonry. What would our renowned casemates be worth against such a ponderous shot? As a companion to this we give a description of a naval gun of the time of Henry VIII., 1545. The



IRON SHIP GUN, 1545.



GREAT WROUGHT-IRON GUN OF MOORSHEDABAD.

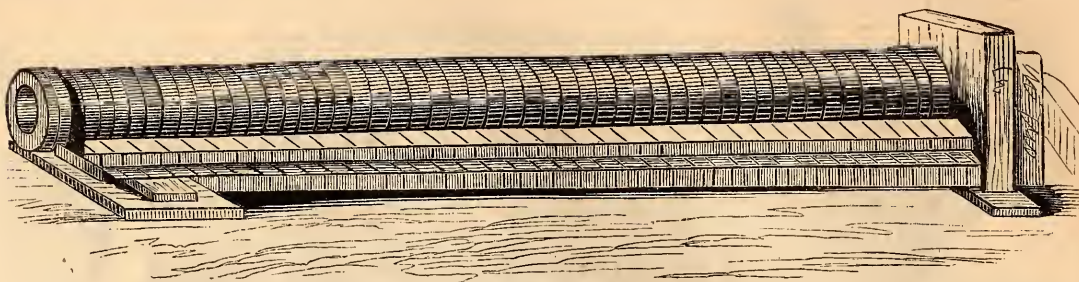
Mary Rose, an English vessel, “while standing along the coast during a distant firing from the French fleet, under Admiral Annebout, was overpowered by her own ordnance and sunk, together with her commander and crew of six hundred men.” A few years ago several of the guns of this vessel were fished up, some of them in an excellent state of preservation. Among these is an *iron breech-loading gun*. It is not composed of iron bars, but is a tube of iron jointed together, each section overlapping the other half its length, and then secured by iron hoops, driven on apparently while red-hot. The chamber was separate, and after being charged, was inserted in the breech and then wedged firmly in. There was no way of raising or depressing the piece, it being imbedded in a large block of timber and secured there by bolts, while a large piece of wood or iron was inserted in the deck to prevent the recoil. It is rather mortifying to our pride of the present day to know that several years ago a celebrated gunmaker constructed a gun on the very same principle adopted in this piece. He and others thought it showed great skill and originality, when lo! this gun, after being over three hundred years under the sea, rises from its mysterious bed like a ghost to tell men that “there is nothing new under the sun.”

Perhaps the next most remarkable *wrought-iron bombard* is one which was dug up in the East, a few years since, from the Bhagretti River, and now stands opposite the palace at Moorshedabad. It is the same in principle as the Bombard of Ghent. The chamber-piece, as

it is seen, is separate, and was made fast to the chase by lashings through rings. It is $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and carries a ball $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference. It is evidently of great antiquity, and goes far to prove that even in *wrought-iron* cannon Europe was indebted to the East. Indeed, the chronological history of cannon in Europe is curious testimony on this point. Its introduction was by the Moors in the first part of the twelfth century, and thence into Spain, where we find them in the next century, as well as in Italy, and working steadily North in the order of time.

Bronze guns first appeared in Europe in 1370, both in France and Germany. At first they were cast after the model of the old wrought-iron guns, with both separate and attached chambers, “the ancestors of all modern breech-loading guns.” Culverins, however, replaced the serpentines, and were of enormous length—one of which is at this time in existence at Nancy, and is *twenty-one feet long*. The knowledge of the casting in bronze doubtless came from the East, where it was understood, for aught we know, from the time of Tubal Cain, before the flood.

From hints here and there casually thrown out in ancient chronicles, cannon in the East were known even before the Christian era. Saltpetre, which is hardly known in Europe, was found in large quantities in India and China; and it seems hardly probable that such an inquisitive, ingenious people as the inhabitants of the East were, could long remain in ignorance of so simple a compound as the mixture of it



SERPENTINE.

with charcoal and sulphur. The earliest bronze guns were made without trunnions, dolphins, rings, or breech buttons.*

Eight years after the introduction of bronze guns spherical shot of cast iron were made, and soon took the place of the stone shot. Louis Napoleon, in his work entitled "*Passé et l'Avenir d'Artillerie*," says they were first used in France in the wars with the English under the Maid of Orleans. The facilities which moulding and casting gave, suggested the making of trunnions and of dolphins, or rings, which in wrought iron was very difficult. Cannon-making was now pushed with great ardor; and from being plain, solid pieces, were ornamented in the most elaborate manner. The Venetians excelled in ornamentation, and many of their pieces were literally covered with various and beautiful designs, wrought in the most exquisite style of ancient art.

By 1450 they were in general use, and at the end of the century wrought-iron cannon had almost entirely disappeared. We can not here go into a history of the various kinds of cannon that were made, nor even of those which had a Continental reputation. Some, as has been observed, were in their exterior ornamentation gems of art; some were called griffins, because they were made to resemble this mythical creature. The muzzles of some were the heads of ferocious animals. Though a majority of the bronze pieces were of medium calibre, yet the old idea of monster guns was not abandoned. Some of these were cast in beds, and others over cores in a perpendicular position.

Previous to their being introduced into Europe enormous pieces were made in India. Colonel Symes speaks of a gun captured from the Burmese *thirty feet* long, and *two feet and a half* across the muzzle.

At Sienna a gun was cast carrying a ball weighing 375 pounds. Louis XI. had bronze bombards throwing an iron ball weighing over 500 pounds. The Spaniards seem to have had some difficulty in casting large guns. The metal was often porous, the casting unequal, and the weight so badly distributed that the piece would roll one side, and sometimes pitch at every discharge on its muzzle. To remedy this last de-

fect the cannonier would hang a basketful of balls on the breech. In the East they early attained a great perfection, and Gibbon speaks of one gun, cast by the Turks for the siege of Constantinople, that threw a stone shot weighing 600 pounds. Bishop Pococke, in his travels in the East, gives an account of brass pieces at the Castles of the Dardanelles, one of which was *twenty-five feet* long, and another *twenty feet*, with a bore six feet in circumference, in which a man could be comfortably seated. Other writers have also described these extraordinary guns; and Baron von Moltke, major in the Russian service, says, in his work, "*The Russian Campaigns in Bulgaria and Roumelia in 1828-29*:" "*The batteries on the Dardanelles contain one hundred and eight 44-pounders, nineteen 60-pounders, thirty 121-pounders, besides sixty-three Kemerlicks, or guns which throw stone balls, some of which are one thousand five hundred and seventy pounds' weight. These gigantic guns are some of them twenty-eight inches in diameter, and a man can creep into them up to the breech; they lie on the ground on sleepers of oak, instead of gun-carriages, with their butts against strong walls, so as to prevent the recoil, as it would be impossible to run them forward again in action. Some of them are loaded with as much as one hundred-weight of powder.*" Another writer, Baron de Tott, speaking of the same guns, says the effect of their discharges was like that of an earthquake, shaking the surrounding shores, while the deep reverberations rolled away in the distance like heavy thunder. In most of them the touch-holes are large as a musket-barrel. "*It is easy to follow the ball, blackened with powder, with the eye, and it is frequently seen to split into two pieces; huge jets of water are thrown up when it strikes the surface of the sea, as the ball, fired off in Europe, slowly ricochets across the water till it reaches the Asiatic shore. These giant cannon of the Dardanelles have this disadvantage, that they can only fire straight before them, and that they take very long to load; but then the effect of a single ball that does hit is tremendous.*" Thus we find when Admiral Duckworth sailed through the Straits in 1807, although the arrangements made to receive him were miserable in the extreme, that his fleet suffered severely from these monstrous Kemerlicks. A granite ball, weighing eight hundred pounds, crashed into the timbers forward of the *Active*, sweeping every thing before it, and, rolling heavily along the deck, sent con-

* Trunnions are the two short arms on which the gun rests upon its carriage; dolphins are the two handles on brass pieces, so called because these handles were formerly bronze dolphins; breech button, the round knob projecting from the breech.

sternation among the crew. Another, carrying away the wheel, killed and wounded twenty-four men. The forecastle of the *Royal George*, a 110-gun ship, was shattered by a single ball, and it required the greatest exertion to keep her from sinking. It is known in sea-fights that the holes made beneath the water-line by cannon-balls are plugged up with conical pins of wood, kept on hand on purpose; but who could plug up a hole seven feet in circumference? If with the guns so imbedded in timber as to be immovable, and with the miserable engineering skill of the Turks, such execution was done, what could have been accomplished had they been mounted on revolving platforms and railways, with all the modern machinery which makes it as easy to change the direction and elevation of the largest as of the smallest piece, and mounted also with sights and fired by practiced artillerists? We smile at these unwieldy engines of destruction, and point with pride to what modern science can do with half the outlay; but we may find that we shall have to come back to the Turks to learn how to defend our harbors. The English boast that their iron-clad steamer *Warrior* can move scornfully past our batteries along the Narrows, taking without injury the iron storm we would hurl against her impervious sides, and quietly anchor in New York bay, and lay her broadsides to the city. The country is alarmed, and in and out of Congress the people are clamorous for iron-clad ships. Committees are appointed to examine Stevens's novelty, and every body declares that nothing but iron-clad frigates can protect our harbor. But how they would do this, even if we had them, we are not told. Suppose we had a vessel in every respect a match for the *Warrior*, how would it protect the city from the latter's broadsides? Whether our impregnable leviathan remained in port or went out to sea to meet the enemy, the only result would be a harmless battle. They might pepper away at each other a month, and, both being shot and shell proof, no damage would be done save a few indentations in the iron plates. When the enemy had amused herself long enough in this harmless combat, she would clap on steam, and laughing at the iron hurricane beating on her sides, move on to the city. People seem to have jumped to the conclusion that an iron-clad frigate is going to be more destructive to such a vessel than land batteries. In the contest between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* the former, though disabled, abandoned the conflict when she wished to, and went back to her own dock. Suppose a combat should take place between some English *Merrimac* and another *Monitor* off Sandy Hook, and, both being equally impregnable, what would prevent the former—when she found her American adversary invulnerable—from clapping on steam and sailing up the Narrows lay her broadsides to New York City? If she was the *fastest steamer*, certainly nothing.

We have erected fortifications and mounted guns for the purpose of destroying wooden vessels, and now we must find guns that *will sink*

iron-clad ones or our ports are indefensible. To learn how to do this we may have to go to the Dardanelles. We need no treatise on naval gunnery—no new ingenious projectiles—we want only the heavy round shot of the Turkish Kemerlicks. Let a six or eight hundred pound round shot be thrown with slow velocity—say eight or nine hundred feet a second—and nothing that ever floated or will float can stop it. Through iron plates and heavy timbers both it will crash as through an egg-shell. A single ball like this striking the renowned *Warrior* amid-ship would make a sad wreck of her. With guns throwing such a weight of metal, sighted, mounted, and served as they would be now by us, lining the Narrows, no iron-clad vessel could easily enter the harbor of New York.

It may be a question, since the capture of New Orleans, whether any thing can certainly stop war steamers, whether wood or iron. Hitting them with round shot while under full headway is very much like hitting a bird on the wing with a bullet. But if they can be arrested it must be by forts so thickly overlaid with iron as to be absolutely impregnable, and mounted with cannon too heavy for ships. It is possible that, with flat-headed shot, a velocity may be attained that will compensate for weight, especially at short range; but at long range it is very doubtful.

When our enemy has invented a coat of mail that is proof against the missiles we use, the true course is not to see if we can not obtain the same defense, but to find a weapon that shall render it useless. The large guns of ancient times were not abandoned because they were unsafe, but because they could not be handled. The moderns have overcome that difficulty, and the heavy guns of two hundred years ago must be brought into use again, if we would defend our ports against iron-clad frigates. The same is true of shells. We now have bomb-proof casemates in our fortifications. They are bomb-proof, however, only against 11-inch and 13-inch shells, or thereabout; but would they be before 36-inch shells? It is no evidence that mortars can not be constructed to throw shells of this size because the "monster mortar of Antwerp," made in 1832, was a failure. In some of the experiments even from this, the shells weighing 1015 pounds penetrated into the solid earth nearly eight feet, and the explosion of one bursting produced a crater twenty feet in diameter.

But to return to bronze guns. At the end of the sixteenth, and throughout the seventeenth century, the Mohammedan powers seem to have taken the lead in the number and magnitude of their guns. Perhaps the largest piece in the world is now at Bejapoor, called "Lord of the Plain." It was cast in 1685, and is 14½ feet long, 14½ feet in circumference at the breech, and 14 feet at the muzzle. Its calibre is 2¼ feet. There is another at the same place of nearly the same size. A gun cast at Agra in 1628, and taken by the English in 1803, was another monster. It was 14 feet long, and carried a ball

nearly 6 feet in circumference, and weighed nearly 30 tons. The prize committee estimated the value of the metal in it at \$35,000. One of these enormous Indian guns was taken at Bhurtpore in 1826, and is now on the common at Woolwich, England. Upon it is engraved "The Father of Victory: The Reviver of Religion: The Warrior: The Victorious King." It is 16 feet 4 inches in length, and is nearly 10 feet in circumference at the base, and 6 feet at the muzzle. Its calibre, however, is much smaller than the others, and the whole gun weighs only about eighteen tons.

The history of artillery is an interesting one, but can not be compressed into a single article.

Some of the ancient guns, as before remarked, were ornamented in the highest style of art. Others had curious or heroic inscriptions and remarkable names. A French piece of 1500 was named "Sacre," and had inscribed on it, "They call me cruel, because I overturn and destroy walls." A Russian cannon, very noted, named "Unicorn" from its shape, has on it the inscription, "With the aid of God this cannon was taken at Ebling, by King Charles XII., 12th December, 1703." A favorite Austrian cannon, of the same period, had with its date, "When my song is in the air know that walls are being overthrown." Queen Elizabeth's "pocket-pistol" of 1578, at Dover, has inscribed upon it: "Nothing can withstand me."—"Je traverse et mont et muraille." It is over 21 feet long, and the popular belief was that it would send a ball across the channel into France. The Algerines were accustomed to adorn their cannon with extracts from the Koran. On some would be, "The mountains themselves can not resist my force." And again, "O thou who inspirest wise counsels open to us the gate of victory." Louis XII. had twelve, named after the twelve peers of France. Charles V. twelve, which he called the Twelve Apostles. It sounds rather odd to hear cannon addressed as Peter and Paul and John; but it is not much more incongruous than to call a gun "Peace-maker"—the name of the one which burst a few years since on board the *Princeton*. An 80-pounder at Berlin was named "The Thunderer," one at Bois le Duc the "Devil," another at Malaga "The Terrible," and two 60-pounders at Bremen "The Messengers of Bad News."

Cannon, though for a long time employed chiefly in sieges, yet were used also on the field of battle. Of various sizes and proportions they had assumed various names, and became more or less prominent as a part of the army; but according to Louis Napoleon, Charles VIII. of France, in his invasion of Italy, at the close of the fifteenth century, to obtain the crown of Naples, first introduced regularly organized and equipped field-trains. A French writer says, in speaking of this army: "But that which inspired greatest fear was more than 36 cannon on wheels, drawn by horses—the greatest 8 feet long, and weighing 600 pounds, and that launched a ball of iron big as a man's head. After these

came the culverins, a little longer than the cannon, but of smaller calibre; then the faucons of different proportions, but the smallest throwing balls big as an orange. The little cannon had two wheels, and the larger four. The masters, by whip and voice, made the horses that drew them go like cavalry." The cannoniers were superbly dressed—like a drum-major at the present day. Hitherto cannon had been drawn by oxen, and hence moved slowly, and the sight of them flying like cavalry over the field filled the Italians with dismay. Louis Napoleon says, "This was the foundation of our artillery." Robert Gagnin, in speaking of the treaty of peace between Charles and Henry VII., in 1496, says, "The expedition had 140 pieces of artillery, 200 great 'bombards,' 6200 pioneers. 200 masters conducted the artillery, 600 master carpenters accompanied it, while there were 300 masters for preparing huge stone balls for the bombards: 1100 charcoal-burners, and 200 men to make cords and ropes." Napoleon quotes this account, but criticises it, and says the proportion of artillery is too great for an army which consisted of only 30,000 men. He thinks, however, Charles left France with about 100 pieces of cannon, and at Sarzannes increased the number with the addition of 40 great bombards which had been sent on by water.

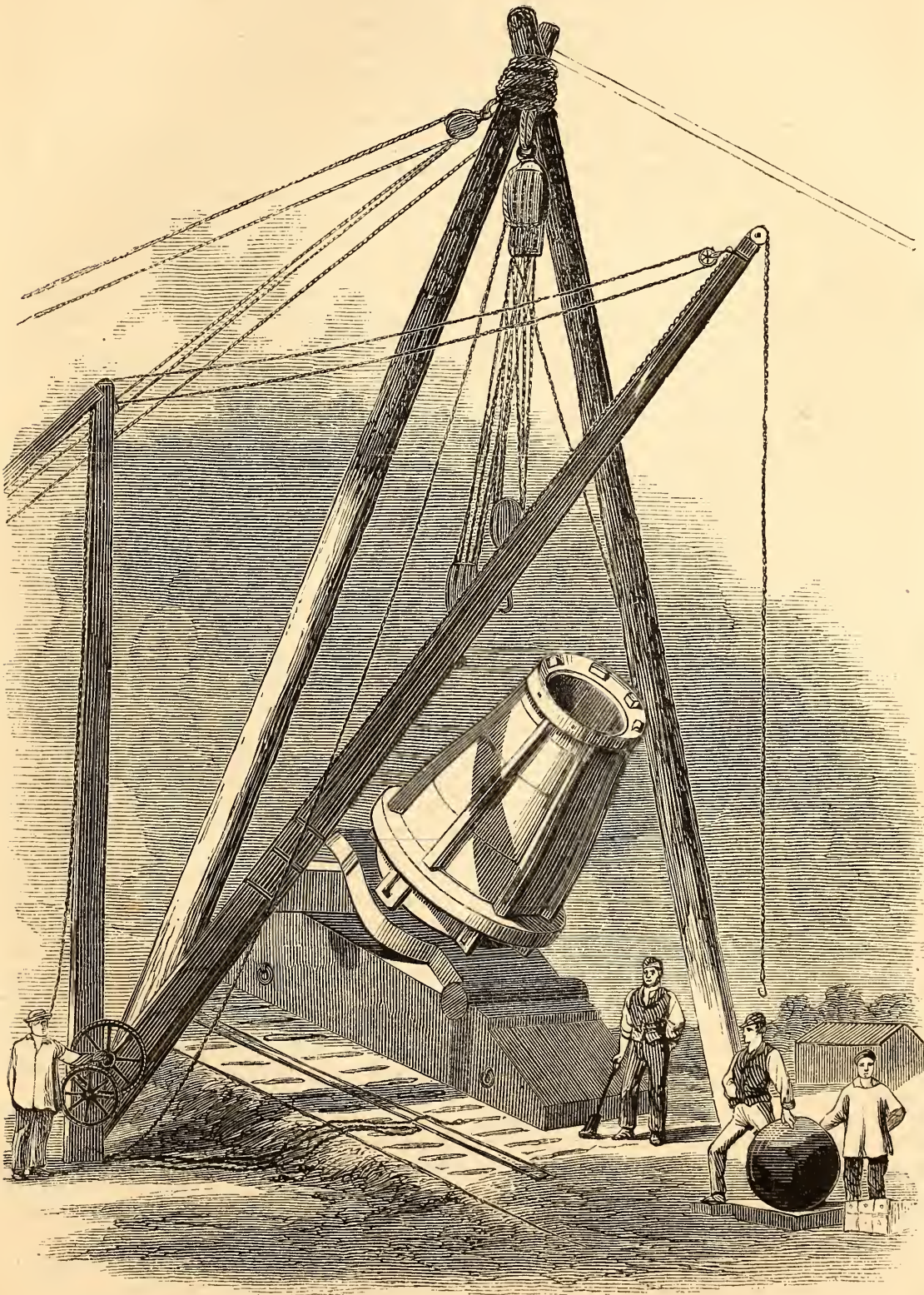
Bronze guns gradually gave way to cast iron ones, as they were not durable enough, until at last long bronze pieces were entirely abandoned. Long-continued firing destroys the vent and causes them to droop, not, as vulgarly supposed, by softening the entire mass of metal, for before the piece reached such an intense heat the charge would be fired in sending it home. Scientific men attribute it to the unequal expansion and contraction of the metal on different sides of the gun.

The idea of wrought-iron guns, however, was never fully abandoned, and of late years has received much attention. Men who have made the science of gunnery their especial study differ very much as to the practicability of making heavy guns of wrought iron that will stand the severe strain of enormous charges. The heavy gun which burst on board the *Princeton* several years ago, and which was made in Massachusetts, was an experiment in wrought-iron guns made by welding. This piece was 11 feet long, and carried a shot weighing 219 pounds. It weighed 27,390 pounds before it was bored, and the hammer employed in welding it 15,000 pounds! The reason why wrought-iron guns is such a desideratum consists in the fact that wrought iron is intrinsically three times stronger than gun-metal, four times stronger than cast iron, and a third stronger than steel, while it is five times as durable as the former and twenty-two times as cast iron; and, taking first cost and durability together, gun-metal pieces should be seventy, cast iron thirty times as dear as wrought iron. Added to all this, the cost of transportation, horse-labor, etc., is from three to five times greater in the former than in the

latter. It would be strange if, with such enormous advantages on the side of wrought-iron artillery, modern science should not discover some means to remove the present difficulties in the way of its introduction, so that in a few years we shall return to first principles in cannon-making.

The practice of throwing hollow shot or projectiles was introduced very early, for we find mention made of them at Naples in 1495; at Padua, 1509; Heilsberg, 1520; Rhodes, 1522;

and at Boulogne, in 1542, of 19-inch shells. These were made of wrought iron, bronze, alloys of lead and tin, and, at length, cast iron. They were first used in France in 1643, where they had been introduced by an Englishman named Malthus, who learned the art in Holland. As in round shot, the ancients far surpassed the moderns in the weight of shells they threw. There was made at Berlin a mortar that threw a shell which weighed 1100 pounds, or nearly five times larger than that of the "Peace-maker" of



THE MALLET MORTAR.

the *Princeton*. The next year we find them at Genoa of the enormous weight of 1320 pounds! Such a ponderous mass, thrown at an angle of 45°, would, in its descent, crush through any casemate that ever was built. As late as 1830, the French, in taking Algiers, threw shells weighing 462 pounds, and holding 40 pounds of powder. We have already referred to the monster mortar of Antwerp. Mortars, it is known, are short pieces with a chamber—the trunnions being behind the vent—and always fired at an elevation—usually of 45°. Hence the shells describe a curve, and their flight is calculated on strictly mathematical principles. Tartaglia, an Italian engineer, first published a theory on trajectory, or throwing shot in a curve. Mortars, from the first, have undergone very little improvement, the great effort being, apparently, to increase the size of the shell. We often smile at the clumsy, unwieldy specimens of gunnery produced by the ancients; but it has been reserved to modern civilization, with all the aids of science and the experience of the past, to give us a *chef-d'œuvre* of this kind.

The British Government not long since projected a mortar which, if it had been constructed two centuries ago, would have been christened "Our Forefathers' Folly." It was called the "Mallet Mortar," from the name of the inventor. That the reader may be able to take in the vast dimensions of this extraordinary piece of ordnance we give below its dimensions in detail:

	Tons. Cwt. Qrs. Lbs.			
Cast-iron base, with wrought breech shrunk into bore.	21	19	0	2
Wood carriage complete, with wrought-iron screw and spanner for elevating mortar.	8	8	0	14
Bottom part of mortar to fit on top of breech.	7	5	3	23
Part of mortar (a ring) to fit on top of the above.	5	8	3	23
Part of mortar (a ring) to fit on top of the above.	3	0	2	13
Muzzle ring.	1	2	3	12
Wood ring.	0	0	1	0
Wrought-iron ring.	0	4	3	4
Wrought-iron ring to fix on top of muzzle ring.	0	3	3	25
T-headed bolts, with gibs and keys for fixing mortar to base (outer staves).	1	16	2	0
Wood wedges, etc., for elevating.	0	13	3	22
Outer pins, with cross for turning mortar round.	0	8	3	14
Total weight.	50	13	2	21

Diameter of shell, 56 inches, or 14 feet in circumference! Weight of the shell before it was filled, 1 ton 728 pounds; when filled, over 3000 pounds! Such a ponderous globe as this, hurled into the air at an angle of 45°, would, in its descent to the earth, cause a concussion that would make an astronomer think that one of the asteroids had forsaken its orbit and struck us in its wild wanderings. But this "Brobdingnagian toy," as Greener calls it, was a sad failure. It cost the British Government only \$40,000!

The breech of this mortar was solid cast iron; abutting upon it were a "succession of wrought-iron hoops, ingeniously inserted into each other," which six huge outside staves secured still further. Wedges were placed under the ends

of the staves, beneath the projection of the cast-iron breech, which could be driven home when it was found necessary to tighten the binders.

Mortars form a class of guns by themselves, and escape all the modern improvements of rifling, etc., which are made in other guns. Their great utility consists in obtaining a vertical fire, and so assail works that can not be reached by a horizontal one.

We can not, in this article, go into a description of all the modern guns—rifled cannon, etc. The famous Lancaster gun is doubtless a failure, as well as the Whitworth. The Paixhan gun, though invented by an American about 1812, received but little attention until introduced into France in 1824 by Captain Paixhan, was a new step in gunnery. The firing of hollow shot and shells from guns of a large calibre, point-blank, just as round shot were fired, was shown to be practicable by this piece of ordnance. The original canon-obusier, as it was called, of Colonel Paixhan, was 9 feet 4 inches long, and weighed nearly 74 cwt., and was designed to throw either a solid shot of 86½ pounds, or a hollow shot of 60½ pounds. Numberless experiments have since been made in France and England and America on guns of this class. Of course it would be impossible to go into a description of them.

Monck's guns, the Lancaster, Whitworth, Rodman, and Armstrong gun have each their defenders and their imitators. The last has been lauded as a great success by the English; but as late experiments seem to show that it will be a failure, it is hardly necessary to give a description of it. Rifled cannon, too, open up a field more interesting to those particularly devoted to military science than to the general reader. It may be said, however, in passing, that the idea of rifling cannon originated with the celebrated "Joe Manton." The British Government of that day offered him a farthing for each gun made on his patent, but Manton demanded \$150,000 premium, and so the patent was allowed to expire without any thing being done. That rifled cannon are going to create an entire revolution in military operations on land there can be no doubt. It is a little singular that the well-known superiority of the rifle, in accuracy of fire, to a smooth-bore musket should not long before have suggested to gunners the propriety of rifling cannon. No new principle was involved; it required only the application of a thoroughly-attested successful one to a piece of larger bore. The increased range might not have been anticipated, but the superior accuracy could not have been doubted.

Breech-loading pieces must also be passed by. It has already been shown that they are no new invention, and the probabilities are that they never will come into general use. At least it is well understood that they are to be kept out of our navy.

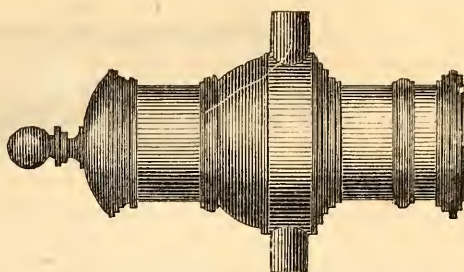
Having said so much of cannon in general, we will speak more especially of those used in the navy. We have referred to the mortar and to

the Paixhan gun for throwing hollow shot and shells. Mortars, as a part of the armament of a ship, are useful chiefly in attacking fortifications on land. Dropping a shell into so small an object as a ship, which on the unsteady swell of the ocean is necessarily constantly shifting its position, is of course a very uncertain operation. Hence the necessity, if shell were used at all in naval warfare, of firing them direct, like solid shot. But here, too, arose a difficulty. The constantly-shifting position and distance of a ship rendered shells with time fuses, even if fired in this way, very unreliable; for the difference of the small fraction of a second in the time of explosion would make it harmless, though accurately aimed. Hence the necessity of shells that would explode on concussion. This was a grand step forward, still it was only an approximation to the thing that was wanted; for a shell bursting on the outside of a ship expends half its force in the air. To give it its full destructive power it ought to explode between decks. Hence for a long time the grand desideratum has been to invent a shell that, thrown horizontally like a solid shot, would be fired by concussion, and yet not explode until it reached the centre of a ship—in other words, a percussion and time shell combined. Such a shell would be the most destructive missile ever known in naval warfare. Such a shell is now being experimented on, and with prospects of success. It can be loaded from the muzzle, and handled like a common shot. Perhaps in its final trial some difficulties not yet encountered may be discovered; if not, it will work a revolution in naval warfare, and give American ships a greater advantage than the introduction of accurate sights did in the last war with England.

The carronade is another ship cannon, shorter than the common gun, and designed for close engagement. Steam vessels and the vast increase in the range of guns will probably cause it to be held in slight estimation by the navy.

The howitzer is another kind of gun, used both on land and sea. The moderns have vastly improved in the efficiency of this piece, and Dahlgren has brought it to a high state of perfection. The howitzer of 1693 was a clumsy piece.

Frederick of Prussia first gave the howitzer its proper place as a field-piece, he having forty-five of them at one position in the battle of Burkersdorf in 1762.



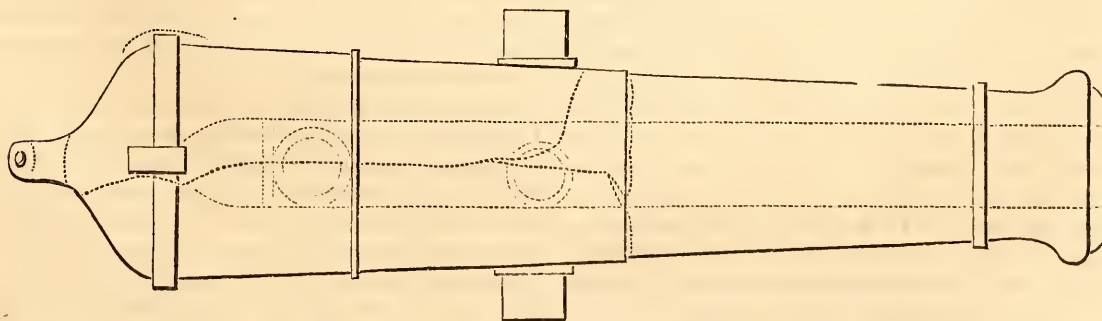
ENGLISH HOWITZER, 1693.

The "Dahlgren guns" have become common as household words, and many people suppose they possess some new and extraordinary power in throwing shot. But his improvement consists entirely in taking the metal from the forward part of the gun and putting it in the breech. There being no strain near the muzzle, weight of metal is unnecessary there. Hence a Dahlgren gun and one constructed on the old principle, of the same weight, would have very different calibres, the former throwing a much larger shot. Captain Dahlgren can not claim to be the originator of the suggestion to construct pieces in this way. In fact, the way cannon have always bursted ought to have made it apparent to any one that the strength of a gun should be back of the trunnions. Fractures do not *invariably* follow the same direction, though they uniformly do. Beginning at the vent, they run forward to the trunnions, when they turn at right angles across the gun—the forward part being thrown off entire, and turning a complete somersault, falls on the ground in a direct line with the shot, the blackened muzzle pointing back on the shattered carriage. The annexed diagram shows the law of fractures. Hence when guns burst forward it is pretty certain that the shot, from its formation or that of the bore, has been jammed near the muzzle.

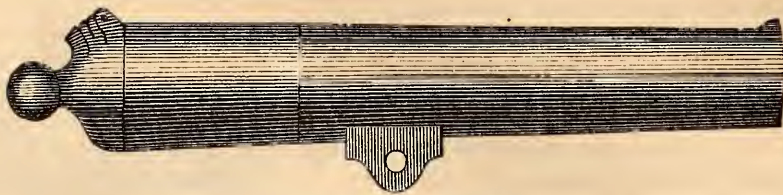
The changes that have been made in the form and character of shells and shot are almost endless, and can not be noticed here.

Dahlgren has added greatly to the efficiency of the howitzer, especially as adapted to sea-service. In glancing at the ancient and modern field-pieces, the casual observer would not detect such vast improvements in their construction, but he can in that of the howitzer. The howitzer of 1693 and Dahlgren's 24-pounder howitzer of to-day are radically different guns.

Our boat-howitzers are all the same except in size, and by the Navy Department are ordered



GENERAL COURSE OF FRACTURE IN CAST-IRON GUNS.



DALGHREN 24-POUND HOWITZER, 1862.

to be 24-pounders for launches of seventy-fours, medium 12-pounders for frigates, and light ones for sloops of war. The canister-shot they throw is composed of iron shot packed in a tin case, the interstices being filled with saw-dust, the upper end closed with an iron plate, and the lower with a wooden block. Shrapnell are used when the range is beyond canister, being fired by a fuse. The 12-pounder shrapnell contains eighty musket-balls, which, when the shell explodes, fly off in every direction. One of these bursting in a column of Mexicans at the battle of Palo Alto, made a gap wide enough to drive a cart and oxen through. After the battle was over seventy-five men were picked up where it had exploded. The boat-howitzers of Dahlgren, it will be remembered, were much coveted by the Japanese when Commodore Perry visited them, and he finally made them a present of one. A light carriage is supplied for those which are designed to be used on land.

They are terribly destructive, tearing columns of infantry and cavalry with frightful rapidity. Mounted on the bows of launches, they can be carried into the shallowest water, and will soon clear the shore of any enemy not protected by breast-works.

The changes that have been introduced in the artillery as a military arm on the land are very great, and have been going on since the time of Bonaparte. But the chief ones that modern science will work in naval warfare are few and very marked. The firing of horizontal shells, and the long ranges that have been obtained, and the employment of steamers, will probably put an end to the formation of lines of battle on the sea, of which we had perhaps the most imposing and crowning exhibition in the battle of Trafalgar; and also to those close broadside engagements which distinguished our naval encounters in the last war with England.

The wind has always been an important element in naval tactics, indeed formed the basis of all movements. Steam gives both parties—to make a Hibernianism—the weather-gage, and hence in engagements between large fleets more independent action of separate ships will be allowed. Moreover the long ranges which have been obtained will cause a battle to be opened at long distances, which, among ships of different sizes, carrying guns of very different ranges, will interfere sadly with simultaneous movements. So in single-handed encounters, a ship with guns of the longest range is not going to lay aside her advantage and come to a yard-arm conflict, where these will be less destructive than old-fashioned pieces. Iron-clad ships, if

they ever come into general use, will make a naval engagement, usually so terrible, one of the most harmless things imaginable. Two such vessels, lying off at the proper distance, might keep up a desperate encounter for a week and nobody be hurt. Just so far as we advance in obtaining long ranges and in making our war ships impregnable, will naval valor depreciate and naval exploits sink in significance. The history of naval warfare will show this. The early combats between galley fleets in the Mediterranean exhibit a personal daring and valor bordering on ferocity. The destruction of life, too, was terrible—a whole army disappearing in the crimson sea before the conflict was ended. The line of battle was for a long time in the form of a triangle, the admiral's galley at the head. Just before coming into action he would sail down between his vessels, haranguing the crews of each to stimulate them to valor. The first naval engagement on record was fought by Erythros, a prince who controlled the Red Sea. The most noted one of ancient times was that of Salamis between the Greeks and Persians. The fleet of Xerxes, consisting of twelve hundred and seven galleys, manned by five hundred thousand men, was engaged by the Greek fleet only four hundred strong. On the day of battle Xerxes caused his throne to be placed on a mountain spur that overlooked the fleets, covered with a canopy. Around him knelt secretaries with pen in hand to note the heroic conduct of individual ships, or mark those which lagged in the fight, while all along the mountain ridges spectators from the Acropolis, the Hill of Mars, were gathered, who, with the mighty army shining in Oriental splendor, and dazzling the eye with its wilderness of glittering armor and gayly-colored banners, gazed down, as from an amphitheatre, upon those *sixteen hundred* galleys, closing in mortal combat. No smoke obscured the conflict, so that every deed of valor could be distinctly seen; while ever and anon the deafening shouts of the excited host on shore rolled like thunder along the heights and fell on the ear of the combatants. Trireme after trireme went down with all on board, till at last the Persian fleet turned and fled.

This was five hundred years before Christ. In the centuries that followed human ingenuity, then as now, exhausted itself in multiplying the engines of destruction. Turrets were built on the prow or stern from which arrows could be discharged in showers; huge engines arose from the centre from which rocks were hurled with a power that sent them like a round shot through the vessel's bottom; battering rams swung from

the masts to beat in the sides of the enemy; pots of live coals, and melted pitch, and combustible compounds, full as destructive as the hot shot of modern times, were added to the deadly battle-axe and spear, to augment the slaughter. It is said that the ancestor of the great Hannibal threw pots of live and poisonous serpents on board his enemy's ships, which darting around on deck spread consternation among the crew. The Romans made still other improvements in naval warfare, until at length the invention of cannon introduced a new element into it.

We hear of their being first used by the Venetians against the Genoese. The first great naval battle that was fought after the introduction of cannon into ships was that of Lepanto in 1571, between the Venetians and Spanish on one side, and the Turks on the other. We talk at the present day of the importance of this and that battle to civilization, while few have ever been fought fraught with more important interests than this. In it was decided the question whether Christianity or Mohammedanism should control Southern Europe. The Turks had nearly two hundred and thirty galleys and transports, with six vessels carrying heavy artillery. The Christians had two hundred and fifty ships, manned by fifty thousand men. Modern naval warfare furnishes no such imposing array of force. Though cannon, and culverins, and muskets were used, those fierce warriors could not wait the slow effect of their inefficient broadsides, and rushed to the death-grapple. Those nearly five hundred ships became mixed in a hand-to-hand fight, vessel rushed on vessel, and the roar of the guns gave way to the clash of battle-axe, spear, and sword. And when the combat ended nearly a hundred of the Turkish fleet had gone to the bottom, or were helpless wrecks on the water; and *twenty-five thousand* men lay mangled and slain on the slippery decks, or had disappeared in the blue waves of the Gulf. Ten thousand Christians had also fallen, making the total number of victims in this terrific sea-fight *thirty-five thousand*. The world to-day would stand aghast at such a naval combat. Naval expeditions in our present war have been organized on a large scale, and with a rapidity which we take for granted to be unprecedented in the history of the world. Captain Porter laid the keel of a gun-boat in the West, and in forty days floated her off into the river ready for service. To complete contracts that had ninety days to run tasked to the utmost our mechanical force. And yet, in olden time, with all their want of machinery, grand naval expeditions were fitted out in a space of time fabulously short. Rome once fitted out an immense fleet in ninety days after the trees were standing in the forest. Pise built and equipped a fleet to sail against Hiero, King of Syracuse, of two hundred and twenty vessels, in *forty-five days*; and Scipio is said to have put to sea in the second Punic war with a large fleet, the timbers that composed the vessels of which forty days before were lying in the forest.

The Romans, in some of their vast naval expeditions, in which it was necessary to carry large bodies of cavalry, showed a forethought which it would be well for our Government at the present day to imitate. Ships were constructed on purpose for their transportation—literally *horse ships*, or floating stables. Our way of huddling horses on inconvenient and unsteady transports has already cost the Government vast sums. In the short trip to Ship Island we can often save only some half a dozen reduced animals out of a hundred and fifty or sixty choice horses.

The extraordinary means of defense that have been resorted to in modern times have naturally caused the introduction of terrific engines of destruction; but it is very doubtful if, in adapting means to ends, we have made any advances on ancient warfare.

The discovery of America making it necessary to cross the ocean, and the extension of commerce round the world, gave, of course, an immense impetus to ship-building. War ships kept pace with this improvement, and naval combats gradually came under a system of tactics similar to those which governed the movements of large armies on land. This system, as before remarked, reached its fullest development, and furnished its finest exhibition, at Trafalgar. Thirty-one ships of the line and frigates composed Nelson's fleet, while the French and Spanish had forty. At noon, on the 21st of October, 1805, this mighty array of the Spanish and French lay in a vast semicircle off Cape Trafalgar, waiting the approach of the English fleet, that, crowded with canvas, came slowly down on the long, steady swell that rolled toward the Bay of Cadiz. Nelson had previously arranged his plan, which was to attack in double columns, so as to break the enemy's line in two places at once. He himself led one column of thirteen ships, and Collingwood the other composed of fourteen. Thus, like two columns of infantry, these magnificent ships bore down on the compact lines of the enemy. Of course when the battle fairly commenced it lost all resemblance to the movements of infantry, and became a hand-to-hand fight, like a conflict of the knights of old. Such an attempt at a grand *systematic* sea-fight will probably never be made again. It was the old Roman and Carthaginian galley fight over again, with modern war ships and their terrible armaments.

Since the commencement of naval warfare some one nation has believed itself to have reached perfection, as nearly as it can be obtained, in the construction of ships and armaments; but suddenly a new discovery has been made, working an entire change. Thus, after the victories of Nelson, England thought she had reached the Ultima Thule of maritime warfare, and when the war of 1812 broke out the idea of our attempting to dispute the supremacy of the seas with her would have been looked upon as a good joke had it not been for the disgusting impertinence of the thing.

But the first conflict between the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* showed that some new element had entered into naval warfare. When the Englishman first saw the *Constitution*, and the resolute way she bore down on him, he was somewhat staggered; and after watching her a while handed his glass to the Captain of an American privateer whom he had captured a short time before, and asked him if he could make out to what nation that ship belonged. The American, after narrowly scrutinizing her, handed back the glass, replying that, from the cut of her sails, he had no doubt she was an American frigate. "It can not be possible," said Dacres, "for she would not stand on so boldly. However," he added, "should it prove true so much the better, as I shall have the honor of taking the first American man-of-war on the ocean." He cleared for action, for it was evident the stranger, whoever he was, was bent on mischief, and slowly moved away. Soon the Stars and Stripes were seen proudly flying in the breeze. When the *Constitution* arrived within long gun-shot, the *Guerriere* opened her fire. Wearing ever and anon to bring her broadsides to bear, she was astonished to see the American keep steadily on, replying only now and then with an occasional gun, as if to tell her enemy she heard her, and if she wanted to fight, to hold up until she could get alongside. The Captain of the *Guerriere*, nothing loth, filled and moved off with the wind free, showing that he was willing to receive her and finish the conflict yard-arm to yard-arm. The *Constitution* then drew slowly ahead, and the moment her bows began to lap the quarters of the *Guerriere* her forward guns opened, and in a few minutes the welcome orders were received to pour in broadside after broadside rapidly as possible. As the old ship forged slowly ahead with her greater way, she seemed moving in flame. Soon down came the mizen mast of the enemy with a crash, while her hull was riddled with shot and her decks slippery with gore. The carnage was so awful that the blood from the wounded and mangled victims, as they were hurried into the cockpit below, poured over the ladder as if it had been dashed like water from a bucket. In less than an hour the conflict was over, and the English vessel was so terribly cut up that she went down on the spot where she had fought.

In the single-handed fight that occurred not long after between the *United States* and *Macedonian*, the latter had a third of her entire crew and officers, numbering three hundred, killed and wounded, while the *United States* had but twelve all told. So the latter was found to have suffered but very little in her hull, while the British vessel had been struck a *hundred times* below her bulwarks. So in the conflict between the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, though waged in a stormy sea with the waves running half-mast high, the same disparity in killed and wounded was exhibited, and also in the condition of the ships after it was over.

Every after-combat was but the repetition of the first. The *Constitution* came out of the fight with the *Java* with every spar standing and ready for another antagonist, while the latter resembled a slaughter pen, and went, a helpless wreck, to the bottom. The uniformity of result in these numerous naval actions revealed the steady working of some principle. A single contest might exhibit the same disparity in killed and wounded, and in the destruction accomplished, and yet be accounted for by the condition and sailing powers of the two ships, the character of the crew, or an unexpected accident; but these peculiar circumstances would not occur month after month in different seas, and in widely dissimilar ships. English writers made all our astonishing victories the result of a mere chapter of accidents, or to be accounted for by the immense advantage which a superiority of three or four guns, or a crew of fifty more men gave. We, on the contrary, err almost as widely in adopting the very simple conclusive explanation of superior skill and courage. Granting our superiority in these respects, our vanity can not claim it to be so great as to account for our almost unbroken success. The true secret lay in our superior gunnery. One would think that the shattered hulls of the *Guerriere*, *Frolic*, and *Java*, and other vessels, would have settled this. Our broadsides were not wasted on the sea, but went crashing through the oaken sides of the enemy; and the reason of our superior gunnery was, we had *regular sights* to our cannon, which the English had not. We had, in short, introduced as great an improvement in this respect as has since been made on land by the invention of rifled cannon. It is true the English used the pendulum, which was swung in the square of the hatchway, by which the inclination of the ship was ascertained, and thus enabled them to keep the guns in a horizontal position. But we had sights—sometimes fixed on the muzzle ring answering to the forward sight of the rifle, and sometimes tubes laid along the gun, either immovable or capable of being adjusted to suit the range. No wonder we made riddles of the English ships. The British Government learned the trick after the war was over, and now she is not a whit behind us in her naval gunnery. Those who boast of our former naval successes, and think they can be easily repeated, would do well to remember this. Such a marvelous, unbroken series of victories are not to be expected in a war with such a maritime power as England, without some great superiority in the use of artillery. We should have this again, in wooden ships, if the shell before mentioned proves to be what is claimed for it. A shell acting invariably as a round shot on the hull of a ship, and as a shell inside, between decks, would make a contest between an American wooden vessel and that of any other nation more unequal than any that occurred in our last war with England. The inventive genius of the Americans, that always produces something to meet emergencies, though it can

not do every thing, is nevertheless one of our greatest resources. The *London Times*, a short time ago, admitted this, when giving the comparative strength of the two nations in case of war, and said that, notwithstanding the overwhelming superiority of the English navy, Yankee ingenuity would devise ways of giving them a great deal of trouble. The *Warrior*, it is said, has an English invention on board, which it is claimed will give her an advantage independent of her shot-proof sides, that will make her overwhelmingly superior to any vessel that ever floated. By it she is enabled to throw molten iron into an enemy's ship. A cupola furnace is constructed on board for melting iron, which is poured into a thin shell which breaks in pieces on entering a ship, leaving the molten mass imbedded in the timbers. Several apparently insuperable objections suggest themselves to the practicability of this strange scheme, and we predict its abandonment. Still it may be a success; if so, it is a horrible one, for no wooden vessel could withstand many broadsides of such shot. It would hardly have begun to fight before it would be in flames.

LETTY'S PROPOSAL.

THERE was a great excitement in the pretty little locust-bowered house familiarly known in the village of Mabury as the "Brown Cottage"—an excitement which seemed to pervade the whole ménage, from the tidy kitchen, where the slicing of delicate pinky ham and the buttering of melt-in-your-mouth biscuit was going on with dextrous celerity, up to the Gothic-windowed guest-chamber, where constant relays of arrivals were successively denuding themselves of "Clouds," "Sontags," "Mariposas," and other dainty feminine wraps; and down again to the parlor, in which some twenty ladies—old, young, and middle-aged—were assembled, with tongues and needles flying with equal zest and industry.

The "Sewing Society of the Parish of St. Barnabas, Mabury," was assembled at the Brown Cottage for the first time. The Cottage had been vacant for a length of time; it was at once too small and too highly ornée to find tenants readily, and its present occupants, Mrs. and Miss Ramsay, a widow lady and her daughter, had come up from New York and taken possession of it only a few weeks ago. They were not very widely known as yet by the good people of Mabury; but those ladies who, after due inspection of them at church, had made up their minds that they were proper persons to be called upon, pronounced them cultivated, well-bred, and agreeable—"quite an accession to society." The young ladies, perhaps, did not unite in this favorable dictum quite so cordially as their mammas: there were far too few young men in Mabury to suffer the advent of another candidate for their attentions to be very eagerly welcomed; and while the fair young creatures admitted collectively that Adelaide Ramsay was

certainly a very fine-looking girl, *one* of them, whose eyes had been compared to violets by a sentimental adorer, suggested that such *very* black eyes had always a something bold in them; and another, whose lips had been likened to rose-buds by the same flowery-minded youth, intimated that, in her opinion, some mouths might be too large even if the teeth were quite good enough for display.

The ladies at the Cottage had come forward in quite a public-spirited sort of way to take part in every thing that was going on in Mabury. They had rented a pew at St. Barnabas's at once, put down their names on the list of the Charity Fund, and joined the Sewing Society without delay. Then they were so patriotic! Miss Ramsay was really quite an oracle on military matters. She was acquainted with the officers of ever so many regiments, had witnessed drills and parades innumerable, and had actually had a share in a flag-presentation. Her interest in the movements of the army was known to be intense; and it was said that she perused daily every line of the telegrams, the editorials, and the interminable letters from "special correspondents," on the all-absorbing topic of the war. It would really look suspicious, if she were not so frank and undisguised; as it was, it was positively very creditable to her public spirit and love of country.

So it happened that there was an unusually full "gathering from near and from far" on the occasion of the Ramsays' first "Society." Not that curiosity had any thing to do with it—oh, by no means!—but it was a *very* fine day, and there really was a great deal of work to be done; that last hundred of shirts not yet finished, and the quota of stockings and mittens volunteered still incomplete.

The little parlor of the Cottage never had presented so animated a scene before; it really would have made a very charming "interior," with its glowing fire, its bright and tasteful appointments, and its groups of well-dressed and good-looking people, all laughing and talking and working in the best possible spirits. Adelaide Ramsay thought so as she passed in and out of the room—now welcoming a new-comer; now stopping to speak to this one or that; or going up to the corner where her mother, a stately old lady in black silk, sat in her own special easy-chair, to refer some question of the *cuisine* to her decision. She would have formed the most attractive point in the picture herself, perhaps—with her tall, well-formed person, her rich dark hair and animated countenance; but this idea would never have suggested itself to her, and she would unhesitatingly have referred the artist to the bay-window which looked out upon the lawn for his fore-ground group. And there, indeed, was gathered most of the youth and beauty of the "Society." Pretty Jennie Hathaway sat there, knitting away industriously, without the slightest idea of what a charming "study" she would make for a "Hearth-flower"—that's the new name for a young lady with a domestic turn

of mind, you know! The elegant Miss Lushington spread her ample skirts over the damask lounge in the window recess, and likewise held the ubiquitous knitting-work in her long ringed fingers. Eleanor Grant occupied the small portion left unoccupied by her neighbor's flounces, bending her Madonna face over a cumbrous mass of cloth, which was gradually assuming the "shapeless shape" of a hospital wrapper, with a look as sad and thoughtful as though she already saw the pale and wounded form round which it was to be wrapped; and on an ottoman by her side sat little Letty Lawson, the youngest, the smallest, and the prettiest of the Mabury maidens. Her ivory crochet-needle was slipping with marvelous celerity in and out the bright border she was putting on a great pair of coarse gray mittens.

"Poor fellows!" said she, when the girls laughed at her pretty fancy, "why shouldn't they have red borders for their mittens? It's just as easy as to knit them all this horrid dun color; and it will make the box look a great deal gayer when it's opened in camp. I can imagine the soldiers all gathering round it, as in the picture in the last *Harper's Weekly*, you know, and quarreling over my mittens. Every body 'll want 'em!"

"I wonder if you'll always be so careful to make the mittens you give agreeable, Letty?" said Jennie Hathaway; and though the joke was neither very new nor very good, they all laughed, and Letty's pink roses turned to crimson ones at once.

"There was but *one* person, just now," she thought, "who—*who*—" Letty could not put it in words even in her own mind. "And the idea of *any* body's not being glad and proud of his love—oh!"

"Only see Letty blush!" pursued Jennie, mischievously; "one would think she had been making some one a present of that useful article as late as last evening."

"Not she," said Miss Lushington; "indeed I'm afraid we won't any of us get a chance to dispose of any mittens but these veritable yarn ones until this horrid war is over. I don't know any one in Mabury who has a shadow of a lover but Miss Ramsay."

"Miss Ramsay! Has she made a conquest so soon? Who is it? Do tell!" The whole group was in a flutter of eager curiosity at once, and Miss Lushington answered, in surprise,

"Why, I thought every one knew—Randall North, of course; there's no one else up here she'd condescend to captivate. He called the day after her first appearance at church and staid an hour at least. He has been there since two or three evenings in a week, and she plays and sings for him; I can hear, you know, being only across the street. But, hush! here she comes now."

There was a sudden silence and a great access of industry on the part of the fair gossipers as Miss Ramsay, stopping for a smile and a word with one and another of her guests, made her way toward the bay-window. So that no one

noticed the rapid changes that passed over Letty's face at these words—the sudden surprise, the flash of anger fading into incredulity, and then the slow, sick whiteness that crept over cheek and brow as the conviction of their truth crushed upon her.

"Randall North! And she had thought him *her* lover!"

Women are born Spartans, where their woman's pride is concerned; and though a pang keener than that of death had seized upon Letty's heart, so glad and hopeful a moment before, she "died and made no sign." She even looked up with a smile when Miss Ramsay approached, and, gayly commending the party for their patriotic zeal, suggested that they should slacken a while in their industry, as tea was about to be served.

"And after that you must beautify yourselves as much as possible, young ladies," she went on, in her bright, laughing way; "for we are to have a stranger here this evening, Mr. Eugene Lamar, the son of a millionaire, the best waltzer in town last winter, and a perfect adept in the art of putting on ladies' skates. He's coming up to one of our country sociables in search of a new sensation. Won't some of you undertake to revivify his numb heart? You, Miss Letty, can't you snare him in the meshes of those bright ringlets?"

Letty forced down a sort of spasm that constricted her throat, and answered in a tone through whose assumed merriment the bitterness of her heart betrayed itself.

"I don't know any one who is so skillful in the management of hearts as Miss Ramsay. She had better undertake Mr. Lamar herself."

"Not I!" was the laughing answer. "I have other business to attend to—" And there Miss Ramsay broke off suddenly, and a deep crimson blush overspread her bright, handsome countenance. Only for a second, and the young lady recovered herself, and saying, merrily, "I shall certainly introduce him to you the first thing," moved on to the next group; but it sufficed to set the seal upon Letty's terrible fear; and from that moment the twin fiends Jealousy and Hatred came and took up their abode in the young girl's heart, driving out before them the sweet angels Love and Faith.

A general bustle of preparation filled the room; work was rapidly folded up and laid away in the great "Society basket;" a "nest" of tables was taken apart and placed about in various directions, for the greater convenience of cups and saucers; and the ladies "sat round" in a state of expectancy, with napkins and plates duly spread upon their laps. In the midst of the confusion Letty managed to slip away unobserved, and make her escape to the empty guest-chamber above. She longed for this refuge, that she might be free just a little while from the noise and lights below—might press her burning brow against the cool window-panes, and even cry, unobserved, if only the tears would come.

But they would not. She felt too excited, outraged, for that sweet relief. Besides, in spite of almost conviction, she still clung to a precious doubt: there *might* be some mistake; he could not be so base! And as she stood in the deep window recess, and looked out upon the star-lit winter-night, her passion of conflicting emotions grew calmer, and a generous trust in the man she loved came back to expel with indignation the unworthy suspicion which had usurped its place.

"She could not understand it," she said to herself; "there was some mystery about it; but one thing was certain, Randall North was the soul of truth and honor; she could not prove it, but she felt it. He was incapable of playing a double game, and yet he had certainly been—well, every thing but actually *lover-like*;" and Letty blushed and thrilled all alone in the dim window recess, at certain memories of the past few weeks. "Well, she should know very soon now."

The sound of opening doors below, the rustle of dresses, and the tripping of feet upon the stair startled Letty from her painful thoughts. She sprang hastily to the little dressing-table, and begun rearranging her hair assiduously, with fingers that were all too nervous for the task. A moment after a party of girls broke laughingly into the room, and, scattering about in various directions, addressed themselves to the business of refreshing their toilets for the evening.

"Why, here is Letty Lawson stealing a march upon us!" exclaimed one gay damsel, exuberantly. "You've heard of the distinguished guest we are to have to-night, eh? and are bound to be first on the ground. Well, I give you fair warning, I intend to fascinate him myself. Be a generous rival, now, and help me to fasten this camelia in my hair. Isn't it superb? Mrs. Grandon brought it to me from her own green-house."

Letty performed the little service, scarcely knowing what she was doing. "A generous rival! Could she be that?" But she only said, "If you want to come to the glass now, Nelly, I have finished," and was moving to the door, when another young lady, who was at the wash-stand, laboring to remove the stain of blue yarn from her delicate fingers, called to her to stop.

"Just go to the window, won't you, Letty, and see who's come? I heard wheels—yes, and there are gentlemen's voices. Oh dear! bless the soldiers and their stockings—this war'll be the ruin of my hands! Who is it, Letty?"

"Mr. Cranston's buggy, with two gentlemen in it, and a whole party walking up the lawn. But indeed I can't play 'Sister Ann' for you any longer. I must go down and make room for others. See, all the Society is coming up stairs to brush its hair!"

And the speech and tone were so like Letty's old self that not one of the gay girls, intent upon their toilet, dreamed with what an effort it was uttered, or that it was because she had espied

one special person in the "party" coming up the lawn that she was in such haste to get down to the parlor. She wanted to see all, from the very first greeting—then she could judge.

So she made her way through the crowd of ladies whom the arrival of the gentlemen had started suddenly up to the dressing-room, and was hastening down stairs, when, to her vexation, she discovered that her boot-lace was broken. She stopped on a little landing made by an abrupt turn of the staircase to fasten it; but it gave her some trouble to arrange it neatly, and as she sat there, trying to tie a knot with her nervous fingers, she heard the new arrivals make their entrance, deposit their hats and coats in the hall, laughing and talking a good deal, meanwhile, and then pass into the parlor, leaving the hall deserted. A moment after there were other steps and voices—quieter, but sending a strange thrill through Letty's frame, which only made her bungle the more over her task.

For it was Miss Ramsay welcoming Randall North, and in her most cordial tone.

"So early, Mr. North? That is very good of you to come and help me break the 'awful pause' between tea and dancing."

"Am I not always good?" was the gay retort, made so familiarly that Letty's lip curled involuntarily. "I have come prepared to sacrifice myself to the public good, and do what I may to insure the success of your first 'Society.' Of course I shall not have an opportunity of trying my powers of entertainment upon you—you will be on hospitable thoughts intent. Do you think you could find time to read this, however?"

Letty stood directly behind them on the stair; she could not have helped seeing, unless she had deliberately turned her eyes away, and this it was not in human nature to do. So she looked on, and saw Randall North take from his pocket and place in Miss Ramsay's hand a letter; she saw her hand stretched out eagerly to receive it; she saw the unmistakable look in his eyes, the quick mounting flush on her cheek, and then, before a word could be spoken, the sudden retreat of Miss Ramsay into the dining-room, and the simultaneous entrance of another party of new-comers.

Letty felt sick and staggering, as though she had received a rude blow upon her breast. She shrank back into the dim landing, and braced herself against the wall to keep from falling. Her head reeled, and strange lights danced before her eyes. The stroke had come, and for a moment she was blind and stunned. But the urgent necessity for rallying her strength gave her power to do it; at the sound of approaching steps she started to her feet, and the color which had forsaken cheek and lip rushed violently back to her face. She stood still a moment to steady herself, and then slowly descended the stair and entered the lighted parlor with a firm step and erect head. True, she had been subjected to the cruellest wrong a woman can suffer; the man, in whose truth she had trusted, almost as in

Heaven's, had proved himself false and heartless before her very eyes: but should the world know this? Should he exult in the love of two women, and her rival triumph in her success? Henceforward he should see that she despised him as he deserved, and not one of all that careless throng should dream that she was a slighted woman.

There was a knot of gentlemen standing near the door by which she entered, and Letty had to stop to exchange greetings with them all; she had always been a favorite in Mabury, and she had a smile and a merry word for each. She did not stop to chat with any of them longer than she could help, but watched her opportunity to take possession of a low seat in the corner at the end of a sofa, where she could be almost concealed from sight by the fall of Mrs. Judge Denham's voluminous flounces, and yet command a view of the door, near which she had discovered Randall North standing, exchanging lively banter with Jennie Hathaway.

She sat there unobserved, leaning back against the wall, and half listening to the discussion of the respective merits of M'Clellan and Frémont which old Mr. Varney was keeping up across her with Mrs. Denham, but all the while keeping her eyes fixed upon the group at the door, and noting bitterly how Randall North, even in the midst of his badinage with the pretty girl at his side, was evidently on the watch for the entrance of another.

Yes, and now he need watch no longer, for there she was, crossing the hall from the dining-room and coming toward him. How radiant she looked with that smile and blush! and the glance she lifted to his face was full of consciousness. Her words, too, what a confidence of possession they seemed to indicate!

"Come, Sir, it is quite time you entered upon your duties of assistant entertainer. What shall we do to start the evening? Shall I sing? Will you sing with me? I am in the most obliging of moods to-night!"

And then again that conscious smile flashed over each face.

Ah, it was impossible! Letty thought, with the sharpest pang yet of pain and anger. That could not have been a letter of proposal. Not even Miss Ramsay could speak so lightly after it. They must have been engaged before; yes, at the very time when he had sat beside her those evenings so sweet in their passing hours, so unutterably bitter now in their memory: in the little parlor at home, teaching her to play chess, singing with her, and charming tears from her eyes by his exquisite reading of exquisite poems.

False and cruel heart! He had used her only as a blind for some purpose of his own; and Letty set her teeth together hard and drew back farther into the corner as the two approached the piano, Miss Ramsay's rustling silk sweeping in stately folds about her tall person and her face radiant with smiles and color.

Poor little Letty! *hers* had the look of a cat ready to spring in the dark.

There was a sudden lull in the hum and buzz through the room as the first clear ringing chords were struck out from Miss Ramsay's free, firm fingers. No such music as hers had ever been heard in Mabury: all the young ladies played and sang "after a fashion," but it was a very different fashion from the brilliant and artistic style of the cultivated city girl. Letty had been on the point of giving up her simple little ballads in despair after hearing Miss Ramsay sing, when Randall North told her one evening that *her* voice was one of those meant for only one listener, with such a look and tone that there was no doubting his meaning!

And now look at him!—standing close by Miss Ramsay's side, turning over the leaves of her music with lover-like assiduity, openly expressing his admiration as song after song was ended, and in more than one mingling his fine tenor with her rich tones. As for Miss Ramsay herself her happiness had produced an almost magical effect upon her. An inward flame of joy and hope sent its glow to her cheek, its sparkle to her eye; she sang in an electric sort of way which *vitalized* her audience, as it were, and called forth unbounded admiration. Presently, as if her swelling spirits could not find vent in any quieter music, she broke suddenly into a ringing martial strain. There was a clangor of clashing chords, a shrill succession of trumpet tones, and then the loud thud-thud of the base, like the beat of a muffled drum, by way of prelude; and then, while every one listened in eager silence, the rush of stirring song broke forth, the very words having a ringing rhythm, a sonorous refrain, that thrilled like a bugle call:

"There are glad hearts and sad hearts
By millions to-day,
As over the wires the magical fires
Are flashing the tidings of Donelson's fray.
Hearts swelling with rapture
For Donelson's capture;
Hearts breaking with aching
For Donelson's slain."

Miss Ramsay had found the verses going the rounds of the press, and had herself adapted them to a stirring strain that suited their martial ring; and now she found herself scarcely able to complete the first stanza for the wild enthusiasm she had aroused in her listeners. Every breast heaved high; every eye flashed in all the throng; a chord still quivering from its recent tension had been struck; soft palms came together in eager applause; people crowded round the piano, and when the clear, full tones rang out the thrilling words,

"We join the wild shout,
The tumultuous hosanna
That greets our dear banner
From Donelson's ramparts in triumph flung out,"

their enthusiasm vented itself in a resounding cheer for the beautiful musician, the unknown poet, the grand old Union, and the cottage parlor re-echoed with tones of excitement and delight.

And Miss Ramsay, how radiant she looked!

Letty marked the proud and pleased glance which Randall North bent upon her, and her conscious blush beneath it; and felt herself as though the last faint spark of life and hope were slowly dying, dying within her.

Meanwhile a good-natured young lady had relieved the hostess at the piano, and the first notes of the Lancers dispersed the gentlemen in various directions in search of partners. Letty shrank back still farther in her corner in the hope of concealment: Randall North would be just double-dealer enough, she thought, to come and ask her to dance, that there might not be too marked a cessation of his attentions—and she felt as though she should strike him if he did! But her retreat was not secure enough to escape the carrying out of Miss Ramsay's playful threat; she approached her almost immediately with a mischievous smile on her face, and bringing with her, as she had said she would, Mr. Eugene Lamar, the elegant young scion of upper-tendom, whose advent had been so eagerly anticipated by the young ladies up stairs.

There was an evil look on Letty's face behind the smile with which she acknowledged the introduction, and a bitter and defiant thought sprung up in her heart. She would overlook her indignation at Miss Ramsay's impertinent attempt to supply the place of the lover she had stolen with her city dandy, and use him as her tool to show her recreant admirer that she neither valued nor missed his attentions.

So, as Mr. Lamar pronounced the customary formula and offered his arm, Letty rose from her ottoman, and suffered him to lead her to a place among the dancers. She had resolved to act her part so well that none should suppose it to be only a part; the shadow was banished from her face, a smiling light summoned in its stead; nothing could be more coquettishly pretty than her whole aspect as she took her place with a smile at her partner and a graceful little bow to her *vis-à-vis*. And so Randall North seemed to think, for he started suddenly forward from his careless position near the piano-forte and approached her at once.

"Why, where in the world have you been all the evening, Miss Letty?" he asked, with a bright look and tone. "I haven't seen you any where!"

"Not in Miss Ramsay's neighborhood: that accounts for it," replied Letty, coolly and gayly, looking him full in the face with a careless smile; and just then the music struck up, and away went her light little figure down the room, her step like a child's in its graceful freedom, and her brown curls flowing back upon her shoulders.

Randall North stood watching her a few moments, thinking he had never seen little Letty Lawson look so pretty, though, to be sure, she always had a winsome face of her own. But now there was a strange brightness and glow about her; her cheeks were as red as the red wild rose, her eyes like the dew-drops at its heart, her dress of azure silk was blue as the starlit sky without. There was a kind of eagerness in her manner that made it a pleasure to

watch her, just for the delight she seemed to be enjoying.

"What an enthusiastic little thing she is!" thought Randall North, with a half sigh for his own indifference. "The idea now of finding pleasure in that stupid dance! But then she enjoys higher pleasures as well. I think hers is one of those rare happy temperaments that imparts its own brightness to every thing. What did she mean by that allusion to Miss Ramsay? Can people have begun to notice?"

He both smiled and looked vexed at the thought, and presently turned away, thinking to stroll into the little library, and see how the sober middle-aged players at chess and draughts were getting on. A group of girls were gathered round a little table near the door, on which were strewn various objects intended for the amusement of an idle hour: a stereoscope fitted up with rare pictures, an album filled with the photographs of celebrities, Miss Ramsay's own clever crayon sketches, and so on. One of them stopped him as he was passing to ask if he didn't think Ruskin looked more like a poet than Tennyson; and another gayly inquired if *he*, too, hadn't been shocked to find that grand Mrs. Browning such a fright? "Wasn't it a pity," she rattled on, "that she should have been so vain of her curls as to give her eyes that horrid leer in the effort to place her head in a position to display them and yet look one full in the face? But then didn't Mr. North think all ladies who wore natural curls were apt to be vain of them? See Letty Lawson now playing hers off on that young New Yorker!"

Randall North smiled at the young girl's nonsense, which he saw was not meant to be ill-natured, and turned to look at Letty. She stood in a pause of the dance with one dimpled white hand carelessly playing with her nut-brown ringlets, and her face drooping, yet showing warm and crimson through their meshes, while her partner bent low, and almost whispered in her evidently willing ear. Her attitude, her whole aspect was picturesquely pretty; but there was an expression as Letty lifted her eyes which Randall North had never seen before on her innocent face—a sort of hard exultation, as it were. He did not like it, and removing his glance after a moment's survey, he turned back to the album and the jesting discussion of the foible of which Mrs. Browning had been accused.

Meanwhile *Les Lanciers* came to an end, and presently Letty's bright curl-veiled head was seen passing and repassing the open door as she promenaded the hall, hanging on Mr. Lamar's arm, to get cool. Very gay and bright she looked, smiling and talking incessantly; and Mr. Lamar stroked his mustache and listened, and brought out his whole stock of "society" compliments—thinking complacently that it was only like his usual luck to fascinate the prettiest girl in the room. He did not know what a very tiger of jealousy and rage was chained down in the bosom of the fair young creature at his side; he did not see the sharp, watchful glances she

cast ever and anon from the shaded hall into the bright room beyond, and he simply could not have understood the impatient disdain she felt toward him even had she taken pains to explain it.

The music struck up again, this time a waltz of merriest measure, leaping, sparkling forth from Miss Ramsay's brilliant fingers.

"Oh, that is something worth while!" exclaimed the city gentleman, who had a proper contempt for quadrilles. "Of course you waltz, Miss Lawson?" and almost before she knew it Letty was drawn into the parlor and whirling round the room encircled by his arm, her white hand upon his shoulder, her glowing face upraised to his, his breath amidst her flowing curls.

People drew back and watched the pair and whispered—the affair was really progressing into quite a flirtation; and Randall North stood and looked on a moment with folded arms and quiet brow, while Letty's floating drapery touched him as she swept circling past; then he turned, and, sauntering up to the piano, seemed absorbed in watching the flashing play of Miss Ramsay's white fingers over the ivory keys.

Letty saw him as he stood there, and saw too how Miss Ramsay's eye and lip welcomed his approach with their brightest smile, and she felt her heart grow sick and cold, despite its pride, to read in the frequent exchange of meaning look and whisper repeated evidence of a tender understanding between them. She went on desperately with the part she was acting—danced, talked, ate ices, and flirted almost without knowing what she was doing; and at last, to her unspeakable relief, the evening was over, and she was alone in the carriage on her homeward way. Mr. Lamar had been most assiduous in shawling her: he had even presumed to kiss her hand at parting, and she had suffered it because Randall North stood near enough to see it at the door, where Miss Ramsay stood in hospitable country fashion, bidding her guests good-by as one after another drove away; taking up his post by her side as though they were already *one*, Letty thought bitterly, and rubbing, with infinite disdain, the insulted member with her handkerchief. And Randall North turned, as the carriage rolled away, to his companion and said, in the grave way in which we may speak to one of whose sympathy we are sure: "There goes a girl in whom I have been strangely mistaken. I thought her a perfect little wild-flower for purity and artlessness; but she has shown herself to-night not a whit more modest, or maidenly, or single-minded than the rest of husband-seeking young ladies. *You* are the most womanly woman of them all, Adelaide."

Letty came down to a late breakfast next morning haggard and spiritless; and in answer to her mother's interested inquiries about the last evening pronounced it "the stupidest society of the whole winter," in a tone which checked further questioning. She alleged a headache as an excuse for pale looks and want of appetite: "she would be better by-and-by if

they would only let her be quiet." So her little brothers started off to school, her mother went about her household ways, and the cozy sitting-room, with its bright fire, its cushioned chair, and comfortable lounge, was at her service with as much solitude and quiet as she chose.

But she did not throw herself upon the sofa and wander off with shut eyes into the land of day-dreams, as was one of her habits when she felt idle and self-indulgent; neither did she nestle in the great rocking-chair before the grate, and amuse herself with making out wonderful pictures in the fire. Many a time had she conjured up images of her future in the dancing flames, the shifting coals; but now the future was a dreary blank lit by no bright fancies: she did not care to think about it. She stood within the recess of the curtained window watching the pale leaden clouds, which were beginning to dissolve in snow, and thought how dull were the winter days when there was no bright sunshine and no merry wind whistling about the eaves. Yesterday had been a calm, gray day too; but somehow Letty had not noticed it, and neither did the want of sleep always make her feel so wretchedly ill. She had lain awake far into the small hours only a few nights ago; Randall North had been with her during the evening; he had made her sing for him, and had praised her voice so kindly, and said he should bring her some new music which would suit those bird-like tones. He had brought over his own paper to read her the "News from Gaeta," and she had sobbed outright at the terrible pathos of the wondrous poem which was thrilling the hearts of two nations; and he had chid her playfully for her softness, while yet the tears stood in his own deep eyes. He had helped her wind worsted for her soldier-mittens, and had called her a "zealous little patriot," laughingly, but as if he meant it; and he had talked to her about his own thoughts and feelings, as if he considered that she could both understand and appreciate them. This had won her on to open to him her own girl-heart. She had talked to him as she never had to any one else; for no one else had ever sounded the depths that lay beneath the sunny surface of her character. And she had loved him with all the romance and enthusiasm of her eager little soul. How could she help it, when he, so learned and clever, so sought after by every one, would leave his books and his friends and come and talk to an uninformed girl like her? He must love her just a little she had thought, else why did he do this? And she had lain awake through the silent midnight so *alive* with a tingling, electric joy that she could not sleep.

Now she knew that this had been all the wild-est waste of feeling; that he had been merely trying his power over a young, fresh heart, while his own was safe in another's keeping!

Letty dashed away from her eyes the blinding tears which these soft memories had brought there, and, turning from the window, walked to and fro the room, the vehement indignation, the

resentful scorn of a proud and slighted woman quivering in her form and flashing in her eye, and meanwhile the cold, pitiless snow fell softly and smoothly without.

The sudden crunching of wheels upon the graveled walk caused Letty to quiet her passionate step, and in a moment more there was a ring at the door, and then Mr. Lamar's voice inquiring for her. A look of disgust both at herself and him crossed the girl's face as she remembered that the miserable acting of the night before must be kept up in order to produce the desired effect. She despised herself for stooping to appear to trust a man who she knew was only seeking her to amuse the passing hour, regardless of consequences; and she *hated*, while she passionately loved, the man who had forced upon her such humiliation! But all trace of any but the pleasantest feelings had vanished from her face as she advanced smilingly to greet her visitor; and Mr. Lamar, looking with unfeigned admiration at her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, thought the graceful Hebe of last evening scarcely so lovely as the fresh-faced Phoebe of the morning, in her simple merino and homelike little black silk apron. Of course it was impossible that Lamar, the son of Lamar, could marry under a million—else, well! Miss Isabelle Grand, of Madison Square, would have to look after her husband elect, that was all!

"Only his errand could be his apology for intruding in the midst of a snow-storm," he said, and proceeded, with much admixture of compliment and condescending allusion to the entertainment of the evening before, to deliver the same. "It was his only day in Mabury; he had invoked a snow-storm in his prayers that he might have a regular country sleigh-ride; the gods had been propitious—would Miss Lawson be equally kind? He was there to entreat her to join a party which the friends with whom he was stopping had made up for that evening, if the snow should cease in time. Would she be ready if he brought round his cutter at seven?"

So Letty smiled and blushed, and thanked Mr. Lamar, and accepted the invitation quite as readily as he could desire; and he drove away, after a very long and lively call, happily unsuspecting that it was the prospect of revenge upon another's indifference, not delight at his own attentions, which had brought the glow and sparkle to the little beauty's face.

Letty remembered a certain playful agreement made between herself and Randall North some weeks ago: "Recollect, Letty, the very next snow I am coming for you in my cutter, and Flight shall show you what a sleigh-ride is!" and thought with bitter pride that she could let him see now just how independent she was of him for pleasure. She took up again her restless, rapid walk as the door closed upon her visitor, holding her head erect with haughty grace, and looking as though she, childlike creature as she was, could defy the world! But this mood could not last long with Letty; hers was one of those clinging natures which, where once they

love, find it almost impossible to cease to love; and in spite of her struggles against it the old tenderness, the old up-looking admiration and perfect trust which she had felt for Randall North, came over her irresistibly. Her pride could not take the place of her lost happiness: and presently her step faltered in its quick, disdainful tread; she threw herself upon a sofa and covered her face; her hair was wet with the rain of her passionate tears; her whole frame shook with the sobs of her despair; the waves and billows of a hopeless sorrow broke over her.

Meanwhile the white snow-shower fell silently and fast all through the hours of daylight; but when the moon rose in the early evening its crystal light beamed in a cloudless sky, and spangled all the earth's pure robe with pearls and silver.

Letty came down from her room as the merry jingle of bells and prancing of horses announced Mr. Lamar's arrival, looking so bright and pretty in her dark furs and warm crimson hood that her mother's anxiety about her headache and unfitness to go out was dispelled. The good lady watched her beautiful daughter and the strange gentleman's assiduous care of her as to wraps and buffalo robes with a smile of gratified maternal vanity; and went back into the tea-room as the stylish little cutter dashed away, thinking complacently that Letty was likely to have as many admirers as she had had herself in her young days.

Scarcely a half hour later she was called upon to greet another aspirant for the pleasure of her daughter's company.

"Too late!" was her merry response, as Randall North drove up to the door and inquired for Letty. "Gone some time since with Mr. Lamar to join the Darbys."

And he, answering lightly her banter about his tardiness, said half aloud to himself as he drove away,

"I was not so uncharitable after all last night as I thought perhaps I might have been. She really is as vain and shallow as I feared. Well, 'sic transit gloria,' Letty!"

No one would ever have imagined that that had passed between these two which gave one of them cause to love, and think herself beloved. to see the carelessly polite bow which passed between them the next Sunday in the vestibule of St. Barnabas, or to hear the light and cool tone in which they exchanged the compliments of the evening at Mrs. Chapsal's Society on Thursday. The only person whom Mr. North troubled himself to be attentive to was Miss Ramsay, and all Letty's smiles were bestowed upon Mr. Lamar. This gentleman had accepted readily the courteous invitation extended at the last Society to be present at others, whenever he chose to come up; and he had at once taken and maintained his position at Miss Lawson's side. The other gallants held aloof, the young ladies looked on, and commented in various ways; and Letty talked and danced and flirted with him, with a fixed smiling face, but a sick, sick heart, and an

eye ever furtively glancing in the direction where Randall North stood singing with Miss Ramsay, or talking to her in an earnest way which showed their mutual confidence. Her days were passed in a wretched alternation between dreary apathy and feverish excitement. Mr. Lamar came up from the city two or three times every week, spending the evenings at Mrs. Lawson's, and lodging at the Mabury Hotel; he had brought up his city team of fast trotters, and whenever the Lady Moon was propitious sleigh-rides or carriage parties were got up; and as the spring came on, horseback rides in the early sunset, in which Mr. Lamar always managed that he should be Letty's cavalier. People looked on, and commented, and made up their minds that if it was *not* a match, it *ought* to be; and Letty heard it with a scornful smile, and cared only to convince Mr. North that she was not left desolate by his desertion.

One bright morning in April, as the young girl was walking along the barberry-hedged lane which led from her house to the village street, she descried Miss Ramsay in the distance approaching. There was no other residence but her own with which it communicated; so Letty knew she must be coming to visit her, as was her habit now and then. For Miss Ramsay had taken a good-natured fancy to the pretty young girl, despite Mr. North's conviction of her vanity and fickleness, and Letty had encouraged her visits, bitterly jealous as she was, because from her she was sure to hear of Randall North, what he was doing, what he talked with her about in their evenings together, what books he was reading, what songs they sung—and this food, dead-ly and exciting as Hasheesh, her starved heart craved.

But this morning she felt in a mood in which it would be intolerable to listen to her merry, care-free talk, even for the perilous bliss of hearing mention made of the beloved name; so Letty turned abruptly aside into another path that led across a meadow and over a stile, and so, by a roundabout way, to the village. The meadow was uneven and covered with great boulder stones; by the time Letty had climbed the rough ascending path she was tired and out of breath, and she stopped a moment to rest before commencing the descent. Looking back toward the barberry lane from this height she saw Miss Ramsay not stopping at her house, as she had supposed, but already past it, and making her way across a field on the other side, which sloped down to the shore of the Sound.

There were no houses beyond that but a few miserable fisher huts, and Letty knew very well to which one of these Miss Ramsay's steps were directed. The wife of one of the poor men who lived in them had recently added another to her already numerous flock of sickly little ones; she had been very ill, and was miserably poor; the ladies of the Society had been greatly interested in her, and every day some of them sent or carried her comforts for herself or the child. A basket hung now on Miss Ramsay's arm, and

Letty was sure that she was bound thither on an errand of mercy.

A strange and sudden change came over the girl's face as she perceived this; a sort of eager, desperate look in her eyes, a flush of joy and triumph that yet was not pleasant to see, for it seemed to have its source in evil. Some great excitement took possession of her; she shook from head to foot in her vehement agitation, but braced herself against a great upheaving rock, and fixed her eyes on the retreating form of her rival with a gaze that was full at once of exultation and horror.

"She will die, surely," she said, through her shut teeth; "or, at least, she will become hideous, and that will kill his fickle love. I shall be revenged! And it is but justice, for they two have murdered *me*; I die by inches daily."

Had a demon entered in and taken possession of Letty's fair young soul? She looked possessed by evil indeed, and meanwhile the fated girl was going straight, with rapid, unconscious steps, to her doom. In that mean hut by the sea-shore lay ill not only the wretched mother but the fisherman himself, prostrate with the most loathsome of diseases, malignant small-pox. He had been seized with it only two days before; a servant, whom Letty's mother had dispatched with a basket for the sick woman only yesterday, had been stopped on her way by another of the fisher's wives who told her her danger, and it was part of Letty's errand to the village to acquaint the neighbors with the dreadful fact. And now the woman who had stolen her lover's heart from her was walking straight into the jaws of the grim monster Disease—should she stop her?

It was scarcely for a second that the wretched doubt found harbor in Letty's mind; a thrill of horror that the mere *thought* had dared pollute her consciousness made her shiver. "My God, for that moment I was a murderer!" she thought, aghast, and turning, she flew down the steep path, unheeding the rough stones that hurt her feet, and ran breathlessly across the lane and over the greening field, calling aloud upon Miss Ramsay's name, and at last coming up with her, panting, trembling, and scarce able to speak with excitement and fatigue.

Miss Ramsay turned back in amazement. "What *can* be the matter?" she asked, and then stood listening with a face on which the quick color came and went tumultuously as Letty stammered out her incoherent warning.

"You have saved my life, perhaps!" she said, as soon as she could speak, seizing Letty's hands, and then stopping short, with brimming eyes and quivering lips. Letty hastily disclaimed any acknowledgments, and would have hurried away, but Miss Ramsay drew her down to a seat upon the ground beside her and went on in a tender passion of gratitude.

"And you have nearly killed yourself in the effort to save me. You tremble all over; you are cold and hot, red and pale, by turns. Letty, if you should grow ill I should never forgive

myself! As it is I owe you a great debt; I could not have borne to die just now, Letty, no, nor even be ill; not just now, when—" She stopped, her face all crimson, and wet with tender tears; and the old aching, bitter pain came back to Letty's heart.

"*Just now*, when love makes life so sweet—no!" she thought, and the contrast with her own hopeless loneliness aroused the jealous, angry feeling again, and she sat, as if by force, in rigid silence.

"You do not ask me why, Letty," said Miss Ramsay, wistfully, her woman's heart all full and quivering, and ready to open to this other woman who had saved it for years of happiness. "Do you care for my confidence? Will you accept my love in return for my life? Shall I tell you why the service you have done me to-day is so inestimably more precious than it would have been a year ago?"

Poor Letty! this was almost too much! She forced back a great throb of passion, and answered in a cold, cutting tone that made her listener recoil: "I don't think you would tell me any secret, Miss Ramsay. Your prospects of future happiness with Mr. North are generally understood, I believe. I am glad to have an opportunity of congratulating you, and I wish you from my heart all the wedded bliss that can be hoped for in a union with a man of Mr. Randall North's known constancy and faithfulness. Now you must really excuse me; my head is aching so violently I must get home, and perhaps you will be kind enough to mention for me the fact of the small-pox being in the neighborhood, in the village."

She was gone the next moment, and Miss Ramsay looked after her, too full of astonishment, indignation, and wounded feeling to speak. A light broke over her face presently, however; a pleasant thought seemed to strike her. "What a bat I have been!" she exclaimed aloud; "I, who prided myself upon my eagle vision!" and then she laughed outright. "I see it all now. Poor child! what she has suffered for nothing; and Randall too, poor fellow! though his Lucifer pride would never let him acknowledge it. Well! I can requite her now for the kindness she has done me, and give her a love in return for my life which she will not scorn as she did mine. Silly people! But they shall be happy. Heavens, what a morning this has been!"

She sprang up and hastened off in the direction of the village, to see the doctor, and offer her assistance in the search for a suitable nurse for the poor fisherman; and then went home, and, sitting down at her desk, wrote a little note to Randall North, her face glowing with amused and happy smiles all the while, which brought him to the cottage early that evening, and kept him there for at least two long hours, as Miss Lushington, who was taking note of the time from her window opposite, avouched.

The next day was Easter Sunday; and it dawned, not bright and sweet, with glad sun-

shine, and genial airs, and happy song of birds, as the blessed anniversary of the Resurrection should, but chill and dark, the wind moaning in the branches, the skies ready to dissolve in rainy tears. Yet it looked like "the garden of the Lord" within the little village church. The font, the altar, and the desk were wreathed with flowers; the sweet incense from the heart of rose and violet and Easter lily, blending with the faint aroma of the sacramental wine, filled the little temple with the very "odor of sanctity," as it were; an atmosphere of peace and goodwill, of solemn gladness and grateful love, seemed to Letty to surround her as she sat in the corner of the pew and listened to the solemn service. It permeated her troubled spirit; it soothed her aching heart; it grew possible to her in this sacred hour to forgive those who made her present so miserable, and to trust her future to God. Such sweet peace had not visited her heart for many a long day as filled it softly now, when, after exchanging kindly greetings with the throng who stopped to chat in the vestibule, she made her way through their midst, and set out on her homeward walk, through the pleasant lanes, bordered by green hedgerows, all sparkling with the recent showers.

She was alone, for Mrs. Lawson's neuralgia never suffered her to set foot upon damp ground, and she walked on, communing with her own thoughts, and really trying, as she had never done before, to submit to what seemed God's will, and accept the ordering of her life at his hands.

She had to pass Miss Ramsay's house on her way home, and as she drew near the cottage she saw Miss Ramsay herself, and Randall North as her companion, of course, walking on leisurely before her, and talking very earnestly together. Letty slackened her pace, that she might not overtake them, but she was still near enough to see them when they entered the gate, and went up the graveled walk together; and she saw more too—that which sent a thrill through all her frame, which made the hot blood leap to her cheek, and her heart throb in great pulsations, so that she trembled and staggered, and had need to stop and steady herself a moment under a great tree on the road-side before she could go on.

She saw a tall, soldierly-looking man in military undress, start up from the cottage porch, where he had evidently been watching and waiting, and rush down the steps to meet Miss Ramsay; she saw the eager clasp with which he seized and drew her toward the door, the warm, brotherly grasp with which he wrung the hand of Randall North; she heard the exclamations of surprise and joy uttered by them all. The strange truth flashed over her; a sudden rush of hope and happiness came over her; and then a great wave of humiliation, of shame, of unutterable regret surged in her breast, and threatened to overwhelm her. She saw it all now—her ungenerous suspicions, her hasty anger, her blind jealousy. She had killed her happiness

with her own hands; but even that was better than to think *him* unworthy. She would see no fault now on his part; and she hastened on homeward, her veil pulled down to conceal her streaming tears, but still her heart lightened of the bitterest part of its burden.

She had scarcely passed the cottage gate when a manly step rang on the path beside her, and a manly voice sounded in her ear.

"Let me carry that umbrella for you," said Randall North, taking Letty's out of her hand. "You do not need it now. It has ceased to rain. See, the clouds are breaking away in the west; we shall have a pleasant Easter yet!"

How the old beloved tones went to Letty's heart! She had great ado to steady her trembling limbs; but she controlled herself thus far, and walked on, weeping silently; speak she could not, and Randall North went on:

"Why did you try to get away from me? I saw you from Miss Ramsay's door, and so did she, and so did Captain Kirwan, my old college chum, and her affianced for nearly a year. They seemed to anticipate a happy afternoon in going over the wondrous exploits at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, which have earned this furlough for him, and this happy surprise for his betrothed; and I saw no reason why we should not follow their example, Letty, and have one of our pleasant talks again. It has been a long time since we talked to each other, Letty."

Letty's heart beat thick and fast; it seemed as if its throbs would strangle her. She walked on, still in silence, her face hidden behind her veil.

"What! will you not bid me welcome, then, Letty? And have you no word of sympathy or congratulation for Miss Ramsay? I thought she was your friend. She told me you had saved her life. Violet!" and the deep, changed tone, the old dear name, which he had used only in moments of tenderness, lifted Letty's face perforce at its sound, "have you no word for me after all this dreary time of silence?"

The overflowing eyes were raised to his now; a beseeching hand was laid upon his arm. "Only to ask you to forgive me, Mr. North," came the hurried, broken words. "I accused you wrongfully, and condemned you unheard. I thought—I thought—you know what I thought. I wronged you wickedly. Can you forgive me?"

Randall North's dark face glowed with a sudden flush; his deep eyes lit with a singular smile. He was a much more human sort of man than his little worshiper was disposed to think.

"Forgive you?" he said, solemnly. "Forgiveness is enjoined upon us as a Christian duty. Yes, I think I can forgive you, Letty, on one condition."

Letty's eyes asked it eagerly.

"That you will promise never to be jealous as Mrs. North. I don't think I could put up with a jealous wife, Letty."

It was Letty who crimsoned now. "I didn't mean—I didn't mean," she stammered.

"Didn't mean what? Be quick and promise."

"I didn't mean that—that you were to marry me. I mean I didn't mean to *propose* to you when I asked you to forgive me!" Letty at last got it out, and withdrew behind her veil again in hopeless confusion, and almost incredulous of her sudden bliss.

Randall North laughed aloud. "Oh, but you did, you did! You can not deny that the proposal was yours! And it was very improper of you, and I shall go in immediately and tell your mother of you. But first—" He stopped under the great horse-chestnut tree outside the gate, and taking her face, now drooping crimson and veiled with the flow of nut-brown curls, in his hand, bent his lips to hers. She drew back hastily, and said, in the pleading tone of a child who knows it has been naughty,

"Let me say one word first. You know, don't you—you understand that—that all that nonsense between Mr.—Mr. Lamar and myself is over with. It was only to brave you any how on my part, and to amuse himself on his. You *know* I could not like him after having loved you. You will not remember it against me?"

Randall North stood a moment looking down into the up-turned face, all wet and quivering, and tinted like the blood-red rose.

"I hold myself almost as much to blame in the matter as you, my poor child!" he said, at last. "We will never speak of it again. And you understand how it was first my friendship for my old classmate, and afterward an almost brotherly affection for her own noble self, that kept me at Miss Ramsay's side after *you* had left me alone. We trust each other fully, Letty?"

Letty lifted her lips to his, and there was no need of words. They walked up the graveled path that led to the house together, and a few moments later Randall North was sitting by the side of the astonished mother-in-law elcct, pouring into her incredulous ears the story of Letty's proposal.

A MONTHLY CONCERT AT TAMPA BAY.

I DID not care to go. I had given my mite for the spread of the Gospel for the current year more than a thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Nevertheless my friends persisted, affirming there was sometimes *music* enough in a Tampa missionary meeting to cure a heap of homesickness.

Music at a Monthly Concert! All my experience and observation maintained that strains more fervid than "Greenland's icy mountains" never emanated from such a source. I had been familiar with such meetings in the old Puritan churches of New England, as well as in the more gorgeous temples of Gotham, and visions of solemn-visaged men in sombre black, treading softly up and down the aisles with silver platters or long-handled contribution-boxes in their hands, were still fresh in imagination. And yet I decided to go.

It was a plain little wooden building toward which we directed our way. Wooden steps, short and narrow, led up to the one door of entrance. There was neither porch nor vestibule for catching breath and smoothing disordered "fixin's;" the first step over the outer threshold plunged us directly *in medias res*.

The interior of the building corresponded with the outside. Walls of common plaster, sanded floor for the special accommodation of tobacco-chewers, and rude wooden benches ranged on either side, with "Gentlemen to the *right*, Ladies to the *left*," like the parabolic sheep and goats, were the first things to attract the eye of a stranger. Then there was the speaker's desk, with moreen cushion and scarlet tassels, on either side of which stood lamps with gilt stands and glass shades, *à la mode*. In front was a square pine table, covered with a bit of gayly-flowered oil-cloth; and this was the church *par excellence* of Hillsboro County.

The Presiding Elder had been holding a Quarterly Meeting, and that Monthly Concert was to be its *finale*. There had been a baptism of children there that morning, followed by the administration of the Holy Eucharist. In the afternoon the servants had had their love-feast, and the shouts of "Boun' for de kingdom" and "Ony one Jurdin ribber to cross" had startled the echoes of the groves of Tampa, and suggested the idea of a general exodus.

They were singing Heber's hymn when we entered the house, and had got as far as

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—"

an assumption upon which they were putting forth the entire strength of their lungs. After the hymn was finished the Presiding Elder, according to established usage, enlightened his audience by reading the statistics of the Conference, and making known the exact state of their finances. It was a sad account, and the speaker's face grew more lugubrious as he showed how far their expenditures were exceeding their income. His listeners were evidently moved by it, for suddenly a heavy clinking of coin was heard from various parts of the house. He proceeded with a little more energy than to speak of the moral darkness and ignorance of a world lying in wickedness, and the jingling grew louder, and had more the "ring of the true metal," as though interest had risen out of a *copper* into a *silver* medium.

The speaker's face brightened, and when the Macedonian cry for "Help" was sufficiently urged, the hymn

"Watchmen, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?"

was given out and sung, while the pockets of the Tampa youth played an accompaniment, giving the very best signs of promise in the world. Then was a good time to "pass the hat," which was handed round amidst solemn exhortations to charity. A few ladies dropped in their benefactions, a few elderly gentlemen untied their purse-strings with ill-concealed reluctance; but

the totally unconscious look of *the boys* as the hat went by was disheartening! And when a direct appeal was made to them, their shake of the head and response of *nary red* caused the barometer of expectation to fall with terrible rapidity.

In every community are natures that understand "hook and crook," or the way to win by petty artifice. There were men in that Tampa church, who, having heard the *cash-note*, would, in their own expressive phraseology, undertake to "ring it in." The Chairman of the meeting was a native-born Yankee, immensely popular on the Gulf shore, as he deserved to be. He was, or had been, a preacher himself; was now town physician and general benefactor. Every one liked him, and he not only desired but knew how to serve every one a good turn. Dr. B— knew that the Presiding Elder's statement was not an exaggerated one, and that their missionary society was sinking for lack of funds. He saw how mortified their minister felt at the result of Brother Murphy's appeal; and knew, moreover, that the Tampa boys might be made to *enjoy* giving away their loose change if the right cord could only be pulled. He resolved to undertake it.

The Chairman whispered a few words to one of the Leading Members, and another speaker was called up to repeat the tale of destitution, and set the money rattling. When it was done Leading Member had a word to say—just a little story to tell. Leading Member, by-the-way, was a *widower*, and had the reputation of making occasional visits to the distant town of Micanopy, the object of which was more than surmised. He began with, "When I was in Micanopy once"—at which every young man in the house hemmed most significantly, while the rest of the assembly, not excepting the Presiding Elder himself, laughed convulsively. Leading Member had to laugh too, and bow an acknowledgment of the "soft impeachment." He then proceeded to tell his story, which was only of some person he had heard of while in Micanopy who "squeezed a three-cent piece until it *squall-ed*," when asked to give something for charity. He liked to see people hold their money *looser*. (Immense jingling, and bursts of laughter on every side.) Leading Member went on to say that they had a little curly-headed Englishman in Tampa who was a music-teacher and led their choir. He had just been abroad and brought back a bride with him. He, for one, would like to show the bride some little token of respect; he would like to be "one of ten to make her a life-member of the Missionary Society. It would take but twenty dollars; how many of the Tampa young men would unite with him in this trifling wedding-present?"

There was a ready rattling of cash, and in much less time than I am writing it the Secretary reported the stock all taken, and the bride a member of the Society.

It was now the Chairman's turn to rise. According to his own statement, he was so grati-

fied that he could keep his seat no longer, and he had a word to say besides. The day before he had witnessed a most affecting spectacle—a contribution on the part of the young ladies of Tampa, involving a greater sacrifice, he had no doubt, than that of giving away a few dollars in money. They had given, with smiles and blessings, and some tears too, he verily believed, thirty-five of the best young men in the place to the service of the Southern Confederacy. They had promised, furthermore, to give them a name and a flag. Who would now make the captain of those gallant young volunteers a life-member of the Missionary Society before he went forth on his errand of danger? He, for one, would feel proud to give two dollars to head the subscription, and two more to close it, if necessary.

Leading Member said he had a natural interest in this certificate, as the young captain was his son. He wished to be allowed to place his subscription next to the Doctor's. Some of the ladies, judging from the appearance of things, had an interest in the matter also, and the sum was made up as easily as the first.

The face of the Parish Preacher grew radiant. He had always a mite to give on such occasions, he said, and thus far his brethren and sisters were too fast for him. But he saw before him that moment one of the sisters of the church who had always taken an unusual interest in the Sabbath-school, and in the welfare of the young. He would like Sister Givens to have a certificate of membership as well as the others. He would head a subscription for that purpose with two dollars. Sister Givens's husband would like two dollars' worth of stock now. Sister Givens's son—one of the young volunteers—had a dollar toward his mother's promotion; and so the ball went rolling on until *her* book was closed also, and Sister Givens was a life-member.

Presiding Elder would say, by way of encouragement, that these members would soon be furnished with handsome pictured certificates, all framed and ready to hang in the parlor. He was rejoiced that so many of their number had been honored with memberships. They had acted nobly. The Methodist Episcopal Church and congregations always acted nobly. *They never pinched their money until it squalled.* He had not yet had an opportunity to make his contribution, but he saw there before him another sister who was always foremost in every good word and work. His contribution should go toward making Sister Hooker a member of the Board.

The pockets of the young men made feeble responses to this latter call, and Leading Member was on his feet in a moment. "If the young men of Tampa," he said, "would add a mite for Sister Hooker, he had not the slightest doubt their Preacher or Presiding Elder would marry them for *half-price* when the time came. If not, he was a *magistrate* himself, and would do the job for nothing."

"Better to pay *your own fee* the second time in advance, old boy," was the quick rejoinder.

Bursts of laughter from all quarters were followed by a shower of coin. For the next few minutes Preacher, Presiding Elder, Leading Member, and Chairman had all they could do to secure the dimes and quarters aimed at them from all directions with certain aim. Nothing could have been more ludicrous, and nothing was surer than Sister Hooker's amount, though collected with a good deal of trouble and no small danger to heads and nasal appendages.

"Hold on, my boys!" cried out Leading Member, who had just been hit in the back by a flying shot. "Enough! enough! You have done nobly!"

"Tell us another story about Micanopy then!"

"I haven't another to tell. I *will* say though, there is a certain widow there" (cries of "Cooper! Cooper!") "whom I would give *ten dollars* this minute to make a member, if she were not one already."

"And there is a certain *young* lady here in Tampa," interrupted the Chairman, "whom I am sure a sufficient number of these young men are interested in to compliment in the same way. It has just occurred to me, that, with all your liberality, gentlemen, not a single unmarried lady has been presented with a membership this evening. Will you now make Miss E—— L—— a member of the Missionary Board?"

There was a speedy rattling of something sounding more like old keys than coin, accompanied with a confusion of calls. "Will she *git a pictur*?" "Will you take my note, Mr. Secretary, cause I'm *dead broke*? If so, I'll take about five dollars of this last stock." "And I," cried another, "will take seven on the same terms, which is all I'm worth!"

"Not *quite* so fast," said the Secretary; "let every one have a chance here."

Whether every one got a chance to give who wished I can not say. It was very soon reported that the *fifth* membership was made, and one hundred dollars were on the Secretary's books.

"It would be well enough to pass the hat *once more*," suggested some person. *There may be a little small change left yet.*"

"It is time for us to be going now," remarked my friend, "for this last seems to be adding insult to injury."

We were quite beyond reach of the hat before it got round, but not out of hearing of the final hymn,

"On the mountain's top appearing,"

which rose and swelled with the energy of a triumphal psalm. So indeed it was. Viewed in a *dollar-and-cent* light, that Tampa Missionary Meeting was a complete success; and I was forced to acknowledge that, for once, I had found amusement in a monthly concert.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XIX.

"MISSING"—"Lost"—"To"—all the initials of the alphabet—we read these sort of advertisements in the newspapers; and unless there happens to be in them something intensely pathetic, comical, or horrible, we think very little about them. Only those who have undergone all that such an advertisement implies can understand its depth of misery: the sudden missing of the person out of the home-circle, whether going away in anger or driven away by terror or disgrace; the hour after hour and day after day of agonized suspense; the self-reproach, real or imaginary, lest any thing might have been said or done that was not said or done—any thing prevented that was not prevented; the gnawing remorse for some cruel, or careless, or bitter word, that could so easily have been avoided.

Alas! if people could only be made to feel that every word, every action carries with it the weight of an eternity; that the merest chance may make something said or done quite unpremeditatedly, in vexation, sullenness, or spite, the *last* action, the *last* word; which may grow into an awful remembrance, rising up between them and the irredeemable past, and blackening the future for years!

Selina was quite sure her unhappy nephew had committed suicide, and that she had been the cause of it. This conviction she impressed incessantly on her two sisters as they waited upon her, or sat talking by her bedside during that long Saturday, when there was nothing else to be done.

That was the misery of it. There was nothing to be done. They had not the slightest clew to Ascott's haunts or associates. With the last lingering of honest shame, or honest respect for his aunts, he had kept all these things to himself. To search for him in wide London was altogether impossible.

Two courses suggested themselves to Hilary—one, to go and consult Miss Balquidder; the other—which came into her mind from some similar case she had heard of—to set on foot inquiries at all police-stations. But the first idea was soon rejected: only at the last extremity could she make patent the family misery—the family disgrace. To the second, similar and even stronger reasons applied. There was something about the cool, matter-of-fact, business-like act of setting a detective officer to hunt out their nephew, from which these poor women recoiled. Besides, impressed as he was—he had told his Aunt Johanna so—with the relentlessness of Mr. Ascott, might not the chance of his discovering that he was hunted drive him to desperation?

Hardly to suicide. Hilary steadfastly disbelieved in that. When Selina painted horrible pictures of his throwing himself off Waterloo Bridge; or being found hanging to a tree in one of the parks; or locking himself in a hotel bed-chamber and blowing out his brains, her younger sister only laughed—laughed as much as she could—if only to keep Johanna quiet.

Yet she herself had few fears. For she knew that Ascott was, in a sense, too cowardly to kill himself. He so disliked physical pain, physical unpleasantness of all kinds. She felt sure he would stop short, even with the razor or the pistol in his hand, rather than do a thing so very disagreeable.

Nevertheless, in spite of herself, while she and her sisters sat together, hour after hour, in a stillness almost like that when there is a death in the house, these morbid terrors took a double size. Hilary ceased to treat them as ridiculous impossibilities, but began to argue them out rationally. The mere act of doing so made her recoil; for it seemed an acknowledgment that she was fighting not with chimeras but realities.

"It is twenty-four hours since he went," she reasoned. "If he had done any thing desperate he would have done it at once, and we should have heard of it long before now; ill news always travels fast. Besides, his name was marked on all his clothes in full. I did it myself. And his coat-pockets were always stuffed with letters; he used to cram them in as soon as he got them, you know."

And at this small remembrance of one of his "ways," even though it was an unkind way, and had caused them many a pain, from the want of confidence it showed, his poor, fond aunts turned aside to hide their starting tears. The very phrase "he used to," seemed such an unconscious admission that his life with them was over and done; that he never would either please them or vex them any more.

Yet they took care that during the whole day every thing should be done as if he were expected minute by minute: that Elizabeth should lay the fourth knife and fork at dinner, the fourth cup and saucer at tea. Elizabeth, who throughout had faithfully kept her pledge; who went about silently and unobservantly, and by every means in her power put aside the curiosity of Mrs. Jones as to what could be the reason that her lodgers had sat up all night, and what on earth had become of young Mr. Leaf.

After tea, Johanna, quite worn out, consented to go to bed; and then Hilary, left to her own responsibility, set herself to consider how long this dreadful quietness was to last, whether nothing could be done. She could endure whatever was inevitable, but it was against her nature as well as her conscience to sit down tamely to

endure any thing whatsoever till it did become inevitable.

In the first place, she determined on that which a certain sense of honor, as well as the fear of vexing him should he come home, had hitherto prevented—the examining of Ascott's room, drawers, clothes, and papers. It was a very dreary business—almost like doing the like to a person who was dead, only without the sad sanctity that belongs to the dead, whose very errors are forgotten and forgiven, who can neither suffer nor make others suffer any more.

Many things she found, and more she guessed at—things which stabbed her to the heart, things that she never told, not even to Johanna; but she found no clew whatever to Ascott's whereabouts, intentions, or connections. One thing, however, struck her—that most of his clothes, and all his somewhat extensive stock of jewelry were gone; every thing, in short, that could be convertible into money. It was evident that his flight, sudden as it was, had been premeditated as at least a possibility.

This so far was satisfactory. It took away the one haunting fear of his committing suicide; and made it likely that he was still lingering about, hiding from justice and Mr. Ascott, or perhaps waiting for an opportunity to escape from England—from the fear that his godfather, even if not prosecuting him, had the power and doubtless the will completely to crush his future, wherever he was known.

Where could he go? His aunt tried to think over every word he had ever let fall about America, Australia, or any other place to which the hopeless outlaws of this country fly; but she could recollect nothing to enable her to form any conclusion. One thing only she was sure of—that if once he went away, his own words would come true; they would never see his face again. The last tie, the last constraint that bound him to home and a steady, righteous life would be broken: he would go all adrift, be tossed hither and thither on every wave of circumstance—what *he* called circumstance—till Heaven only knew what a total wreck he might speedily become, or in what forlorn and far-off seas his ruined life might go down. He, Ascott Leaf, the last of the name and family.

"It can not be; it shall not be!" cried Hilary. A sharp, bitter cry of resistance to the death; and her heart seemed to go out to the wretched boy and her hands to clutch at him, as if he were drowning, and she were the only one to save him. How could she do it?

If she could only get at him, by word or letter! But that seemed impossible, until, turning over scheme after scheme, she suddenly thought of the one which so many people had tried in similar circumstances, and which she remembered they had talked over and laughed over, they and Ascott, one Sunday evening not so very long ago. This was—a *Times* advertisement.

The difficulty how to word it, so as to catch his attention and yet escape publicity, was very

great, especially as his initials were so common. Hundreds of "A. L.'s" might be wandering away from home, to whom all that she dared say to call Ascott back would equally apply. At last a bright thought struck her.

"A. leaf" (with a small *l*) "will be quite safe wherever found. Come. Saturday. 15."

As she wrote it—this wretched double-entendre—she was seized with that sudden sense of the ludicrous which sometimes intrudes in such a ghastly fashion in the very midst of great misery. She burst into uncontrollable laughter, fit after fit; so violent that Elizabeth, who came in by chance, was terrified out of her wits, and kneeling beside her mistress, implored her to be quiet. At last the paroxysm ended in complete exhaustion. The tension of the last twenty-four hours had given way, and Hilary knew her strength was gone. Yet the advertisement ought to be taken to the *Times* office that very night, in order to be inserted without fail on Monday morning.

There was but one person whom she could trust—Elizabeth.

She looked at the girl, who was kneeling beside the sofa, rubbing her feet, and sometimes casting a glance round, in the quiet way of one well used to nursing, who can find out how the sufferer is without "fussing" with questions. She noticed, probably because she had seen little of her of late, a curious change in Elizabeth. It must have been gradual, but yet its result had never been so apparent before. Her brusqueness had softened down, and there had come into her and shone out of her, spite of all her natural uncomeliness of person, that beautiful, intangible something, common alike to peasant and queen, as clear to see and as sad to miss in both—womanliness. Added thereto was the gentle composure of mien which almost invariably accompanied it, which instinctively makes you feel that in great things or small, whatever the woman has to do, she will do it in the womanliest, wisest, and best way.

So thought Miss Hilary as she lay watching her servant, and then explained to her the errand upon which she wished to send her.

Not much explanation, for she merely gave her the advertisement to read, and told her what she wished done with it. And Elizabeth, on her part, asked no questions, but simply listened and obeyed.

After she was gone Hilary lay on the sofa, passive and motionless. Her strength and activity seemed to have collapsed at once into that heavy quietness which comes when one has endured to the utmost limit of endurance, when one feels as if to speak a word or to lift a finger would be as much as life was worth.

"Oh, if I could only go to sleep!" was all she thought.

By-and-by sleep did come, and she was taken far away out of these miseries. By the strange peculiarity of dreams, that we so seldom dream about any grief that oppresses us at the time, but generally of something quite different, she

thought she was in some known unknown land, lovely and beautiful, with blue hills rising in the distance, and blue seas creeping and curling on to the shore. On this shore she was walking with Robert Lyon, just as he used to be, with his true face and honest voice. He did not talk to her much; but she felt him there, and knew they had but "one heart between them." A heart which had never once swerved, either from the other; a heart whole and sound, into which the least unfaith had never come—that had never known, or recognized even as a possibility, the one first doubt, the ominous

"Little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

Is it ever so in this world? Does God ever bring the faithful man to the faithful woman, and make them love one another with a righteous, holy, persistent tenderness, which dare look in His face, nor be ashamed; which sees in this life only the beginning of the life to come; and in the closest, most passionate human love something to be held with a loose hand, something frail as glass and brittle as straw, unless it is perfected and sanctified by the love divine?

Hilary at least believed so. And when at Elizabeth's knock she woke with a start, and saw—not the sweet sea-shore and Robert Lyon, but the dull parlor, and the last flicker of the fire, she thanked God that her dream was not all a dream—that, sharp as her misery was, it did not touch this—the love of her heart: she believed in Robert Lyon still.

And so she rose and spoke quite cheerfully, asking Elizabeth how she had managed, and whether the advertisement would be sure to be in on Monday morning.

"Yes, Miss Hilary; it is sure to be all right."

And then the girl hung about the room in an uneasy way, as if she had something to tell, which was the fact.

Elizabeth had had an adventure. It was a new thing in her monotonous life; it brightened her eyes, and flushed her cheeks, and made her old nervousness of manner return. More especially as she was somewhat perplexed, being divided in her mind between the wish she had to tell her mistress every thing, and the fear to trouble her, at this troublous time, with any small matter that merely concerned herself.

The matter was this. When she had given in her advertisement at the *Times* office, and was standing behind the counter waiting for her change and receipt, there stood beside her a young man, also waiting. She had hardly noticed him, till on his talking to the clerk about some misprint in his advertisement, apparently one of the great column of "Want Places," her ear was caught by the unmistakable Stowbury accent.

It was the first time she had heard it since she left home, and to Elizabeth's tenacious nature home in absence had gained an additional charm, had grown to be the one place in the world about which her affections clung. In

these dreary wilds of London, to hear a Stowbury tongue, to catch sight of a Stowbury person, or even one who might know Stowbury, made her heart leap up with a bound of joy. She turned suddenly, and looked intently at the young man, or rather the lad, for he seemed a mere lad, small, slight, and whiskerless.

"Well, Miss, I hope you'll know me again next time," said the young fellow. At which remark Elizabeth saw that he was neither so young nor so simple as she had at first thought. She drew back, very much ashamed, and coloring deeply.

Now, if Elizabeth ever looked any thing like comely, it was when she blushed; for she had the delicate skin peculiar to the young women of her district; and when the blood rushed through it, no cheek of lady fair ever assumed a brighter rose. That, or the natural vanity of man in being noticed by woman, caught the youth's attention.

"Come now, Miss, don't be shy or offended. Perhaps I'm going your way? Would you like company home?"

"No, thank you," said Elizabeth, with great dignity.

"Well, won't you even tell a fellow your name? Mine's Tom Cliffe, and I live—"

"Cliffe! Are you little Tommy Cliffe, and do you come from Stowbury?"

And all Elizabeth's heart was in her eyes.

As has been said, she was of a specially tenacious nature. She liked few people, but those she did like she held very fast. Almost the only strong interest of her life, except Miss Hilary, had been the little boy whom she had snatched from under the horse's heels; and though he was rather a scape-grace, and cared little for her, and his mother was a decidedly objectionable woman, she had clung to them both firmly till she lost sight of them.

Now it was not to be expected that she should recognize in this London stranger the little lad whose life she had saved—a lad, too, from her beloved Stowbury—without a certain amount of emotion, at which the individual in question broadly stared.

"Bless your heart, I am Tommy Cliffe from Stowbury, sure enough. Who are you?"

"Elizabeth Hand."

Whereupon ensued a most friendly greeting. Tom declared he should have known her any where, and had never forgotten her—never! How far that was true or not, he certainly looked as if it were; and two great tears of pleasure dimmed Elizabeth's kind eyes.

"You've grown a man now, Tommy," said she, looking at him with a sort of half-maternal pride, and noticing his remarkably handsome and intelligent face, so intelligent that it would have attracted notice, though it was set upon broad, stooping shoulders, and a small, slight body. "Let me see; how old are you?"

"I'm nineteen, I think."

"And I'm two-and-twenty. How aged we are growing!" said Elizabeth, with a smile.

Then she asked after Mrs. Cliffe, but got only the brief answer, "Mother's dead," given in a tone as if no more inquiries would be welcome. His two sisters, also, had died of typhus in one week, and Tom had been "on his own hook," as he expressed it, for the last three years.

He was extremely frank and confidential; told how he had begun life as a printer's "devil," afterward become a compositor, and his health failing, had left the trade, and gone as servant to a literary gentleman.

"An uncommon clever fellow is master; keeps his carriage, and has dukes to dinner, all out of his books. Maybe you've heard of them, Elizabeth?" and he named a few, in a patronizing way; at which Elizabeth smiled, for she knew them well. But she nevertheless regarded with a certain awe the servant of so great a man, and "little Tommy Cliffe" took a new importance in her eyes.

Also, as he walked with her along the street to find an omnibus, she could not help perceiving what a sharp little fellow he had grown into; how, like many another printer's boy, he had caught the influence of the atmosphere of letters, and was educated, self-educated, of course, to a degree far beyond his position. When she looked at him, and listened to him, Elizabeth involuntarily thought of Benjamin Franklin, and of many more who had raised themselves from the ink-pot and the compositor's desk to fame and eminence, and she fancied that such might be the lot of "little Tommy Cliffe." Why not? If so, how excessively proud she should be!

For the moment she had forgotten her errand; forgotten even Miss Hilary. It was not till Tom Cliffe asked her where she lived, that she suddenly recollected her mistress might not like, under present circumstances, that their abode or any thing concerning them should be known to a Stowbury person.

It was a struggle. She would have liked to see the lad again; have liked to talk over with him Stowbury things and Stowbury people; but she felt she ought not, and she would not.

"Tell me where you live, Tom, and that will do just as well; at least till I speak to my mistress. I never had a visitor before, and my mistress might not like it."

"No followers allowed, eh?"

Elizabeth laughed. The idea of little Tommy Cliffe as her "follower" seemed so very funny.

So she bade him good-by; having, thanks to his gay frankness, been made acquainted with all about him, but leaving him in perfect ignorance concerning herself and her mistress. She only smiled when he declared contemptuously, and with rather a romantic emphasis, that he would hunt her out, though it were half over London.

This was all her adventure. When she came to tell it, it seemed very little to tell, and Miss Hilary listened to it rather indifferently, trying hard to remember who Tommy Cliffe was, and to take an interest in him because he came from

Stowbury. But Stowbury days were so far off now—with such a gulf of pain between.

Suddenly the same fear occurred to her that had occurred to Elizabeth.

"The lad did not see the advertisement, I hope? You did not tell him about us?"

"I told him nothing," said Elizabeth, speaking softly, and looking down. "I did not even mention any body's name."

"That was right: thank you."

But oh, the bitterness of knowing, and feeling sure Elizabeth knew too, the thing for which she thanked her; and that not to mention Ascott's name was the greatest kindness the faithful servant could show toward the family.

CHAPTER XX.

ASCOTT LEAF never came home.

Day after day appeared the advertisement, sometimes slightly altered, as hope or fear suggested; but no word, no letter, no answer of any kind reached the anxious women.

By-and-by, moved by their distress, or perhaps feeling that the scape-grace would be safer got rid of if found and dispatched abroad in some decent manner, Mr. Ascott himself took measures for privately continuing the search. Every outward-bound ship was examined; every hospital visited; every case of suicide investigated; but in vain. The unhappy young man had disappeared, suddenly and completely, as many another has disappeared, out of the home-circle, and been never heard of more.

It is difficult to understand how a family can possibly bear such a sorrow, did we not know that many have had to bear it, and have borne it, with all its load of agonizing suspense, slowly dying hope,

"The hope that keeps alive despair," settling down into a permanent grief, compared to which the grief for loss by death is light and endurable.

The Leaf family went through all this. Was it better or worse for them that their anguish had to be secret? that there were no friends to pity, inquire, or console? that Johanna had to sit hour by hour and day by day in the solitary parlor, Selina having soon gone back to her old ways of "gadding about," and her marriage preparations; and that, hardest of all, Hilary had on the Monday morning to return to Kensington and work, work, work, as nothing were amiss?

But it was natural that all this should tell upon her; and one day Miss Balquidder said, after a long covert observation of her face, "My dear, you look ill. Is there any thing troubling you? My young people always tell me their troubles, bodily or mental. I doctor both."

"I am sure of it," said Hilary, with a sad smile, but entered into no explanation, and Miss Balquidder had the wise kindness to inquire no further. Nevertheless, on some errand or other

she came to Kensington nearly every evening, and took Hilary back with her to sleep at No. 15.

"Your sister Selina must wish to have you with her as much as possible till she is married," she said, as a reason for doing this.

And Hilary acquiesced, but silently, as we often do acquiesce in what ought to be a truth, but which we know to be the saddest, most painful falsehood.

For Selina, it became plain to see, was one of the family no more. After her first burst of self-reproachful grief she took Mr. Ascott's view of her nephew's loss—that it was a good riddance; went on calmly with her bridal preparations, and seemed only afraid lest any thing should interfere to prevent her marriage.

But the danger was apparently tided over. No news of Ascott came. Even the daily inquiries for him by his creditors had ceased. His Aunt Selina was beginning to breathe freely, when, the morning before the wedding-day, as they were all sitting in the midst of white finery, but as sadly and silently as if it were a funeral, a person was suddenly shown in "on business."

It was a detective officer sent to find out from Ascott Leaf's aunts whether a certain description of him, in a printed hand-bill, was correct. For his principal creditor, exasperated, had determined on thus advertising him in the public papers as having "absconded."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen in the little parlor the three aunts could not have been more utterly overwhelmed. They made no "scene"—a certain sense of pride kept these poor gentlewomen from betraying their misery to a strange man; though he was a very civil man, and having delivered himself of his errand, like an automaton, sat looking into his hat, and taking no notice of aught around him. He was accustomed to this sort of thing.

Hilary was the first to recover herself. She glanced round at her sisters, but they had not a word to say. In any crisis of family difficulty they always left her to take the helm.

Rapidly she ran over in her mind all the consequences that would arise from this new trouble—the public disgrace; Mr. Ascott's anger and annoyance, not that she cared much for this, except so far as it would affect Selina; lastly, the death-blow it was to any possible hope of reclaiming the poor prodigal. Who she did not believe was dead, but still fondly trusted he would return one day from his wanderings and his swine's husks, to have the fatted calf killed for him and glad tears shed over him. But after being advertised as "absconded," Ascott never would, never could, come home any more.

Taking as cool and business-like a tone as she could, she returned the paper to the detective.

"This is a summary proceeding. Is there no way of avoiding it?"

"One, Miss," replied the man, very respectfully. "If the family would pay the debt."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"Eighty pounds."

"Ah!"

That hopeless sigh of Johanna's was sufficient answer, though no one spoke.

But in desperate cases some women acquire a desperate courage, or rather it is less courage than faith—the faith which is said to "remove mountains"—the belief that to the very last there must be something to be done, and, if it can be done, they will have strength to do it. True, the mountain may not be removed, but the mere act of faith or courage sometimes teaches how to climb over it.

"Very well. Take this paper back to your employer. He must be aware that his only chance of payment is by suppressing it. If he will do that, in two days he shall hear from us, and we will make arrangements about paying the debt."

Hilary said this, to her sisters' utter astonishment; so utter that they let her say it, and let the detective go away with a civil "Good-morning," before they could interfere or contradict by a word.

"Paying the debt! Hilary, what have you promised! It is an impossibility."

"Like the Frenchman's answer to his mistress—'Madame, if it had been possible it would have been done already; if it is impossible, it shall be done.' It shall, I say."

"I wonder you can jest about our misfortunes," said Selina, in her most querulous voice.

"I'm not jesting. But where is the use of sitting down to moan! I mean what I say. The thing must be done."

Her eyes glittered—her small, red lips were set tightly together.

"If it is not done, sisters—if his public disgrace is not prevented, don't you see the result? Not as regards your marriage, Selina—the man must be a coward who would refuse to marry a woman he cared for, even though her nearest kinsman had been hanged at the Old Bailey—but Ascott himself. The boy is not a bad boy, though he has done wickedly; but there is a difference between a wicked act and a wicked nature. I mean to save him if I can."

"How?"

"By saving his good name; by paying the debt."

"And where on earth shall you get the money?"

"I will go to Miss Balquidder and—"

"Borrow it?"

"No, never! I would as soon think of stealing it."

Then controlling herself, Hilary explained that she meant to ask Miss Balquidder to arrange for her with the creditor to pay the eighty pounds by certain weekly or monthly installments, to be deducted from her salary at Kensington.

"It is not a very great favor to ask of her: merely that she should say, 'This young woman is employed by me: I believe her to be honest, respectable, and so forth: also, that when she makes a promise to pay, she will to the best of her power perform it.' A character

which is at present rather a novelty in the Leaf family."

"Hilary!"

"I am growing bitter, Johanna; I know I am. Why should we suffer so much! Why should we be always dragged down—down—in this way? Why should we never have had any one to cherish and take care of us, like other women! Why—"

Miss Leaf laid her finger on her child's lips—"Because it is the will of God."

Hilary flung herself on her dear old sister's neck and burst into tears.

Selina too cried a little, and said that she should like to help in paying the debt, if Mr. Ascott had no objection. And then she turned back to her white splendors, and became absorbed in the annoyance of there being far too much clematis and far too little orange-blossom in the bridal bonnet—which it was now too late to change. A little, also, she vexed herself about the risk of confiding in Miss Balquidder, lest by any chance the story might get round to Russell Square; and was urgent that at least nothing should be said or done until after tomorrow. She was determined to be married, and dreaded any slip between the cup and the lip.

But Hilary was resolute. "I said that in two days the matter should be arranged, and so it must be, or the man will think we too break our promises."

"You can assure him to the contrary," said Selina, with dignity. "In fact, why can't you arrange with him without going at all to Miss Balquidder?"

Again the fierce, bitter expression returned to Hilary's face.

"You forget, Miss Balquidder's honest name is his only guarantee against the dishonesty of ours."

"Hilary, you disgrace us—disgrace me—speaking in such a way. Are we not gentlewomen?"

"I don't know, Selina. I don't seem to know or to feel any thing, except that I would live on bread and water in order to live peaceably and honestly. Oh, will it ever, ever be?"

She walked up and down the parlor, disarranging the white draperies which lay about, feeling unutterable contempt for them and for her sister. Angry and miserable, with every nerve quivering, she was at war with the whole world.

This feeling lasted even when, after some discussion, she gained her point and was on her way to call on Miss Balquidder. She went round and round the Square many times, trying to fix in her mind word for word what she meant to say; revealing no more of the family history than was absolutely necessary, and stating her business in the briefest, hardest, most matter-of-fact way—putting it as a transaction between employer and employed, in which there was no more favor asked or bestowed than could possibly be avoided. And as the sharp cast wind

blew across her at every corner, minute by minute she felt herself growing more fierce, and hard, and cold.

"This will never do. I shall be wicked by-and-by. I must go in and get it over."

Perhaps it was as well. Well for her, morally as physically, that there should have been that sudden change from the blighting weather outside to the warm, well-lighted room where the good rich woman sat at her early and solitary tea.

Very solitary it looked—the little table in the centre of that large handsome parlor, with the one cup and saucer, the one easy-chair. And as Hilary entered she noticed, amidst all this comfort and luxury, the still, grave, almost sad expression which solitary people always get to wear.

But the next minute Miss Balquidder had turned round, and risen, smiling.

"Miss Leaf, how very kind of you to come and see me! Just the day before the wedding, too, when you must be so busy! Sit down and tell me all about it. But first, my dear, how wet your boots are! Let me take them off at once."

Which she did, sending for her own big slippers, and putting them on the tiny feet with her own hands.

Hilary submitted—in truth she was too much surprised to resist.

Miss Balquidder had, like most folk, her opinions or "crotchets"—as they might be—and one of them was, to keep her business and friendly relations entirely distinct and apart. Whenever she went to Kensington or her other establishments she was always emphatically "the mistress"—a kindly and even motherly mistress, certainly, but still authoritative, decided. Moreover, it was her invariable rule to treat all her *employées* alike—"making no step-bairns" among them. Thus for some time it had happened that Hilary had been, and felt herself to be, just Miss Leaf, the book-keeper, doing her duty to Miss Balquidder, her employer, and neither expecting nor attaining any closer relation.

But in her own house, or it might be from the sudden apparition of that young face at her lonely fireside, Miss Balquidder appeared quite different.

A small thing touches a heart that is sore with trouble. When the good woman rose up—after patting the little feet, and approving loudly of the woolen stockings—she saw that Hilary's whole face was quivering with the effort to keep back her tears.

There are some women of whom one feels by instinct that they were, as Miss Balquidder had once jokingly said of herself, specially meant to be mothers. And though, in its strange providence, Heaven often denies the maternity, it can not and does not mean to shut up the well-spring of that maternal passion—truly a passion to such women as these, almost as strong as the passion of love—but lets the stream, which might otherwise have blessed one child or one family,

flow out wide and far, blessing wherever it goes.

In a tone that somehow touched every fibre of Hilary's heart, Miss Balquidder said, placing her on a low chair beside her own,

"My dear, you are in trouble. I saw it a week or two ago, but did not like to speak. Couldn't you say it out, and let me help you? You need not be afraid. I never tell any thing, and every body tells every thing to me."

That was true. Added to this said motherliness of hers, Miss Balquidder possessed that faculty, which some people have in a remarkable degree, and some—very good people too—are totally deficient in, of attracting confidence. The secrets she had been trusted with, the romances she had been mixed up in, the Quixotic acts she had been called upon to perform during her long life, would have made a novel—or several novels—such as no novelist could dare to write, for the public would condemn them as impossible and unnatural. But all this experience—though happily it could never be put into a book—had given to the woman herself a view of human nature at once so large, lenient, and just, that she was the best person possible to hear the strange and pitiful story of young Ascott Leaf.

How it came out Hilary hardly knew; she seemed to have told very little, and yet Miss Balquidder guessed it all. It did not appear to surprise or shock her. She neither began to question nor preach; she only laid her hand, her large, motherly, protecting hand, on the bowed head, saying,

"How much you must have suffered, my poor bairn!"

The soft Scotch tone and word—the grave, quiet Scotch manner, implying more than it even expressed—was it wonderful if underlying as well as outside influences made Hilary completely give way?

Robert Lyon had had a mother, who died when he was seventeen, but of whom he kept the tenderest remembrance, often saying that of all the ladies he had met with in the world there was none equal to her—the strong, tender, womanly peasant woman—refined in mind and word and ways—though to the last day of her life she spoke broad Scotch, and did the work of her cottage with her own hands. It seems as if that mother—toward whom Hilary's fancy had clung, lovingly as a woman ought to cling, above all others, to the mother of the man she loves—were speaking to her now, comforting her and helping her—comfort and help that it would have been sweeter to receive from her than from any woman living.

A mere fancy; but in her state of long uncontrolled excitement it took such possession of her that Hilary fell on her knees, and hid her face in Miss Balquidder's lap, sobbing aloud.

The other was a little surprised; it was not her Scotch way to yield to emotion before folk; but she was a wise woman, she asked no questions, merely held the quivering hands and

smoothed the throbbing head, till composure returned. Some people have a magical, mesmeric power of soothing and controlling: it was hers. When she took the poor face between her hands, and looked straight into the eyes, with, "There, you are better now," Hilary returned the gaze as steadily, nay, smilingly, and rose.

"Now, may I tell you my business?"

"Certainly, my dear. When one's friends are in trouble, the last thing one ought to do is to sit down beside them and moan. Did you come to ask my advice, or had you any definite plan of your own?"

"I had." And Hilary told it.

"A very good plan, and very generous in you to think of it. But I see two strong objections: first, whether it can be carried out; secondly, whether it ought."

Hilary shrank, sensitively.

"Not on my account, my dear, but your own. I often see people making martyrs of themselves for some worthless character on whom the sacrifice is utterly wasted. I object to this, as I would object to throwing myself or my friend into a blazing house, unless I were morally certain there was a life to be saved. Is there in this case?"

"I think there is! I trust in Heaven there is!" said Hilary, earnestly.

There was both pleasure and pity expressed in Miss Balquidder's countenance as she replied, "Be it so: that is a matter on which no one can judge except yourself. But on the other matter you ask my advice, and I must give it. To maintain two ladies and pay a debt of eighty pounds out of one hundred a year is simply impossible."

"With Johanna's income and mine it will be a hundred and twenty pounds and some odd shillings a year."

"You accurate girl! But even with this it can not be done, unless you were to live in a manner so restricted in the commonest comforts that at your sister's age she would be sure to suffer. You must look on the question from all sides, my dear. You must be just to others as well as to that young man, who seems never to— But I will leave him unjudged."

They were both silent for a minute, and then Miss Balquidder said: "I feel certain there is but one rational way of accomplishing the thing, if you are bent upon doing it, if your own judgment and conscience tell you it ought to be done. Is it so?"

"Yes," said Hilary, firmly.

The old Scotswoman took her hand with a warm pressure. "Very well. I don't blame you. I might have done the same myself. Now to my plan. Miss Leaf, have you known me long enough to confer on me the benediction—one of the few that we rich folk possess—'It is more blessed to give than to receive?'"

"I don't quite understand."

"Then allow me to explain. I happen to know this creditor of your nephew's. He being a tailor and an outfitter, we have had dealings

together in former times, and I know him to be a hard man, an unprincipled man, such a one as no young woman should have to do with, even in business relations. To be in his power, as you would be for some years if your scheme of gradual payment were carried out, is the last thing I should desire for you. Let me suggest another way. Take me for your creditor instead of him. Pay him at once, and I will write you a check for the amount."

The thing was put so delicately, in such an ordinary manner, as if it were a mere business arrangement, that at first Hilary hardly perceived all it implied. When she did—when she found that it was in plain terms a gift or loan of eighty pounds offered by a person almost a stranger; she was at first quite bewildered. Then (ah! let us not blame her if she carried to a morbid excess that noble independence which is the foundation of all true dignity in man or woman) she shrunk back into herself, overcome with annoyance and shame. At last she forced herself to say, though the words came out rather coldly,

"You are very good, and I am exceedingly obliged to you; but I never borrowed money in my life. It is quite impossible."

"Very well; I can understand your feelings. I beg your pardon," replied Miss Balquidder, also somewhat coldly.

They sat silent and awkward, and then the elder lady took out a pencil and began to make calculations in her memorandum-book.

"I am reckoning what is the largest sum per month that you could reasonably be expected to spare, and how you may make the most of what remains. Are you aware that London lodgings are very expensive? I am thinking that if you were to exchange out of the Kensington shop into another I have at Richmond, I could offer you the first floor above it for much less rent than you pay Mrs. Jones; and you could have your sister living with you."

"Ah! that would make us both so much happier! How good you are!"

"You will see I only wish to help you to help yourself; not to put you under any obligation. Though I can not see any thing so very terrible in your being slightly indebted to an old woman, who has neither chick nor child, and is at perfect liberty to do what she likes with her own."

There was a pathos in the tone which smote Hilary into quick contrition.

"Forgive me! But I have such a horror of borrowing money—you must know why after what I have told you of our family. You must surely understand—"

"I do, fully; but there are limits even to independence. A person who, for his own pleasure, is ready to take money from any body and every body, without the slightest prospect or intention of returning it, is quite different from a friend who in a case of emergency accepts help

from another friend, being ready and willing to take every means of repayment, as I knew you were, and meant you to be. I meant, as you suggested, to stop out of your salary so much per month, till I had my eighty pounds safe back again."

"But suppose you never had it back? I am young and strong; still I might fall ill—I might die, and you never be repaid."

"Yes, I should," said Miss Balquidder, with a serious smile. "You forget, my dear bairn, '*Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these little ones, ye have done it unto ME.*' '*He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the LORD.*' I have lent Him a good deal at different times, and He has always paid me back with usury."

There was something at once solemn and a little sad in the way the old lady spoke. Hilary forgot her own side of the subject; her pride, her humiliation.

"But do you not think, Miss Balquidder, that one ought to work on, struggle on, to the last extremity, before one accepts an obligation, most of all a money obligation?"

"I do, as a general principle. Yet money is not the greatest thing in this world, that a pecuniary debt should be the worst to bear. And sometimes one of the kindest acts you can do to a fellow-creature—one that touches and softens his heart, nay, perhaps wins it to you for life, is to accept a favor from him."

Hilary made no reply.

"I speak a little from experience. I have not had a very happy life myself; at least most people would say so if they knew it; but the Lord has made it up to me by giving me the means of bringing happiness, in money as well as other ways, to other people. Most of us have our favorite luxuries; this is mine. I like to do people good; I like, also—though maybe that is a mean weakness—to feel that I do it. If all whom I have been made instrumental in helping had said to me, as you have done, 'I will not be helped, I will not be made happy,' it would have been rather hard for me."

And a smile, half humorous, half sad, came over the hard-featured face, spiritualizing its whole expression.

Hilary wavered. She compared her own life, happy still, and hopeful, for all its cares, with that of this lonely woman, whose only blessing was her riches, except the generous heart which sanctified them, and made them such. Humbled, nay, ashamed, she took and kissed the kindly hand which had succored so many, yet which, in the inscrutable mystery of Providence, had been left to go down to the grave alone; missing all that is personal, dear, and precious to a woman's heart, and getting instead only what Hilary now gave her—the half-sweet, half-bitter payment of gratitude.

"Well, my bairn, what is to be done?"

"I will do whatever you think right," murmured Hilary.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFEDERACY.

AT this time, when a monstrous rebellion—resting for its chief support on that most dangerous of all heresies which have afflicted our Government, namely, STATE SUPREMACY—has deeply engaged the American mind with thoughts and inquiries concerning the true nature of our political system, it may be profitable to indulge in retrospection, and to glance at the most prominent of those events which have illustrated the tendency of the early English colonists in America to political aggregation, a democratic form of government, and an enlightened nationality. For this purpose it is proposed to give outline sketches of such events, in a series of three short papers, respectively entitled, *The New England Confederacy*, in 1643; *The Albany and Stamp Act Congresses*, in 1754 and 1765; and *The League of States*, in 1781, which immediately preceded our present consolidated National Government.

The first settlers of New England were English Puritans, who had spoken aloud concerning civil and religious liberty, and who had been driven from their native land by storms of persecution engendered by the heats of bigotry in Church and State. The earliest of these, who came in the famous *Mayflower*, had been exiles in Holland long enough to learn most valuable lessons in the school of Republicanism, which had been the fundamental principle of State policy in that asylum for the oppressed for more than forty years. They had been apt scholars; and the first fruit of the political teachings which they had there received was seen in the solemn *written* Constitution of government—the first known in human annals—which they all signed before leaving the ship, and in which they declared that they did “Solemnly and mutually, in the Presence of God and of one another, Covenant and Combine themselves together into a Civil body Politick, for their better Ordering and Preservation, and Furtherance of the Ends aforesaid [to plant the first colony in North Virginia, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of their king and country]; and by Virtue thereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, Acts, Constitutions, and Offices, from Time to Time, as should be thought most meet and convenient for the General Good of the Colony; unto which,” they said, “we Promise all due Submission and Obedience.”

This was the germ of popular constitutional government in America. It was signed by every male adult of the emigrants on board the *Mayflower*. It was made by the PEOPLE, and thus they were solemnly recognized as sovereign—the source of all political power. With this chart as a guide, they marked out the lines of a colony; upon this rock, dug out of Hebrew and Netherlandish jurisprudence, more enduring than that of Plymouth, the symbol of New England Puritanism, they laid the foundations of a State

destined to be a beacon to nations who sit in darkness. Others came from England out of the glowing furnace of persecution, and seated themselves in peace in other places on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The joyful news went back that there was a cool and refreshing asylum in the wilderness beyond the stormy Atlantic, where the Christian disciple might enjoy perfect freedom in his worship of Almighty God, and where the citizen was not subjected to the frowns of despotism, political or ecclesiastical. This sweet gospel fell upon ears of eager listeners; and within twenty years almost two hundred ships made their way to that earthly paradise for martyrs, carrying to it more than twenty thousand persons, who built churches, and school-houses, and fifty villages; and by special statute decreed that the fugitive and the persecuted for conscience' sake should be the guest of the Commonwealth.

Intolerance, in the guise of strict discipline, administered by magistrates and church ministers, too soon assumed to hold an iron sceptre over the almost irrepressible freedom of thought and action which the fresh earth and air and woods and streams develop. The bound soul naturally rebelled, and the tyranny of power blossomed and bore fruit. Punishment followed contumacy. Too much freedom of speech concerning magistrates and too little reverence for church ministers brought sharp reproofs and admonitory punishments. “It doth a little grieve my spirit,” wrote Sir Richard Saltonstall, from England, in 1635, “to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecution in New England, as that you fine, whip, and imprison men for their consciences.” The humbled became the enemies of the rulers of the half-theocratic State. They represented and misrepresented them before the court and hierarchy; and the ears of King Charles the sovereign, and Bishop Laud the Primate of England, were filled with complaints of the “irregularities” of the colonists on the borders of Massachusetts Bay. They were truly represented as the contemners of the Established Church, and indifferent, if not inimical, to the authority of the Crown. Lyford, a minister sent to Salem from England, was expelled because he was friendly to the English hierarchy; and John and Samuel Browne, members of Governor Endicott's council at Salem, were sent to England as “factious and evil-conditioned persons,” because they insisted upon the use of the Liturgy, or printed forms of the English Church, in their worship. Endicott caused the cross to be cut out of the British flag; and Roger Williams denounced the charter of the colony as invalid because the King had given to the white people the lands of other owners, the Indians; and he not only denied the right of the King to require an oath of allegiance from the colonists, but contended that the civil magistrates had no right to control the consciences of the people, and even declared that obedience to magistrates ought not to be enforced. The people said

Amen! for thoughts of Liberty and Independence filled their minds. "The colonists," wrote Burdette to Laud, in 1637, "aim not at new discipline, but *sovereignty*. It is accounted treason in their General Court to speak of appeals to the King."

Royalty and Prelacy—linked by the strong bond of mutual and vital interest—were alarmed. A crisis in the affairs of both was approaching. The civil war—which soon laid sceptre and crozier, throne and cathedra in the dust; which made Charles a pitiful convict in the hands of his subjects, and allowed the old woman of Edinburgh to boldly greet Laud and his Liturgy with cries of "What! ye villain! will ye say mass in my lug? stane him! stane him!"—was kindling; and King and Primate evoked every element of power to sustain themselves and their cause. Fearful of the reactive consequences of a large State in America left to unbridled liberty, the King and Council determined to suppress emigration to New England. Perceiving such "numbers of faithful and free-born Englishmen and good Christians" departing for Massachusetts Bay, they ordered that no person above the rank of a serving-man might remove to the colony without the special consent of proper authority; and emigrant ships in the Thames were detained by royal decree. An arbitrary commission was appointed, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at its head, invested by Church and State with full power over the "American Plantations," civil and ecclesiastical. They were armed with authority to establish government and dictate the laws, to regulate the church, to inflict even the heaviest punishments, and to revoke any charter which had been surreptitiously obtained—as they expressed it—or which conceded liberties prejudicial to the royal prerogative.

Upon the wings of the next vessel that made its way to Boston, the New England capital, intelligence of this measure was conveyed to the colonists, with the assurance that a governor-general was doubtless on his way. The rumbling of an earthquake beneath a city; the blaze of a comet before the eyes of the superstitious; the visible waving of the black wing of the Angel of Pestilence over a populous land, could not have produced a more profound and universally felt emotion than that which stirred the settlers of New England when this intelligence broke upon them. The baleful ministers of persecution from which they had fled, and braved the storms of the Atlantic and the perils of a wilderness, were coming with chains to bind and sceptres to rule a free, self-exiled, and unoffending people! It must not be. A fearful ordeal was before them. It must be met, and it was met in a spirit of true heroism. The oppressed were poor in purse but rich in faith and courage. The ministers, and magistrates, and people, forgetting all local animosities and difficulties, met in friendly consultation. "We ought," they said, "to defend our lawful possessions, if we are able; if not, to avoid and

protract." So they raised six hundred pounds sterling (or three thousand dollars) toward paying for the erection of fortifications, wherewith to defy the temporal and spiritual power of England, and defend the inalienable rights of man.

The appointment of this absolute commission was followed by a *quo warranto* against the company of the Massachusetts Bay, with the intention of depriving them of their charter. Then followed a proclamation to prevent the emigration of Puritans to America, and these worried inhabitants of England were left to choose between the increasing fires of persecution at home and the rare chance of eluding the watchful vigilance and implacable vengeance of the royalists and churchmen, and finding an asylum in the New World.

Already a demand had been made upon Governor Winthrop for a return of the charter to the King. This demand was accompanied by a threat that, in the event of a refusal, his Majesty would assume the entire management of the New England plantations, of which Massachusetts Bay was the chief and perfect representation. The New England authorities calmly sent back an argument instead of the charter. They contended, with firm but kind and loyal words, that such a step on the part of the King would be a breach of royal faith pregnant with immediate and prospective evils; that it would demoralize the colonists and strengthen the French at the eastward and the Dutch at the westward of the English plantations in New England. "If the patent be taken from us," they said, significantly, "the common people will conceive that his Majesty hath cast them off, and that hereby they are freed from their allegiance and subjection, and therefore *will be ready to confederate themselves under a new government, for their necessary safety and subsistence*, which will be of dangerous example unto other plantations, and perilous to ourselves, of incurring his Majesty's displeasure." All that they asked was to be left undisturbed.

The broad Atlantic rolled between the monarch and his sturdy trans-oceanic subjects. No steamships then traversed the three thousand miles of aqueous space in ten days. Small, ill-built argosies made tedious and perilous voyages by way of the Antilles or the Bahamas, and weeks were consumed in the passage. Precious time was therefore spent in this correspondence—precious indeed to the blinded King; and equally precious was the delay to the colonists. The Star Chamber Court, meanwhile, was performing unconsciously, unintentionally, and vigorously the work of England's emancipation from kingly and priestly rule with the weapons of despotism; and before the arguments of Winthrop and his associates could be pondered by the crown and mitre both were trembling before the angry denunciations of an outraged people.

We now stand upon the threshold of the memorable year in New England history, 1643. Let us glance at the political condition and

character of that New England then. Twenty-two years before (December, 1620) the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed among the snows of Plymouth, and heard the voice of Samoset crying, "Welcome, Englishmen! Welcome, Englishmen!" They chose a governor under the written democratic constitution which we have just noticed; established a government; built houses, and founded a colony. That first government was exceedingly simple. It consisted of a governor and one assistant. Each man had, by his own signature, pledged himself to implicit obedience. In 1624 other emigrants were there, when the governor was furnished with five assistants elected by the people. Six years later, when the colony numbered about five hundred souls, there were seven assistants. For nineteen years pure democracy prevailed at Plymouth in church and state, when a representative government was instituted (1639), and a pastor was chosen as spiritual guide.

In the mean time other settlements were planted within the chartered limits of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In the summer of 1628 John Endicot and a hundred emigrants came over and settled at Naumkeag, which they named Salem, and founded an independent colony there. In July the following year three dissenting ministers arrived there with two hundred settlers, and laid the foundation of Charlestown. In September the same year the members of the company agreed to surrender the charter into the hands of the colonists, and thus a democratic state was established which invited a better class of men than had hitherto emigrated—men of more wealth and education. In July, 1630, John Winthrop and three hundred others arrived, and settled Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, and Cambridge; and on the peninsula of Shawmut, which they called Trimountain, because of its three hills, they planted the seeds of Boston, the capital of New England. Winthrop came as governor of the colony under the new arrangement, with Thomas Dudley as deputy-governor, and a council of sixteen.

In 1634 the pure democracy of the colonial jurisprudence assumed the form of a representative government. The governor's assistants, or council, and the deputies were chosen by the people—the former by the whole colony, the latter by the several towns. The people also demanded a written constitution in the form of a Bill of Rights. The two bodies of representatives acted together as a Congress; but, under the teachings of Cotton and other ministers, the assistants claimed patrician consideration and a negative vote in all joint proceedings. On the election of Henry Vane to the chair of chief magistrate in 1636, the aristocratic portion of the settlers were so active and powerful that, in plain defiance of the charter, a new order of magistracy was instituted by the General Court, called a Council for Life. The reverence for rank was deep-rooted in the mind of these English immigrants, and as they were expecting accessions to their number from the most exalted class

of society, they seemed disposed to provide places for them in the government. The democracy—the great mass of the people—were offended by this violation of their chartered rights, and this feeling stimulated the deputies to oppose vehemently the assumptions of the Assistants. For ten years there was a controversy between them, the Assistants maintaining their authority by well-managed delays and an occasional "wise sermon," the ministers being all active politicians. The dispute was finally left to the arbitrament of the ministers, for the foundations of the State were confessedly religious. Church membership was the condition by which a citizen was permitted to exercise the elective franchise. It was settled that the Assistants and Deputies should legislate separately as distinct bodies, each having a negative upon the other. Thus, in 1644, was established in New England the modern republican form of government; namely, a Governor or President, and a Senate and a House of Representatives. The Plymouth government was not of such a perfect form of a republic as that established at Boston.

In 1632 Governor Winslow, of Plymouth, visited the beautiful Valley of the Connecticut River. Two years before, that region had been granted to the Earl of Warwick, and by him, in 1631, it was conveyed to other parties. The eastern boundary of the grant was the Narraganset River (now Bay); and the western, as in all the other charters of the time, was the "South Sea" or Pacific Ocean. Winslow determined to promote emigration thither. The Dutch of New Netherland (New York), jealous of the Puritans, hearing of the movement, built a fort on the Connecticut near the present city of Hartford; and when, in the autumn of 1633, Captain Holmes and a company of pioneers sailed up the Connecticut in a schooner, with the frame of a house on board, the Dutch garrison threatened to blow them out of the water with their guns. But Holmes sailed by unmolested except by some Teutonic oaths, landed at the site of Windsor, and planted there the seed of a colony. In the autumn of 1635 a party of sixty men, women, and children, with cattle, journeyed through the forests from Massachusetts Bay, seated themselves on the Connecticut, and in the spring of 1636 built a small place for public worship on the site of Hartford. These were followed in the summer by the Rev. Thomas Hooker with about one hundred persons, and they founded settlements at Hartford and Weathersfield, and as high up as Springfield. There were five distinct settlements on the Connecticut in 1637, when a war with the powerful Pequods east of the Thames was declared by the colonists on account of the aggressions of the savages. The men of the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies flew to the aid of their western brethren with a few friendly Indians from Narraganset Bay and vicinity; and so thorough was the chastisement of the Pequods that, it has been said by an eminent historian, "there did not remain a sannup or squaw, a warrior or a child

of the Pequod name. A nation had disappeared in a day."

Soon after this war was closed the Reverend John Davenport, an earnest non-conformist minister of London, and two or three opulent merchants, who were representatives of a wealthy company, explored the shores of Long Island Sound in search of a good place for a settlement. They selected one on the site of the present New Haven, and there, in the spring of 1638, under the branches of a huge oak-tree, Davenport preached the first sermon. Taking the Bible as a guide, they formed a "plantation covenant" as a constitution of government. The colony prospered, and they named the place **NEW HAVEN**. The following year the settlers on the Connecticut met in Convention at Hartford and adopted a written constitution, in which it was ordered that a governor and deputies of the people, and elected by them, should form the government, and that an oath of allegiance to the colony, and not to the King, should be required. The little commonwealth of separate and feeble settlements was called the **COLONY OF CONNECTICUT**. This and the New Haven colony were united in 1665 and formed the province of Connecticut.

Between these settlements and those of Plymouth and Massachusetts lay a commonwealth founded by Roger Williams, who, because of his extreme tolerant and almost anarchical views, was banished from Salem at the close of 1635. In the dead of winter he made his way through the deep snows in the forests toward Narraganset Bay, finding food and shelter, hospitality and toleration in the wigwams of the savages. He finally seated himself at the head of Narraganset Bay, determined there to plant a colony wherein conscience should be entirely free, and named the place Providence. Being out of the jurisdiction of both Plymouth and Massachusetts, he proclaimed his views boldly, and the persecuted from these colonies gathered around him. Newport, on the island of Rhode Island, was founded in 1638; and in 1644 all the settlements in that region were united under the general title of **RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS**, with a free charter of incorporation from the Long Parliament, and with a seal that bore the motto, *Amor vincit omnia*—"Love conquers all things."

Eastward of all these was a territory extending from the Merrimac to the Kennebec, and from the ocean to the St. Lawrence, which was granted to two members of the Plymouth Company in 1622, and named by them **LACONIA**. In 1629 the Reverend Mr. Wheelwright, who had been engaged in exciting religious and political controversies in Boston, purchased from the Indians the wilderness between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua, and founded Exeter. In the same year Mason, one of the proprietors of **LACONIA**, purchased of his partner that region and named it **NEW HAMPSHIRE**. In 1631 he built a house on the site of Portsmouth, and gave that name to the place. Settlements along

the coast and a few in the interior were planted. These were all feeble, and in 1641 they formed a coalition with the powerful colony of Massachusetts. New Hampshire remained a dependency of that province until 1680.

Such was the political condition of New England at the period we are considering. The Massachusetts colony had increased wonderfully. During the year 1635 full three thousand new settlers were added to it, some of them men of much wealth and influence, the most distinguished of whom was Hugh Peters, an eloquent preacher, and Henry Vane, an enthusiastic young member of the English Aristocracy (son of a Privy Councilor), who, in 1636, was elected governor of the colony. It was by far the most populous and influential of all the settlements eastward of the Dutch on Manhattan, and led them all. Its policy was their policy; and when indignant English authority aimed a blow at New England, even down to the Revolution, it always fell most directly on the head of Massachusetts. Virginia, its elder sister, paid court to it; and so impressed were some of the people of that colony with a sense of the superior learning and piety of the New England ministers, that a deputation was sent by them to Governor Winthrop to solicit a supply of pastors from the New England churches. Three clergymen were sent. They preached with such power and acceptance that the people flocked to hear them from all parts of the colony, when the bigoted and imperious Sir William Berkeley, the governor, who, some years later, thanked God officially that there were no free schools nor a printing-press in Virginia, and hoped there would not be in a hundred years, issued a proclamation by which all persons within his dominions who would not conform to the rituals of the Church of England, were commanded to leave the colony forthwith. The ministers returned to Boston, and the two colonies, made of the same nationality but of a different class of men, were separated for many years by unfriendly feelings.

The civil war in England, which ended in the abolition of royalty, so engaged public attention there that for almost twenty years the American colonies were subjected to very little interference from the mother country. Left free to act, democratic ideas speedily crystallized into practical form; and among the more thoughtful men of New England aspirations for and hopes of an independent nationality led to vigorous action. They perceived that the forced withdrawal of imperial supervision was their golden opportunity; and leading men in all the settlements pondered seriously the topic of a confederation.

Another powerful motive for a union of the New England colonies was the more material and more pressing necessity of self-preservation. The Dutch menaced them on the borders of their western settlements; but far more alarming were the evidences of the hostility of the savages in their midst, who were brooding like a dark cloud, pregnant with destruction, over

all their borders. The annihilation of the Pequods had created a general belief that the savage tribes upon and beyond the borders of the settlements, who had from time to time exhibited hostile intentions, would be awed by this terrible display of the white man's power into perfect docility and quietude. This belief was a fallacy. The Indians saw, in the destruction of one family of their race, and the occupancy of its territory by Europeans, a sure prophecy of their own fate in time—and all felt a burning desire to drive the white intruder from their soil. While the minds of the Puritan settlers were filled with sunny dreams of an independent empire for themselves, and the beginning of a more exalted civilization for the world, on the western shores of the North Atlantic, dark visions of fear, and dread, and revenge, and deeds of blood were brooding in the benighted minds of the savages of the wilderness. The Europeans were anxious to confederate for the establishment of a splendid empire upon the foundations of religion, morality, justice, and equality; the savages were anxious to confederate for the destruction of its builders, and to perpetuate pagan barbarism and forest shadows over a fertile soil. The New England settlers were made perfectly conscious of an incipient conspiracy among the savages for the destruction of the white people very soon after the close of the war against the Pequods, and all were ripe for union when it was proposed.

The earliest movements toward a confederation were made by the settlers on the Connecticut River when the Pequot war was kindling in 1636-37. Menaced by the Dutch in the west, and by the Indians all around them, they sought an alliance with their more powerful brethren on Massachusetts Bay. Some of the magistrates and ministers of Connecticut went to Boston for the purpose at the close of the war; and on the 31st of August they met those of Massachusetts in convention in the New England capital. The authorities of Plymouth were invited to attend, but the notice was so short that they could not come. The conference resulted in nothing definite. Another was held at the same place in June the following year when the Connecticut delegates exhibited such extreme "State Right" views—such a jealousy of power—such unwillingness to delegate to a common government for all one iota of individual sovereignty, that the representatives of Massachusetts in the Convention declared that a further prosecution of the scheme was undesirable. That commonwealth, because of its population, wealth, and intellectual greatness as compared with the others, must, of necessity, in a representative government, overshadow the rest. While Connecticut was shy about coming under her rule, Massachusetts was unwilling to hold a merely *equal* rank in the proposed confederacy. So the Convention adjourned without an agreement on any essential point, and an irritating correspondence between the two colonies ensued.

When, in 1639, the vigor and aggressive char-

acter of the policy of Kieft, the Director-General of New Netherland (New York) was developed, the Connecticut settlers were alarmed, and again revived, in earnest expressions, the proposition for a New England confederacy. Governor Hayne and Minister Hooker went to Boston and staid there a month—much of the time in conference with the magistrates and ministers of that colony on the subject of Union. The Connecticut authorities also sent a delegation to Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut, to confer with Fenwick, who represented the interests of the parties to whom the Earl of Warwick had conveyed his grant, and who held himself politically independent of the Connecticut and New Haven colonies.

Massachusetts, in the mean time, appeared quite indifferent to the proposition of Connecticut, because she felt strong enough to rear a powerful republic herself. But circumstances wrought a change in her views. The civil war in England was raging. It was between Puritanism and Civil Liberty on one side, and kingly and priestly Despotism on the other. Should the former fail, America would be the chosen asylum for the vanquished. Wisdom and prudence therefore commanded the greatest possible enlargement of the area wherein a perfect union of religious and political sentiment, consonant with that of the English Puritans, prevailed. It was desirable to have a receptacle large enough for the exiles if they came, and a government over the whole perfect and homogeneous enough to present, with this accretion, a powerful state—too powerful for the armies of despotism, temporal or spiritual, to overthrow. Accordingly, in September, 1642, the General Court or Government of Massachusetts earnestly "considered the propositions sent from Connecticut about a combination," et cetera, and referred them to a committee. At the next General Court, held in May, 1643, Commissioners from Plymouth, Connecticut, New Haven, and Mr. Fenwick, of Saybrook, presented themselves at Boston for consultation on the subject of Union. The Governor, with two magistrates and three deputies, was authorized to treat with them on the part of Massachusetts. "These," says Winthrop, in his journal, "coming to consultation, encountered some difficulties; but being all desirous of union and studious of peace, they readily yielded to each other in such things as tended to common utility." Taking the confederacy of the Netherlands as their model, these representatives of four New England colonies, after holding three meetings, agreed upon a constitution for a Confederacy, which they embodied in twelve articles, prefaced by the following preamble:

"Whereas we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aim, namely, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity with peace; and whereas in our settling (by a wise providence of God) we are further dispersed upon the sea-coasts and rivers than was at first intended, so that we can

not, according to our desire, with convenience combine in one government and jurisdiction; and whereas we live encompassed with people of several nations and strange languages, which hereafter may prove injurious to us or our prosperity [Dutch on the west, French on the east]; and forasmuch as the natives have formerly committed sundry insolences and outrages upon several plantations of the English, and have of late combined themselves against us; and seeing, by reason of those sad distractions in England which they have heard of, and by which they know we are hindered from that humble way of seeking advice, or reaping those comfortable fruits of protection which, at other times, we might well expect; We therefore do conceive it our bounden duty, without delay, to enter into a present consociation among ourselves, for mutual help and strength in all our future concerns, that, as in nation and religion, so in other respects, we be and continue as one."

It was stipulated that the four colonies, parties to the confederation, should be bound together under the name of "*The United Colonies of New England*," in "a firm and perpetual league of friendship and amity, for offense and defense, mutual advice and succor, upon all just occasions, both for preserving and propagating the truth and liberties of the Gospel, and for their own mutual safety and welfare;" that each province should remain a separate and distinct municipal association, and retain independent jurisdiction within its own territory; and that no member should be received into the league, nor any two members be consolidated into one jurisdiction, without the consent of the rest; that in every war, offensive or defensive, each of the confederates should furnish its quota of men, money, and provisions, at a rate to be fixed from time to time in proportion to the male population of the respective communities between the ages of sixteen and sixty, and the spoils of war to be distributed to the several colonies on the same principle; that, upon notice of three magistrates of an existing invasion of any colony, the rest were forthwith to send it relief, the nearest confederate alone to be summoned if the occasion required no more, the men to be "victualled and supplied with powder and shot for their journey (if they were needed) by that jurisdiction which employed or sent for them;" that if more than the stipulated amount of aid was demanded, then the whole body of the Commissioners were to be convened to order a further enlistment; that if in their judgment the invaded colony was in fault, then to condemn it to give satisfaction to the invader, and to defray the charges incurred, contrary to the modern pernicious maxim, "Our country, right or wrong;" that a council, or board of management, composed of two commissioners or representatives from each colony, all of them church-members, should be established for the transaction of the general business of the Confederacy, with power to "determine all affairs of war or

peace, leagues, aids, charges, and numbers of men for war, division of spoils and whatsoever was gotten by conquest, receiving of more confederates for plantations into combination with any of the confederates, and all things of like nature which were the proper concomitants or consequents of such a confederation for amity, offense, and defense;" such commissioners to meet annually to deliberate and decide on all points of common concern to the Confederacy, the concurrence of six of the Commissioners in any measure being conclusive; in default of which, the matter so considered to be referred to the General Courts of the several colonies, the concurrence of them all to be binding and final; that the Commissioners, or six of them, at each annual meeting, should choose a President from their own number, who was to be invested "with no power or respect," except to "take care and direct for order and a comely carrying on of all proceedings;" that the Commissioners should establish agreements and orders for the preservation of peace among the confederate colonies, securing justice to the Indians, and the extradition of runaway servants and fugitives from justice; that all war not inevitable should be abstained from, and that any breach in the terms of the league should be considered by the Commissioners, or Federal Government, who were empowered to determine the offense and the remedy.

This League was signed by all the representatives in the convention at Boston, on the 19th of May, 1643, except by those from Plymouth, whose constituency had not authorized them to do so. Plymouth, where the pupils of the liberal Holland school of politics were the most numerous, was the most vigilant guardian of popular rights and most jealous of delegated power. That colony would not give their delegates discretionary authority to execute any thing. They were sent to deliberate and agree, while the power to ratify or reject was reserved for the people. The Articles of Confederation agreed to by the Convention were carefully examined by the people and then voted upon. A majority ratified them by their vote, and Plymouth became a member of the League.

All New England was not included in the Confederacy. "The people beyond the Piscataqua," or New Hampshire, were excluded, because, "in ministry and civil administration," they "ran a different course" from the Puritans. Massachusetts, though having no greater political power in the confederation than the feeble colony of New Haven, it having only the same number of Federal Commissioners, was the body and soul of the affair; and presented to all others an exceedingly straight platform, to which all must conform or be considered alien enemies. The persecutions which Roger Williams and his associates had suffered at the hands of Massachusetts, and the defiance which he and they had hurled at her magistrates and ministers, had produced an irreconcilable breach between the parent colony and the Providence plantation.

It desired to form one of the Confederacy, but the will of Massachusetts excluded it. The Rhode Island plantation had steadily refused allegiance to the Plymouth colony, and for that reason it, too, was excluded. Thus cut off from the common sympathy of the rest of New England, these proscribed plantations sought for and obtained an independent charter the same year, and established a truly free government.

The Confederacy thus formed, while it exhibits to the world the tendency of the more enlightened English settlers to political aggregation and a democratic or republican form of government, and was the seminal idea of our present independence and nationality, was deficient in the great principle of order, perpetuity, and enduring usefulness—namely, centralization of delegated power with proper checks and balances. The President was only a “moderator,” such as may be found at any town meeting. The Commissioners or representatives of the sovereignty of the people were merely legislators. They possessed no executive powers; and when they declared war, the declaration was only recommendatory and wholly inoperative until sanctioned by the voice of the people. Like the Confederation of 1781, which preceded the present national government (whose Constitution, at the command of the people, melted the States into a consolidated nation), there was no central power to represent the sovereignty of the people in sovereign acts.

The New England Confederacy lasted more than forty years, surviving the Long Parliament and the Protectorate, and running parallel with a royal government restored; yet its vitality and puissance consisted not in the league, but in the might of the single member, Massachusetts. That colony was practically the sovereign—it was the huge planet about which the others, in a degree, revolved as satellites. Its will was their will. It was regarded in Europe as well as in America, then, and down to the Revolution in 1775, as New England. The Canadians called all of the Americans of the eastern provinces who invaded their territory “Bostonians.” Massachusetts established a mint without consulting other members of the Confederacy. It was Massachusetts alone that the Long Parliament, when it had abolished royalty, invited to receive a new patent and act under its authority as a loved and favorite child; and it was Massachusetts, awake to the value of independence, that, with true heroism, declined the offer which would have been destructive of it, and thereby foiled the politicians of that Parliament. It was the creed of her people, expressed by their deputies, that “if the King, or any party from him, should attempt any thing against the Commonwealth,” it was the duty of every citizen to “spend estate, and life, and all, without scruple, in its defense”—to “pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor” in the cause of the Rights of Man. And it was Edward Winslow, the agent of Massachusetts in England, thoroughly instructed concerning public sentiment at home, who stood up

before Europe and said, in language almost identical with that used more than a hundred years later by our revolutionary fathers: “If the Parliament of England should impose laws upon us, *having no burgesses in the House of Commons*, nor capable of summons by reason of the vast distance, we should lose the liberties and freedom of Englishmen indeed.”

The Puritans of Massachusetts who fled from persecution, ever jealous of their rights and ever fearful of the germination of the seeds of religious or civil despotism in the soil of New England, became, in their zeal, persecutors; and the annals of that Commonwealth are stained with the blood of martyrs shed by the hands of Massachusetts bigots. But when a relief from a consciousness of danger came, a more generous and enlightened spirit prevailed. To the superficial observer the New England Puritan, especially during the Confederacy, is an unlovely character; but when we study his qualities carefully in the light of history, he commands our most profound esteem and reverence.

For more than thirty years the conspirators in the Slave States against the National Government have endeavored, for unholy purposes, to excite bitter sectional animosities by disparaging the Puritan character and exalting that of the Cavalier—the representative of chivalry; the former, according to their declarations, being the type of the men of the Free States, and the latter of the Slave States. They have claimed for the latter a right to the title of “the dominant race,” and represented the Puritan, or “Northern man,” as sordid, narrow, and cowardly, and intended by Providence to be the fawning servant of the Cavalier—the Chivalry of the South. They have sneered at the piety, earnestness, industry, and correctness of life of the Puritan, or Northern man; and a thousand times during the earlier months of the present rebellion, until the stern logic of events shamed their folly, they have declared that “one Southron was equal to five Yankees” in war—apparently forgetful that history has always vindicated the truth of Cromwell’s assertion, that “he that prays best and preaches best will fight best.” The real comparative value of the two classes in a government like ours, and in the advancement of civilization, may be estimated by a careful consideration of the following picture drawn by Mr. Bancroft:

“Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of Chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The Knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The Knights were proud of loyalty; the Puritans of liberty. The Knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor, whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace; the Puritans, disdaining ceremony, would not bow at the name of Jesus, nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show, favored pleasure,

multiplied amusements, and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes; Puritanism bridled the passions, commended the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonor. The former valued country; the latter, justice. The former adorned society by graceful refinements;

the latter founded national grandeur on universal education. The institutions of Chivalry were subverted by the gradually-increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE TWO JUDGES.

FELIX GRAHAM as he left the Alston court-house on the close of the first day of the trial was not in a happy state of mind. He did not actually accuse himself of having omitted any duty which he owed to his client; but he did accuse himself of having undertaken a duty for which he felt himself to be manifestly unfit. Would it not have been better, as he said to himself, for that poor lady to have had any other possible advocate than himself? Then as he passed out in the company of Mr. Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass, the latter looked at him with a scorn which he did not know how to return. In his heart he could do so; and should words be spoken between them on the subject, he would be well able and willing enough to defend himself. But had he attempted to bandy looks with Mr. Chaffanbrass, it would have seemed even to himself that he was proclaiming his resolution to put himself in opposition to his colleagues.

He felt as though he were engaged to fight a battle in which truth and justice, nay, Heaven itself, must be against him. How can a man put his heart to the proof of an assertion in the truth of which he himself has no belief? That though guilty this lady should be treated with the utmost mercy compatible with the law; for so much, had her guilt stood forward as acknowledged, he could have pleaded with all the eloquence that was in him. He could still pity her, sympathize with her, fight for her on such ground as that; but was it possible that he, believing her to be false, should stand up before the crowd assembled in that court, and use such intellect as God had given him in making others think that the false and the guilty one was true and innocent, and that those accusers were false and guilty whom he knew to be true and innocent?

It had been arranged that Baron Maltby should stay that night at Noningsby. The brother-judges therefore occupied the Noningsby carriage together, and Graham was driven back in a dog-cart by Augustus Staveley.

"Well, old boy," said Augustus, "you did not soil your conscience much by bullying that fellow."

"No, I did not," said Graham; and then he was silent.

"Chaffanbrass made an uncommonly ugly show of the Hamworth attorney," said Augustus, after a pause; but to this Graham at first made no answer.

"If I were on the jury," continued the other, "I would not believe a single word that came from that fellow's mouth unless it were fully supported by other testimony. Nor will the jury believe him."

"I tell you what, Staveley," said Graham, "you will oblige me greatly in this matter if you will not speak to me of the trial till it is over."

"I beg your pardon."

"No; don't do that. Nothing can be more natural than that you and I should discuss it together in all its bearings. But there are reasons, which I will explain to you afterward, why I would rather not do so."

"All right," said Augustus. "I'll not say another word."

"And for my part, I will get through the work as well as I may." And then they both sat silent in the gig till they came to the corner of Noningsby wall.

"And is that other subject tabooed also?" said Augustus.

"What other subject?"

"That as to which we said something when you were last here—touching my sister Madeline."

Graham felt that his face was on fire, but he did not know how to answer. "In that it is for you to decide whether or no there should be silence between us," he said at last.

"I certainly do not wish that there should be any secret between us," said Augustus.

"Then there shall be none. It is my intention to make an offer to her before I leave Noningsby. I can assure you for your satisfaction that my hopes do not run very high."

"For my satisfaction, Felix! I don't know why you should suppose me to be anxious that you should fail." And as he so spoke he stopped his horse at the hall-door, and there was no time for further speech.

"Papa has been home a quarter of an hour," said Madeline, meeting them in the hall.

"Yes, he had the pull of us by having his carriage ready," said her brother. "We had to wait for the hostler."

"He says that if you are not ready in ten minutes he will go to dinner without you. Mamma and I are dressed." And as she spoke

she turned round with a smile to Felix, making him feel that both she and her father were treating him as though he were one of the family.

"Ten minutes will be quite enough for me," said he.

"If the governor only would sit down," said Augustus, "it would be all right. But that's just what he won't do. Mad, do send somebody to help me to unpack." And then they all bustled away, so that the pair of judges might not be kept waiting for their food.

Felix Graham hurried up stairs, three steps at a time, as though all his future success at Noningsby depended on his being down in the drawing-room within the period of minutes stipulated by the judge. As he dressed himself with the utmost rapidity, thinking perhaps not so much as he should have done of his appearance in the eyes of his lady-love, he endeavored to come to some resolve as to the task which was before him. How was he to find an opportunity of speaking his mind to Madeline, if, during the short period of his sojourn at Noningsby, he left the house every morning directly after breakfast, and returned to it in the evening only just in time for dinner?

When he entered the drawing-room both the judges were there, as was also Lady Staveley and Madeline. Augustus alone was wanting. "Ring the bell, Graham," the judge said, as Felix took his place on the corner of the rug. "Augustus will be down about supper-time." And then the bell was rung and the dinner ordered.

"Papa ought to remember," said Madeline, "that he got his carriage first at Alston."

"I heard the wheels of the gig," said the judge. "They were just two minutes after us."

"I don't think Augustus takes longer than other young men," said Lady Staveley.

"Look at Graham there. He can't be supposed to have the use of all his limbs, for he broke half a dozen of them a month ago; and yet he's ready. Brother Maltby, give your arm to Lady Staveley. Graham, if you'll take Madeline I'll follow alone." He did not call her Miss Staveley, as Felix specially remarked, and so remarking, pressed the little hand somewhat closer to his side. It was the first sign of love he had ever given her, and he feared that some mark of anger might follow it. There was no return to his pressure; not the slightest answer was made with those sweet finger points; but there was no anger. "Is your arm quite strong again?" she asked him as they sat down, as soon as the judge's short grace had been uttered.

"Fifteen minutes to the second," said Augustus, bustling into the room; "and I think that an unfair advantage has been taken of me. But what can a juvenile barrister expect in the presence of two judges?" And then the dinner went on, and a very pleasant little dinner-party it was.

Not a word was said, either then or during the evening, or on the following morning, on that subject which was engrossing so much of

the mind of all of them. Not a word was spoken as to that trial which was now pending, nor was the name of Lady Mason mentioned. It was understood even by Madeline that no allusion could with propriety be made to it in the presence of the judge before whom the cause was now pending, and the ground was considered too sacred for feet to tread upon it. Were it not that this feeling is so general, an English judge and English counselors would almost be forced to subject themselves in such cases to the close custody which jurymen are called upon to endure. But, as a rule, good taste and good feeling are as potent as locks and walls.

"Do you know, Mr. Graham," said Madeline, in that sort of whisper which a dinner-table allows, "that Mrs. Baker says you have cut her since you got well?"

"I! I cut one of my very best friends! How can she say any thing so untrue? If I knew where she lived I'd go and pay her a visit after dinner."

"I don't think you need do that—though she has a very snug little room of her own. You were in it on Christmas-day when we had the snapdragon—when you and Marion carried away the dishes."

"I remember. And she is base enough to say that I have cut her? I did see her for a moment yesterday, and then I spoke to her."

"Ah, but you should have had a long chat with her. She expects you to go back over all the old ground, how you were brought in helpless, how the doctor came to you, and how you took all the messes she prepared for you like a good boy. I'm afraid, Mr. Graham, you don't understand old women."

"Nor young ones either," it was on his tongue to say, but he did not say it.

"When I was a young man," said the baron, carrying on some conversation which had been general at the table, "I never had an opportunity of breaking my ribs out hunting."

"Perhaps if you had," said Augustus, "you might have used it with more effect than my friend here, and have deprived the age of one of its brightest lights, and the bench of one of its most splendid ornaments."

"Hear, hear, hear!" said his father.

"Augustus is coming out in a new character," said his mother.

"I am heartily obliged to him," said the baron.

"But as I was saying before these sort of things never came in my way. If I remember right, my father would have thought I was mad had I talked of going out hunting. Did you hunt, Staveley?"

When the ladies were gone the four lawyers talked about law, though they kept quite clear of that special trial which was going on at Alston. Judge Staveley, as we know, had been at the Birmingham congress; but not so his brother the baron. Baron Maltby, indeed, thought but little of the Birmingham doings, and was inclined to be a little hard upon his brother in that he had taken a part in it.

"I think that the matter is one open to discussion," said the host.

"Well, I hope so," said Graham. "At any rate I have heard no arguments which ought to make us feel that our mouths are closed."

"Arguments on such a matter are worth nothing at all," said the baron. "A man with what is called a logical turn of mind may prove any thing or disprove any thing; but he never convinces any body. On any matter that is near to a man's heart he is convinced by the tenor of his own thoughts as he goes on living, not by the arguments of a logician or even by the eloquence of an orator. Talkers are apt to think that if their listener can not answer them they are bound to give way; but non-talkers generally take a very different view of the subject."

"But does that go to show that a question should not be ventilated?" asked Felix.

"I don't mean to be uncivil," said the baron, "but of all words in the language there is none which I dislike so much as that word ventilation. A man given to ventilating subjects is worse than a man who has a mission."

"Bores of that sort, however," said Graham, "will show themselves from time to time, and are not easily put down. Some one will have a mission to reform our courts of law, and will do it too."

"I only hope it may not be in my time," said the baron.

"I can't go quite so far as that," said the other judge. "But no doubt we all have the same feeling more or less. I know pretty well what my friend Graham is driving at."

"And in your heart you agree with me," said Graham.

"If you would carry men's heads with you they would do you more good than their hearts," said the judge. And then, as the wine-bottles were stationary, the subject was cut short and they went into the drawing-room.

Graham had no opportunity that evening of telling his tale to Madeline Staveley. The party was too large for such tale-telling, or else not large enough. And then the evening in the drawing-room was over before it had seemed to begin; and while he was yet hoping that there might be some turn in his favor, Lady Staveley wished him good-night, and Madeline of course did the same. As he again pressed her hand he could not but think how little he had said to her since he had been in the house, and yet it seemed to him as though that little had made him more intimate with her than he had ever found himself before. He had made an attempt to separate himself from the company by proposing to go and call on Mrs. Baker in her own quarters; but Madeline had declared it to be too late for such an expedition, explaining that when Mrs. Baker had no patient on hand she was accustomed to go early to her bed. In the present instance, however, she had been wrong, for when Felix reached the door of his own room Mrs. Baker was coming out of it.

"I was just looking if every thing was right," said she. "It seems natural to me to come and look after you, you know."

"And it is quite as natural to me to be looked after."

"Is it though? But the worst of you gentlemen when you get well is that one has done with you. You go away, and then there's no more about it. I always begrudge to see you get well for that reason."

"When you have a man in your power you like to keep him there."

"That's always the way with the women, you know. I hope we shall see one of them tying you by the leg altogether before long."

"I don't know any thing about that," said Felix, sheepishly.

"Don't you? Well, if you don't I suppose nobody don't. But nevertheless I did hear a little bird say—eh! Mr. Graham."

"Those little birds are the biggest liars in the world."

"Are they now? Well, perhaps they are. And how do you think our Miss Madeline is looking? She wasn't just well for one short time after you went away."

"Has she been ill?"

"Well, not ill; not so that she came into my hands. She's looking herself again now, isn't she?"

"She is looking, as she always does, uncommonly well."

"Do you remember how she used to come and say a word to you standing at the door? Dear heart! I'll be bound now I care more for her than you do."

"Do you?" said Graham.

"Of course I do. And then how angry her ladyship was with me—as though it were my fault. I didn't do it. Did I, Mr. Graham? But, Lord love you, what's the use of being angry? My lady ought to have remembered her own young days, for it was just the same thing with her. She had her own way, and so will Miss Madeline." And then with some further inquiries as to his fire, his towels, and his sheets, Mrs. Baker took herself off.

Felix Graham had felt a repugnance to taking the gossiping old woman openly into his confidence, and yet he had almost asked her whether he might in truth count upon Madeline's love. Such at any rate had been the tenor of his gossiping; but nevertheless he was by no means certified. He had the judge's assurance in allowing him to be there; he had the assurance given to him by Augustus in the few words spoken to him at the door that evening; and he ought to have known that he had received sufficient assurance from Madeline herself. But in truth he knew nothing of the kind. There are men who are much too forward in believing that they are regarded with favor; but there are others of whom it may be said that they are as much too backward. The world hears most of the former, and talks of them the most, but I doubt whether the latter are not the more numerous.

The next morning of course there was a hurry and fuss at breakfast in order that they might get off in time for the courts. The judges were to take their seats at ten, and therefore it was necessary that they should sit down to breakfast some time before nine. The achievement does not seem to be one of great difficulty, but nevertheless it left no time for love-making.

But for one instant Felix was able to catch Madeline alone in the breakfast-parlor. "Miss Staveley," said he, "will it be possible that I should speak to you alone this evening—for five minutes?"

"Speak to me alone?" she said, repeating his words; and as she did so she was conscious that her whole face had become suffused with color.

"Is it too much to ask?"

"Oh no!"

"Then if I leave the dining-room soon after you have done so—"

"Mamma will be there, you know," she said. Then others came into the room, and he was able to make no further stipulation for the evening.

Madeline, when she was left alone that morning, was by no means satisfied with her own behavior, and accused herself of having been unnecessarily cold to him. She knew the permission which had been accorded to him, and she knew also—knew well—what answer would be given to his request. In her mind the matter was now fixed. She had confessed to herself that she loved him, and she could not now doubt of his love to her. Why then should she have answered him with coldness and doubt? She hated the missishness of young ladies, and had resolved that when he asked her a plain question she would give him a plain answer. It was true that the question had not been asked as yet; but why should she have left him in doubt as to her kindly feeling?

"It shall be but for this one day," she said to herself as she sat alone in her room.

CHAPTER LXX.

HOW AM I TO BEAR IT?

WHEN the first day's work was over in the court, Lady Mason and Mrs. Orme kept their seats till the greater part of the crowd had dispersed, and the two young men, Lucius Mason and Peregrine, remained with them. Mr. Aram also remained, giving them sundry little instructions in a low voice as to the manner in which they should go home and return the next morning—telling them the hour at which they must start, and promising that he would meet them at the door of the court. To all this Mrs. Orme endeavored to give her best attention, as though it were of the last importance; but Lady Mason was apparently much the more collected of the two, and seemed to take all Mr. Aram's courtesies as though they were a matter of course. There she sat, still with her veil up, and though

all those who had been assembled there during the day turned their eyes upon her as they passed out she bore it all without quailing. It was not that she returned their gaze, or affected an effrontery in her conduct; but she was able to endure it without showing that she suffered as she did so.

"The carriage is there now," said Mr. Aram, who had left the court for a minute; "and I think you may get into it quietly." This accordingly they did, making their way through an avenue of idlers who still remained that they might look upon the lady who was accused of having forged her husband's will.

"I will stay with her to-night," whispered Mrs. Orme to her son as they passed through the court.

"Do you mean that you will not come to The Cleeve at all?"

"Not to-night; not till the trial be over. Do you remain with your grandfather."

"I shall be here to-morrow of course to see how you go on."

"But do not leave your grandfather this evening. Give him my love, and say that I think it best that I should remain at Orley Farm till the trial be over. And, Peregrine, if I were you I would not talk to him much about the trial."

"But why not?"

"I will tell you when it is over. But it would only harass him at the present moment." And then Peregrine handed his mother into the carriage and took his own way back to The Cleeve.

As he returned he was bewildered in his mind by what he had heard, and he also began to feel something like a doubt as to Lady Mason's innocence. Hitherto his belief in it had been as fixed and assured as that of her own son. Indeed it had never occurred to him as possible that she could have done the thing with which she was charged. He had hated Joseph Mason for suspecting her, and had hated Doekwrath for his presumed falsehood in pretending to suspect her. But what was he to think of this question now, after hearing the clear and dispassionate statement of all the circumstances by the solicitor-general? Hitherto he had understood none of the particulars of the case; but now the nature of the accusation had been made plain, and it was evident to him that at any rate that far-sighted lawyer believed in the truth of his own statement. Could it be possible that Lady Mason had forged the will, that this deed had been done by his mother's friend, by the woman who had so nearly become Lady Orme of The Cleeve? The idea was terrible to him as he rode home, but yet he could not rid himself of it. And if this were so, was it also possible that his grandfather suspected it? Had that marriage been stopped by any such suspicion as this? Was it this that had broken the old man down and robbed him of all his spirit! That his mother could not have any such suspicion seemed to him to be made clear by the fact that she still treated Lady Mason as her friend. And then



LEAVING THE COURT.

why had he been specially enjoined not to speak to his grandfather as to the details of the trial?

But it was impossible for him to meet Sir Peregrine without speaking of the trial. When he entered the house, which he did by some back entrance from the stables, he found his grandfather standing at his own room door.

He had heard the sounds of the horse, and was unable to restrain his anxiety to learn.

"Well," said Sir Peregrine, "what has happened?"

"It is not over as yet. It will last, they say, for three days."

"But come in, Peregrine;" and he shut the

door, anxious rather that the servants should not witness his own anxiety than that they should not hear tidings which must now be common to all the world. "They have begun it?"

"Oh yes! they have begun it."

"Well, how far has it gone?"

"Sir Richard Leatherham told us the accusation they make against her, and then they examined Dockwrath and one or two others. They have not got further than that."

"And the—Lady Mason—how does she bear it?"

"Very well, I should say. She does not seem to be nearly as nervous now as she was while staying with us."

"Ah! indeed. She is a wonderful woman—a very wonderful woman. So she bears up? And your mother, Peregrine?"

"I don't think she likes it."

"Likes it! Who could like such a task as that?"

"But she will go through with it."

"I am sure she will. She will go through with any thing that she undertakes. And—and—the judge said nothing—I suppose?"

"Very little, Sir."

And Sir Peregrine again sat down in his arm-chair as though the work of conversation were too much for him. But neither did he dare to speak openly on the subject; and yet there was so much that he was anxious to know. Do you think she will escape? That was the question which he longed to ask but did not dare to utter.

And then, after a while, they dined together. And Peregrine determined to talk of other things; but it was in vain. While the servants were in the room nothing was said. The meat was carved and the plates were handed round, and young Orme ate his dinner; but there was a constraint upon them both which they were quite unable to dispel, and at last they gave it up and sat in silence till they were alone.

When the door was closed, and they were opposite to each other over the fire, in the way which was their custom when they two only were there, Sir Peregrine could restrain his desire no longer. It must be that his grandson, who had heard all that had passed in court that day, should have formed some opinion of what was going on—should have some idea as to the chance of that battle which was being fought. He, Sir Peregrine, could not have gone into the court himself. It would have been impossible for him to show himself there. But there had been his heart all the day. How had it gone with that woman whom a few weeks ago he had loved so well that he had regarded her as his wife?

"Was your mother very tired?" he said, again endeavoring to draw near the subject.

"She did look fagged while sitting in court."

"It was a dreadful task for her—very dreadful."

"Nothing could have turned her from it," said Peregrine.

"No—you are right there. Nothing would have turned her from it. She thought it to be her duty to that poor lady. But she—Lady Mason—she bore it better, you say?"

"I think she bears it very well, considering what her position is."

"Yes, yes. It is very dreadful. The solicitor-general when he opened—was he very severe upon her?"

"I do not think he wished to be severe."

"But he made it very strong against her."

"The story, as he told it, was very strong against her; that is, you know, it would be if we were to believe all that he stated."

"Yes, yes, of course. He only stated what he has been told by others. You could not see how the jury took it?"

"I did not look at them. I was thinking more of her and of Lucius."

"Lucius was there?"

"Yes; he sat next to her. And Sir Richard said, while he was telling the story, that he wished her son were not there to hear it. Upon my word, Sir, I almost wished so too."

"Poor fellow—poor fellow! It would have been better for him to stay away."

"And yet had it been my mother—"

"Your mother, Perry! It could not have been your mother. She could not have been so placed."

"If it be Lady Mason's misfortune, and not her fault—"

"Ah, well; we will not talk about that. And there will be two days more you say?"

"So said Aram, the attorney."

"God help her; may God help her: It would be very dreadful for a man, but for a woman the burden is insupportable."

Then they both sat silent for a while, during which Peregrine was engrossed in thinking how he could turn his grandfather from the conversation.

"And you heard no one express any opinion?" asked Sir Peregrine, after a pause.

"You mean about Lady Mason?" And Peregrine began to perceive that his mother was right, and that it would have been well if possible to avoid any words about the trial.

"Do they think that she will—will be acquitted? Of course the people there were talking about it?"

"Yes, Sir, they were talking about it. But I really don't know as to any opinion. You see, the chief witnesses have not been examined."

"And you, Perry, what do you think?"

"I, Sir! Well, I was altogether on her side till I heard Sir Richard Leatherham."

"And then—?"

"Then I did not know what to think. I suppose it's all right; but one never can understand what those lawyers are at. When Mr. Chaffanbrass got up to examine Dockwrath he seemed to be just as confident on his side as the other fellow had been on the other side. I don't think I'll have any more wine, Sir, thank you."

But Sir Peregrine did not move. He sat in his old accustomed way, nursing one leg over the knee of the other, and thinking of the manner in which she had fallen at his feet, and confessed it all. Had he married her, and gone with her proudly into the court—as he would have done—and had he then heard a verdict of guilty given by the jury—nay, had he heard such proof of her guilt as would have convinced himself, it would have killed him. He felt, as he sat there, safe over his own fireside, that his safety was due to her generosity. Had that other calamity fallen upon him, he could not have survived it. His head would have fallen low before the eyes of those who had known him since they had known any thing, and would never have been raised again. In his own spirit, in his inner life, the blow had come to him; but it was due to her effort on his behalf that he had not been stricken in public. When he had discussed the matter with Mrs. Orme he had seemed in a measure to forget this. It had not at any rate been the thought which rested with the greatest weight upon his mind. Then he had considered how she, whose life had been stainless as driven snow, should bear herself in the presence of such deep guilt. But now—now as he sat alone, he thought only of Lady Mason. Let her be ever so guilty—and her guilt had been very terrible—she had behaved very nobly to him. From him at least she had a right to sympathy.

And what chance was there that she should escape? Of absolute escape there was no chance whatever. Even should the jury acquit her, she must declare her guilt to the world—must declare it to her son, by taking steps for the restoration of the property. As to that Sir Peregrine felt no doubt whatever. That Joseph Mason of Groby would recover his right to Orley Farm was to him a certainty. But how terrible would be the path over which she must walk before this deed of retribution could be done! “Ah me! ah me!” he said, as he thought of all this—speaking to himself, as though he were unconscious of his grandson’s presence. “Poor woman! poor woman!” Then Peregrine felt sure that she had been guilty, and was sure also that his grandfather was aware of it.

“Will you come into the other room, Sir?” he said.

“Yes, yes; if you like it.” And then the one leg fell from the other, and he rose to do his grandson’s bidding. To him now and henceforward one room was much the same as another.

In the mean time the party bound for Orley Farm had reached that place, and to them also came the necessity of wearing through that tedious evening. On the mind of Lucius Mason not even yet had a shadow of suspicion fallen. To him, in spite of it all, his mother was still pure. But yet he was stern to her, and his manner was very harsh. It may be that had such suspicion crossed his mind he would have been less stern, and his manner more tender.

As it was he could understand nothing that was going on, and almost felt that he was kept in the dark at his mother’s instance. Why was it that a man respected by all the world, such as Sir Richard Leatherham, should rise in court and tell such a tale as that against his mother; and that the power of answering that tale on his mother’s behalf should be left to such another man as Mr. Chaffanbrass? Sir Richard had told his story plainly, but with terrible force; whereas Chaffanbrass had contented himself with brow-beating another lawyer with the lowest quirks of his cunning. Why had not some one been in court able to use the language of passionate truth and ready to thrust the lie down the throats of those who told it?

Tea and supper had been prepared for them, and they sat down together; but the nature of the meal may be imagined. Lady Mason had striven with terrible effort to support herself during the day, and even yet she did not give way. It was quite as necessary that she should restrain herself before her son as before all those others who had gazed at her in court. And she did sustain herself. She took a knife and fork in her hand and ate a few morsels. She drank her cup of tea, and remembering that there in that house she was still hostess, she made some slight effort to welcome her guest. “Surely after such a day of trouble you will eat something,” she said to her friend. To Mrs. Orme it was marvelous that the woman should even be alive—let alone that she should speak and perform the ordinary functions of her daily life. “And now,” she said—Lady Mason said—as soon as that ceremony was over, “now as we are so tired I think we will go up stairs. Will you light our candles for us, Lucius?” And so the candles were lit, and the two ladies went up stairs.

A second bed had been prepared in Lady Mason’s room, and into this chamber they both went at once. Mrs. Orme, as soon as she had entered, turned round and held out both her hands in order that she might comfort Lady Mason by taking hers; but Lady Mason, when she had closed the door, stood for a moment with her face toward the wall, not knowing how to bear herself. It was but for a moment, and then slowly moving round, with her two hands clasped together, she sank on her knees at Mrs. Orme’s feet, and hid her face in the skirt of Mrs. Orme’s dress.

“My friend—my friend!” said Lady Mason.

“Yes, I am your friend—indeed I am. But, dear Lady Mason—” And she endeavored to think of words by which she might implore her to rise and compose herself.

“How is it you can bear with such a one as I am? How is it that you do not hate me for my guilt?”

“He does not hate us when we are guilty.”

“I do not know. Sometimes I think that all will hate me—here and hereafter—except you. Lucius will hate me, and how shall I bear that? Oh, Mrs. Orme, I wish he knew it!”



HOW CAN I BEAR IT?

"I wish he did. He shall know it now—to-night, if you will allow me to tell him."

"No. It would kill me to bear his looks. I wish he knew it, and was away, so that he might never look at me again."

"He too would forgive you if he knew it all."

"Forgive! How can he forgive?" And as

she spoke she rose again to her feet, and her old manner came upon her. "Do you think what it is that I have done for him? I, his mother, for my only child? And after that, is it possible that he should forgive me?"

"You meant him no harm."

"But I have ruined him before all the world."

He is as proud as your boy; and could he bear to think that his whole life would be disgraced by his mother's crime?"

"Had I been so unfortunate he would have forgiven me."

"We are speaking of what is impossible. It could not have been so. Your youth was different from mine."

"God has been very good to me, and not placed temptation in my way; temptation, I mean, to great faults. But little faults require repentance as much as great ones."

"But then repentance is easy; at any rate it is possible."

"Oh, Lady Mason, is it not possible for you?"

"But I will not talk of that now. I will not hear you compare yourself with such a one as I am. Do you know I was thinking to-day that my mind would fail me, and that I should be mad before this is over? How can I bear it? how can I bear it?" And rising from her seat, she walked rapidly through the room, holding back her hair from her brows with both her hands.

And how was she to bear it? The load on her back was too much for any shoulders. The burden with which she had laden herself was too heavy to be borne. Her power of endurance was very great. Her strength in supporting the extreme bitterness of intense sorrow was wonderful. But now she was taxed beyond her power. "How am I to bear it?" she said again, as still holding her hair between her fingers, she drew her hands back over her head.

"You do not know. You have not tried it. It is impossible," she said in her wildness, as Mrs. Orme endeavored to teach her the only source from whence consolation might be had. "I do not believe in the thief on the cross, unless it was that he had prepared himself for that day by years of contrition. I know I shock you," she added, after a while. "I know that what I say will be dreadful to you. But innocence will always be shocked by guilt. Go, go and leave me. It has gone so far now that all is of no use." Then she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a convulsive passion of tears.

Once again Mrs. Orme endeavored to obtain permission from her to undertake that embassy to her son. Had Lady Mason acceded, or been near acceding, Mrs. Orme's courage would probably have been greatly checked. As it was she pressed it as though the task were one to be performed without difficulty. Mrs. Orme was very anxious that Lucius should not sit in the court throughout the trial. She felt that if he did so the shock—the shock which was inevitable—must fall upon him there; and than that she could conceive nothing more terrible. And then also she believed that if the secret were once made known to Lucius, and if he were for a time removed from his mother's side, the poor woman might be brought to a calmer perception of her true position. The strain would be lessened, and she would no longer feel the necessity

of exerting so terrible a control over her feelings.

"You have acknowledged that he must know it sooner or later," pleaded Mrs. Orme.

"But this is not the time—not now, during the trial. Had he known it before—"

"It would keep him away from the court."

"Yes, and I should never see him again! What will he do when he hears it? Perhaps it would be better that he should go without seeing me."

"He would not do that."

"It would be better. If they take me to the prison I will never see him again. His eyes would kill me. Do you ever watch him and see the pride that there is in his eye? He has never yet known what disgrace means; and now I, his mother, have brought him to this!"

It was all in vain as far as that night was concerned. Lady Mason would give no such permission. But Mrs. Orme did exact from her a kind of promise that Lucius should be told on the next evening, if it then appeared, from what Mr. Aram should say, that the result of the trial was likely to be against them.

Lucius Mason spent his evening alone; and though he had as yet heard none of the truth, his mind was not at ease, nor was he happy at heart. Though he had no idea of his mother's guilt, he did conceive that after this trial it would be impossible that they should remain at Orley Farm. His mother's intended marriage with Sir Peregrine, and then the manner in which that engagement had been broken off; the course of the trial, and its celebrity; the enmity of Dockwraith; and, lastly, his own inability to place himself on terms of friendship with those people who were still his mother's nearest friends, made him feel that in any event it would be well for them to change their residence. What could life do for him there at Orley Farm after all that had passed? He had gone to Liverpool and bought guano, and now the sacks were lying in his barn unopened. He had begun to drain, and the ugly unfinished lines of earth were lying across his fields. He had no further interest in it, and felt that he could no longer go to work on that ground as though he were in truth its master.

But then, as he thought of his future hopes, his place of residence and coming life, there was one other beyond himself and his mother to whom his mind reverted. What would Sophia wish that he should do?—his own Sophia—she who had promised him that her heart should be with his through all the troubles of this trial? Before he went to bed that night he wrote to Sophia, and told her what were his troubles and what his hopes. "This will be over in two days more," he said, "and then I will come to you. You will see me, I trust, the day after this letter reaches you; but nevertheless I can not debar myself from the satisfaction of writing. I am not happy, for I am dissatisfied with what they are doing for my mother; and it is only when I think of you, and the as-

surance of your love, that I can feel any thing like content. It is not a pleasant thing to sit by and hear one's mother charged with the foulest frauds that practiced villains can conceive! Yet I have had to bear it, and have heard no denial of the charge in true honest language. To-day, when the solicitor-general was heaping falsehoods on her name, I could hardly refrain myself from rushing at his throat. Let me have a line of comfort from you, and then I will be with you on Friday."

That line of comfort never came, nor did Lucius on the Friday make his intended visit. Miss Furnival had determined, some day or two before this, that she would not write to Lucius again till this trial was over; and even then it might be a question whether a correspondence with the heir of Noningsby would not be more to her taste.

CHAPTER LXXI.

SHOWING HOW JOHN KENNEBY AND BRIDGET BOLSTER BORE THEMSELVES IN COURT.

ON the next morning they were all in their places at ten o'clock, and the crowd had been gathered outside the doors of the court from a much earlier hour. As the trial progressed the interest in it increased, and as people began to believe that Lady Mason had in truth forged a will, so did they the more regard her in the light of a heroine. Had she murdered her husband after forging his will, men would have paid half a crown a piece to have touched her garments, or a guinea for the privilege of shaking hands with her. Lady Mason had again taken her seat with her veil raised, with Mrs. Orme on one side of her and her son on the other. The counsel were again ranged on the seats behind, Mr. Furnival sitting the nearest to the judge, and Mr. Aram again occupied the intermediate bench, so placing himself that he could communicate either with his client or with the barristers. These were now their established places, and great as was the crowd they found no difficulty in reaching them. An easy way is always made for the chief performers in a play.

This was to be the great day as regarded the evidence. "It is a case that depends altogether on evidence," one young lawyer said to another. "If the counsel know how to handle the witnesses, I should say she is safe." The importance of this handling was felt by every one, and therefore it was understood that the real game would be played out on this middle day. It had been all very well for Chaffanbrass to bully Dockwrath and make the wretched attorney miserable for an hour or so, but that would have but little bearing on the verdict. There were two persons there who were prepared to swear that on a certain day they had only signed one deed. So much the solicitor-general had told them, and nobody doubted that it would be so. The question now was this, would Mr.

Furnival and Mr. Chaffanbrass succeed in making them contradict themselves when they had so sworn? Could they be made to say that they had signed two deeds, or that they might have done so?

It was again the duty of Mr. Furnival to come first upon the stage—that is to say, he was to do so as soon as Sir Richard had performed his very second-rate part of eliciting the evidence in chief. Poor John Kenneby was to be the first victim, and he was placed in the box before them all very soon after the judge had taken his seat. Why had he not emigrated to Australia, and escaped all this—escaped all this, and Mrs. Smiley also? That was John Kenneby's reflection as he slowly mounted the two steps up into the place of his torture. Near to the same spot, and near also to Dockwrath who had taken these two witnesses under his special charge, sat Bridget Bolster. She had made herself very comfortable that morning with buttered toast and sausages; and when at Dockwrath's instance Kenneby had submitted to a slight infusion of Dutch courage—a bottle of brandy would not have sufficed for the purpose—Bridget also had not refused the generous glass. "Not that I want it," said she, meaning thereby to express an opinion that she could hold her own, even against the great Chaffanbrass, without any such extraneous aid. She now sat quite quiet, with her hands crossed on her knees before her, and her eyes immovably fixed on the table which stood in the centre of the court. In that position she remained till her turn came; and one may say that there was no need for fear on account of Bridget Bolster.

And then Sir Richard began. What would be the nature of Kenneby's direct evidence the reader pretty well knows. Sir Richard took a long time in extracting it, for he was aware that it would be necessary to give his witness some confidence before he came to his main questions. Even to do this was difficult, for Kenneby would speak in a voice so low that nobody could hear him; and on the second occasion of the judge enjoining him to speak out, he nearly fainted. It is odd that it never occurs to judges that a witness who is naturally timid will be made more so by being scolded. When I hear a judge thus use his authority, I always wish that I had the power of forcing him to some very uncongenial employment—jumping in a sack, let us say; and then when he jumped poorly, as he certainly would, I would crack my whip and bid him go higher and higher. The more I so bade him, the more he would limp; and the world looking on would pity him and execrate me. It is much the same thing when a witness is sternly told to speak louder.

But John Kenneby at last told his plain story. He remembered the day on which he had met old Usbech and Bridget Bolster and Lady Mason in Sir Joseph's chamber. He had then witnessed a signature by Sir Joseph, and had only witnessed one on that day—of that he was perfectly certain. He did not think that old Us-

bech had signed the deed in question, but on that matter he declined to swear positively. He remembered the former trial. He had not then been able to swear positively whether Usbech had or had not signed the deed. As far as he could remember, that was the point to which his cross-examination on that occasion had chiefly been directed. So much John Kenneby did at last say in language that was sufficiently plain.

And then Mr. Furnival arose. The reader is acquainted with the state of his mind on the subject of this trial. The enthusiasm on behalf of Lady Mason, which had been aroused by his belief in her innocence, by his old friendship, by his ancient adherence to her cause, and by his admiration for her beauty, had now greatly faded. It had faded much when he found himself obliged to call in such fellow-laborers as Chaffanbrass and Aram, and had all but perished when he learned from contact with them to regard her guilt as certain. But, nevertheless, now that he was there, the old fire returned to him. He had wished twenty times that he had been able to shake the matter from him and leave his old client in the hands of her new advisers. It would be better for her, he had said to himself. But on this day—on these three days—seeing that he had not shaken the matter off, he rose to his work as though he still loved her, as though all his mind was still intent on preserving that ill-gotten inheritance for her son. It may almost be doubted whether, at moments during these three days, he did not again persuade himself that she was an injured woman. Aram, as may be remembered, had felt misgivings as to Mr. Furnival's powers for such cross-examination; but Chaffanbrass had never doubted it. He knew that Mr. Furnival could do as much as himself in that way; the difference being this—that Mr. Furnival could do something else besides.

"And now, Mr. Kenneby, I'll ask you a few questions," he said; and Kenneby turned round to him. The barrister spoke in a mild, low voice, but his eye transfixed the poor fellow at once; and though Kenneby was told a dozen times to look at the jury and speak to the jury, he never was able to take his gaze away from Mr. Furnival's face.

"You remember the old trial," he said; and as he spoke he held in his hand what was known to be an account of that transaction. Then there arose a debate between him and Sir Richard, in which Chaffanbrass, and Graham, and Mr. Steelyard all took part, as to whether Kenneby might be examined as to his former examination; and on this point Graham pleaded very volubly, bringing up precedents without number—striving to do his duty to his client on a point with which his own conscience did not interfere. And at last it was ruled by the judge that this examination might go on; whereupon both Sir Richard and Mr. Steelyard sat down as though they were perfectly satisfied. Kenneby, on being again asked, said that he did remember the old trial.

"It is necessary, you know, that the jury should hear you, and if you look at them and speak to them they would stand a better chance." Kenneby for a moment allowed his eye to travel up to the jury box, but it instantly fell again and fixed itself on the lawyer's face. "You do remember that trial?"

"Yes, Sir, I remember it," whispered Kenneby.

"Do you remember my asking you then whether you had been in the habit of witnessing Sir Joseph Mason's signature?"

"Did you ask me that, Sir?"

"That is the question which I put to you. Do you remember my doing so?"

"I dare say you did, Sir."

"I did, and I will now read your answer. We shall give to the jury a copy of the proceedings of that trial, my lord, when we have proved it—as, of course, we intend to do."

And then there was another little battle between the barristers. But as Lady Mason was now being tried for perjury, alleged to have been committed at that other trial, it was of course indispensable that all the proceedings of that trial should be made known to the jury.

"You said on that occasion," continued Furnival, "that you were sure you had witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's that summer—that you had probably witnessed three in July, that you were quite sure you had witnessed three in one week in July, that you were nearly sure you had witnessed three in one day, that you could not tell what day that might have been, and that you had been used as a witness so often that you really did not remember any thing about it. Can you say whether that was the purport of the evidence you gave then?"

"If it's down there—" said John Kenneby, and then he stopped himself.

"It is down here; I have read it."

"I suppose it's all right," said Kenneby.

"I must trouble you to speak out," said the judge; "I can not hear you, and it is impossible that the jury should do so." The judge's words were not uncivil, but his voice was harsh, and the only perceptible consequence of the remonstrance was to be seen in the thick drops of perspiration standing on John Kenneby's brow.

"That is the evidence which you gave on the former trial. May the jury presume that you then spoke the truth to the best of your knowledge?"

"I tried to speak the truth, Sir."

"You tried to speak the truth? But do you mean to say that you failed?"

"No, I don't think I failed."

"When, therefore, you told the jury that you were nearly sure that you had witnessed three signatures of Sir Joseph's in one day, that was truth?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"Ever did what?"

"Witness three papers in one day."

"You don't think you ever did?"

"I might have done, to be sure."

"But then, at that trial, about twelve months after the man's death, you were nearly sure you had done so."

"Was I?"

"So you told the jury."

"Then I did, Sir."

"Then you did what?"

"Did witness all those papers."

"You think then now that it is probable you witnessed three signatures on the same day?"

"No, I don't think that."

"Then what do you think?"

"It is so long ago, Sir, that I really don't know."

"Exactly. It is so long ago that you can not depend on your memory."

"I suppose I can't, Sir."

"But you just now told the gentleman who examined you on the other side that you were quite sure you did not witness two deeds on the day he named—the 14th of July. Now, seeing that you doubt your own memory, going back over so long a time, do you wish to correct that statement?"

"I suppose I do."

"What correction do you wish to make?"

"I don't think I did."

"Don't think you did what?"

"I don't think I signed two—"

"I really can not hear the witness," said the judge.

"You must speak out louder," said Mr. Furnival, himself speaking very loudly.

"I mean to do it as well as I can," said Kenneby.

"I believe you do," said Furnival; "but in so meaning you must be very careful to state nothing as a certainty of the certainty of which you are not sure. Are you certain that on that day you did not witness two deeds?"

"I think so."

"And yet you were not certain twenty years ago, when the fact was so much nearer to you?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember whether you were certain twelve months after the occurrence, but you think you are certain now."

"I mean, I don't think I signed two."

"It is, then, only a matter of thinking."

"No; only a matter of thinking."

"And you might have signed the two?"

"I certainly might have done so."

"What you mean to tell the jury is this; that you have no remembrance of signing twice on that special day, although you know that you have acted as witness on behalf of Sir Joseph Mason more than twice on the same day?"

"Yes."

"That is the intended purport of your evidence?"

"Yes, Sir."

And then Mr. Furnival traveled off to that other point of Mr. Usbech's presence and alleged handwriting. On that matter Kenneby had not made any positive assertion, though he had expressed a very strong opinion. Mr. Fur-

nival was not satisfied with this, but wished to show that Kenneby had not on that matter even a strong opinion. He again reverted to the evidence on the former trial, and read various questions with their answers; and the answers as given at that time certainly did not, when so taken, express a clear opinion on the part of the person who gave them; although an impartial person on reading the whole evidence would have found that a very clear opinion was expressed. When first asked, Kenneby had said that he was nearly sure that Mr. Usbech had not signed the document. But his very anxiety to be true had brought him into trouble. Mr. Furnival on that occasion had taken advantage of the word "nearly," and had at last succeeded in making him say that he was not sure at all. Evidence by means of torture—thumb-screw and such like—we have for many years past abandoned as barbarous, and have acknowledged that it is of its very nature useless in the search after truth. How long will it be before we shall recognize that the other kind of torture is equally opposed both to truth and civilization?

"But Mr. Usbech was certainly in the room on that day?" continued Mr. Furnival.

"Yes, he was there."

"And knew what you were all doing, I suppose?"

"Yes, I suppose he knew."

"I presume it was he who explained to you the nature of the deed you were to witness?"

"I dare say he did."

"As he was the lawyer, that would be natural."

"I suppose it would."

"And you don't remember the nature of that special deed, as explained to you on the day when Bridget Bolster was in the room?"

"No, I don't."

"It might have been a will?"

"Yes, it might. I did sign one or two wills for Sir Joseph, I think."

"And as to this individual document, Mr. Usbech might have signed it in your presence, for any thing you know to the contrary?"

"He might have done so."

"Now, on your oath, Kenneby, is your memory strong enough to enable you to give the jury any information on this subject upon which they may firmly rely in convicting that unfortunate lady of the terrible crime laid to her charge?" Then for a moment Kenneby glanced round and fixed his eyes upon Lady Mason's face. "Think a moment before you answer; and deal with her as you would wish another should deal with you if you were so situated. Can you say that you remember that Usbech did not sign it?"

"Well, Sir, I don't think he did."

"But he might have done so?"

"Oh yes; he might."

"You do not remember that he did so?"

"Certainly not."

"And that is about the extent of what you mean to say?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let me understand," said the judge—and then the perspiration became more visible on poor Kenneby's face—"do you mean to say that you have no memory on the matter whatever?—that you simply do not remember whether Usbech did or did not sign it?"

"I don't think he signed it."

"But why do you think he did not, seeing that his name is there?"

"I didn't see him."

"Do you mean," continued the judge, "that you didn't see him, or that you don't remember that you saw him?"

"I don't remember that I saw him."

"But you may have done so? He may have signed, and you may have seen him do so, only you don't remember it?"

"Yes, my lord."

And then Kenneby was allowed to go down. As he did so, Joseph Mason, who sat near to him, turned upon him a look black as thunder. Mr. Mason gave him no credit for his timidity, but believed that he had been bought over by the other side. Dockwrath, however, knew better. "They did not quite beat him about his own signature," said he; "but I knew all along that we must depend chiefly upon Bolster."

Then Bridget Bolster was put into the box, and she was examined by Mr. Steelyard. She had heard Kenneby instructed to look up, and she therefore fixed her eyes upon the canopy over the judge's seat. There she fixed them, and there she kept them till her examination was over, merely turning them for a moment on to Mr. Chaffanbrass when that gentleman became particularly severe in his treatment of her. What she said in answer to Mr. Steelyard was very simple. She had never witnessed but one signature in her life, and that she had done in Sir Joseph's room. The nature of the document had been explained to her. "But," as she said, "she was young and giddy then, and what went in at one ear went out at another." She didn't remember Mr. Usbech signing, but he might have done so. She thought he did not. As to the two signatures purporting to be hers, she could not say which was hers, and which was not. But this she would swear positively, that they were not both hers. To this she adhered firmly, and Mr. Steelyard handed her over to Mr. Chaffanbrass.

Then Mr. Chaffanbrass rose from his seat, and every one knew that his work was cut out for him. Mr. Furnival had triumphed. It may be said that he had demolished his witness; but his triumph had been very easy. It was now necessary to demolish Bridget Bolster, and the opinion was general that if any body could do it Mr. Chaffanbrass was the man. But there was a doggedness about Bridget Bolster which induced many to doubt whether even Chaffanbrass would be successful. Mr. Aram trusted greatly; but the bar would have preferred to stake their money on Bridget.

Chaffanbrass as he rose pushed back his small ugly wig from his forehead, thrusting it rather

on one side as he did so, and then, with his chin thrown forward, and a wicked, ill-meaning smile upon his mouth, he looked at Bridget for some moments before he spoke to her. She glanced at him, and instantly fixed her eyes back upon the canopy. She then folded her hands one on the other upon the rail before her, compressed her lips, and waited patiently.

"I think you say you're—a chambermaid?" That was the first question which Chaffanbrass asked, and Bridget Bolster gave a little start as she heard his sharp, angry, disagreeable voice.

"Yes, I am, Sir, at Palmer's Imperial Hotel, Plymouth, Devonshire; and have been for nineteen years, upper and under."

"Upper and under! What do upper and under mean?"

"When I was under, I had another above me; and now, as I'm upper, why there's others under me." So she explained her position at the hotel, but she never took her eyes from the canopy.

"You hadn't begun being—chambermaid when you signed these documents?"

"I didn't sign only one of 'em."

"Well, one of them. You hadn't begun being chambermaid then?"

"No, I hadn't; I was housemaid at Orley Farm."

"Were you upper or under there?"

"Well, I believe I was both; that is, the cook was upper in the house."

"Oh, the cook was upper. Why wasn't she called to sign her name?"

"That I can't say. She was a very decent woman—that I can say—and her name was Martha Mullens."

So far Mr. Chaffanbrass had not done much; but that was only the preliminary skirmish, as fencers play with their foils before they begin.

"And now, Bridget Bolster, if I understand you," he said, "you have sworn that on the 14th of July you only signed one of these documents."

"I only signed once, Sir. I didn't say nothing about the 14th of July, because I don't remember."

"But when you signed the one deed you did not sign any other?"

"Neither then nor never."

"Do you know the offense for which that lady is being tried—Lady Mason?"

"Well, I ain't sure; it's for doing something about the will."

"No, woman, it is not." And then, as Mr. Chaffanbrass raised his voice, and spoke with savage earnestness, Bridget again started, and gave a little leap up from the floor. But she soon settled herself back in her old position. "No one has dared to accuse her of that," continued Mr. Chaffanbrass, looking over at the lawyers on the other side. "The charge they have brought forward against her is that of perjury—of having given false evidence twenty years ago in a court of law. Now look here, Bridget Bolster; look at me, I say." She did

look at him for a moment, and then turned her eyes back to the canopy. "As sure as you're a living woman you shall be placed there and tried for the same offense—for perjury—if you tell me a falsehood respecting this matter."

"I won't say nothing but what's right," said Bridget.

"You had better not. Now look at these two signatures;" and he handed to her two deeds, or rather made one of the servants of the court hold them for him; "which of those signatures is the one which you did not sign?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Did you write that further one—that with your hand on it?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Look at it, woman, before you answer me."

Bridget looked at it, and then repeated the same words—

"I can't say, Sir."

"And now look at the other." And she again looked down for a moment. "Did you write that?"

"I can't say, Sir."

"Will you swear that you wrote either?"

"I did write one once."

"Don't prevaricate with me, woman. Were either of those signatures there written by you?"

"I suppose that one was."

"Will you swear that you wrote either the one or the other?"

"I'll swear I did write one once."

"Will you swear you wrote one of those you have before you? You can read, can't you?"

"Oh yes, I can read."

"Then look at them." Again she turned her eyes on them for half a moment. "Will you swear that you wrote either of those?"

"Not if there's another any where else," said Bridget, at last.

"Another any where else," said Chaffanbrass, repeating her words; "what do you mean by another?"

"If you've got another that any body else has done, I won't say which of the three is mine. But I did one, and I didn't do no more."

Mr. Chaffanbrass continued at it for a long time, but with very indifferent success. That affair of the signatures, which was indeed the only point on which evidence was worth any thing, he then abandoned, and tried to make her contradict herself about old Usbeeh. But on this subject she could say nothing. That Usbeeh was present she remembered well, but as to his signing the deed, or not signing it, she would not pretend to say any thing.

"I know he was cram full of gout," she said; "but I don't remember nothing more."

But it may be explained that Mr. Chaffanbrass had altogether altered his intention and the very plan of his campaign with reference to this witness, as soon as he saw what was her nature and disposition. He discovered very early in the affair that he could not force her to contradict herself and reduce her own evidence to nothing, as Furnival had done with the man.

Nothing would flurry this woman, or force her to utter words of which she herself did not know the meaning. The more he might persevere in such an attempt, the more dogged and steady she would become. He therefore soon gave that up. He had already given it up when he threatened to accuse her of perjury, and resolved that as he could not shake her he would shake the confidence which the jury might place in her. He could not make a fool of her, and therefore he would make her out to be a rogue. Her evidence would stand alone, or nearly alone; and in this way he might turn her firmness to his own purpose, and explain that her dogged resolution to stick to one plain statement arose from her having been specially instructed so to do, with the object of ruining his client. For more than half an hour he persisted in asking her questions with this object; hinting that she was on friendly terms with Dockwrath; asking her what pay she had received for her evidence; making her acknowledge that she was being kept at free quarters, and on the fat of the land. He even produced from her a list of the good things she had eaten that morning at breakfast, and at last succeeded in obtaining information as to that small but indiscreet glass of spirits. It was then, and then only, that poor Bridget became discomposed. Beef-steaks, sausages, and pigs' fry, though they were taken three times a day, were not disgraceful in her line of life; but that little thimbleful of brandy, taken after much pressing and in the openness of good fellowship, went sorely against the grain with her. "When one has to be badgered like this, one wants a drop of something more than ordinary," she said at last. And they were the only words which she did say which proved any triumph on the part of Mr. Chaffanbrass. But nevertheless Mr. Chaffanbrass was not dissatisfied. Triumph, immediate triumph over a poor maid-servant could hardly have been the object of a man who had been triumphant in such matters for the last thirty years. Would it not be practicable to make the jury doubt whether that woman could be believed? That was the triumph he desired. As for himself, Mr. Chaffanbrass knew well enough that she had spoken nothing but the truth. But had he so managed that the truth might be made to look like falsehood—or at any rate to have a doubtful air? If he had done that, he had succeeded in the occupation of his life, and was indifferent to his own triumph.

CHAPTER LXXII.

MR. FURNIVAL'S SPEECH.

ALL this, as may be supposed, disturbed Felix Graham not a little. He perceived that each of those two witnesses had made a great effort to speak the truth—an honest, painful effort to speak the truth, and in no way to go beyond it. His gall had risen within him while he had listened to Mr. Furnival, and witnessed his success

in destroying the presence of mind of that weak wretch who was endeavoring to do his best in the cause of justice. And again, when Mr. Chaffanbrass had seized hold of that poor dram, and used all his wit in deducing from it a self-condemnation from the woman before him—when the practiced barrister had striven to show that she was a habitual drunkard, dishonest, unchaste, evil in all her habits, Graham had felt almost tempted to get up and take her part. No doubt he had evinced this, for Chaffanbrass had understood what was going on in his colleague's mind, and had looked round at him from time to time with an air of scorn that had been almost unendurable.

And then it had become the duty of the prosecutors to prove the circumstances of the former trial. This was of course essentially necessary, seeing that the offense for which Lady Mason was now on her defense was perjury alleged to have been committed at that trial. And when this had been done at considerable length by Sir Richard Leatherham—not without many interruptions from Mr. Furnival and much assistance from Mr. Steelyard—it fell upon Felix Graham to show, by cross-examination of Crook the attorney, what had been the nature and effect of Lady Mason's testimony. As he arose to do this, Mr. Chaffanbrass whispered into his ear, "If you feel yourself unequal to it I'll take it up. I won't have her thrown over for any etiquette, nor yet for any squeamishness." To this Graham vouchsafed no answer. He would not even reply by a look, but he got up and did his work. At this point his conscience did not interfere with him, for the questions which he asked referred to facts which had really occurred. Lady Mason's testimony at that trial had been believed by every body. The gentleman who had cross-examined her on the part of Joseph Mason, and who was now dead, had failed to shake her evidence. The judge who tried the case had declared to the jury that it was impossible to disbelieve her evidence. That judge was still living—a poor old bedridden man—and in the course of this latter trial his statement was given in evidence. There could be no doubt that at the time Lady Mason's testimony was taken as worthy of all credit. She had sworn that she had seen the three witnesses sign the codicil, and no one had then thrown discredit on her. The upshot of all was this, that the prosecuting side proved satisfactorily that such and such things had been sworn by Lady Mason; and Felix Graham, on the side of the defense, proved that, when she had so sworn, her word had been considered worthy of credence by the judge and by the jury, and had hardly been doubted even by the counsel opposed to her. All this really had been so, and Felix Graham used his utmost ingenuity in making clear to the court how high and unassailed had been the position which his client then held.

All this occupied the court till nearly four o'clock, and then, as the case was over on the part of the prosecution, the question arose

whether or no Mr. Furnival should address the jury on that evening, or wait till the following day. "If your lordship will sit till seven o'clock," said Mr. Furnival, "I think I can undertake to finish what remarks I shall have to make by that time." "I should not mind sitting till nine for the pleasure of hearing Mr. Furnival," said the judge, who was very anxious to escape from Alston on the day but one following. And thus it was decided that Mr. Furnival should commence his speech.

I have said that in spite of some previous hesitation his old fire had returned to him when he began his work in court on behalf of his client. If this had been so when that work consisted in the cross-examination of a witness, it was much more so with him now when he had to exhibit his own powers of forensic eloquence. When a man knows that he can speak with ease and energy, and that he will be listened to with attentive ears, it is all but impossible that he should fail to be enthusiastic, even though his cause be a bad one. It was so with him now. All his old fire came back upon him, and before he had done he had almost brought himself again to believe Lady Mason to be that victim of persecution as which he did not hesitate to represent her to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I never rose to plead a client's cause with more confidence than I now feel in pleading that of my friend Lady Mason. Twenty years ago I was engaged in defending her rights in this matter, and I then succeeded. I little thought at that time that I should be called on after so long an interval to renew my work. I little thought that the pertinacity of her opponent would hold out for such a period. I compliment him on the firmness of his character, on that equable temperament which has enabled him to sit through all this trial, and to look without dismay on the unfortunate lady whom he has considered it to be his duty to accuse of perjury. I did not think that I should live to fight this battle again. But so it is; and as I had but little doubt of victory then, so have I none now. Gentlemen of the jury, I must occupy some of your time and of the time of the court in going through the evidence which has been adduced by my learned friend against my client; but I almost feel that I shall be detaining you unnecessarily, so sure I am that the circumstances, as they have been already explained to you, could not justify you in giving a verdict against her."

As Mr. Furnival's speech occupied fully three hours, I will not trouble my readers with the whole of it. He began by describing the former trial, and giving his own recollections as to Lady Mason's conduct on that occasion. In doing this he fully acknowledged, on her behalf, that she did give as evidence that special statement which her opponents now endeavored to prove to have been false. "If it were the case," he said, "that that codicil—or that pretended codicil, was not executed by old Sir Joseph Mason, and was not witnessed by Usbech, Kenneby, and

Bridget Bolster—then, in that case, Lady Mason has been guilty of perjury.” Mr. Furnival, as he made this acknowledgment, studiously avoided the face of Lady Mason. But as he made this assertion almost every body in the court except her own counsel did look at her. Joseph Mason opposite, and Dockwrath, fixed their gaze closely upon her. Sir Richard Leatherham and Mr. Steelyard turned their eyes toward her, probably without meaning to do so. The judge looked over his spectacles at her. Even Mr. Aram glanced round at her surreptitiously; and Lucius turned his face upon his mother’s, almost with an air of triumph. But she bore it all without flinching; bore it all without flinching, though the state of her mind at that moment must have been pitiable. And Mrs. Orme, who held her hand all the while, knew that it was so. The hand which rested in hers was twitched as it were convulsively, but the culprit gave no outward sign of her guilt.

Mr. Furnival then read much of the evidence given at the former trial, and especially showed how the witnesses had then failed to prove that Usbech had not been required to write his name. It was quite true, he said, that they had been equally unable to prove that he had done so; but that amounted to nothing; the “onus probandi” lay with the accusing side. There was the signature, and it was for them to prove that it was not that which it pretended to be. Lady Mason had proved that it was so; and because that had then been held to be sufficient, they now, after twenty years, took this means of invalidating her testimony. From that he went to the evidence given at the present trial, beginning with the malice and interested motives of Dockwrath. Against three of them only was it needful that he should allege any thing, seeing that the statements made by the others were in no way injurious to Lady Mason—if the statements made by those three were not credible. Torrington, for instance, had proved that other deed; but what of that, if on the fatal 14th of July Sir Joseph Mason had executed two deeds? As to Dockwrath, that his conduct had been interested and malicious there could be no doubt; and he submitted to the jury that he had shown himself to be a man unworthy of credit. As to Kenneby—that poor, weak creature, as Mr. Furnival in his mercy called him—he, Mr. Furnival, could not charge his conscience with saying that he believed him to have been guilty of any falsehood. On the contrary, he conceived that Kenneby had endeavored to tell the truth. But he was one of those men whose minds were so inconsequential that they literally did not know truth from falsehood. He had not intended to lie when he told the jury that he was not quite sure he had never witnessed two signatures by Sir Joseph Mason on the same day, nor did he lie when he told them again that he had witnessed three. He had meant to declare the truth; but he was, unfortunately, a man whose evidence could not be of much service in any case of importance, and could be of no service

whatever in a criminal charge tried, as was done in this instance, more than twenty years after the alleged commission of the offense. With regard to Bridget Bolster, he had no hesitation whatever in telling the jury that she was a woman unworthy of belief—unworthy of that credit which the jury must place in her before they could convict any one on her unaided testimony. It must have been clear to them all that she had come into court drilled and instructed to make one point-blank statement, and to stick to that. She had refused to give any evidence as to her own signature. She would not even look at her own name as written by herself; but had contented herself with repeating over and over again those few words which she had been instructed so to say—the statement namely, that she had never put her hand to more than one deed.

Then he addressed himself, as he concluded his speech, to that part of the subject which was more closely personal to Lady Mason herself. “And now, gentlemen of the jury,” he said, “before I can dismiss you from your weary day’s work, I must ask you to regard the position of the lady who has been thus accused, and the amount of probability of her guilt which you may assume from the nature of her life. I shall call no witnesses as to her character, for I will not submit her friends to the annoyance of those questions which the gentlemen opposite might feel it their duty to put to them. Circumstances have occurred—so much I will tell you, and so much no doubt you all personally know, though it is not in evidence before you—circumstances have occurred which would make it cruel on my part to place her old friend Sir Peregrine Orme in that box. The story, could I tell it to you, is one full of romance, but full also of truth and affection. But though Sir Peregrine Orme is not here, there sits his daughter by Lady Mason’s side, there she has sat through this tedious trial, giving comfort to the woman that she loves, and there she will sit till your verdict shall have made her further presence here unnecessary. His lordship and my learned friend there will tell you that you can not take that as evidence of character. They will be justified in so telling you; but I, on the other hand, defy you not to take it as such evidence. Let us make what laws we will, they can not take precedence of human nature. There too sits my client’s son. You will remember that at the beginning of this trial the solicitor-general expressed a wish that he were not here. I do not know whether you then responded to that wish, but I believe I may take it for granted that you do not do so now. Had any woman dear to either of you been so placed through the malice of an enemy, would you have hesitated to sit by her in her hour of trial? Had you doubted of her innocence you might have hesitated; for who could endure to hear announced in a crowded court like this the guilt of a mother or a wife? But he has no doubt. Nor, I believe, has any living being in this court—unless it be her kinsman opposite, whose life for the last twenty years has been

made wretched by a wicked longing after the patrimony of his brother.

"Gentlemen of the jury, there sits my client with as loving a friend on one side as ever woman had, and with her only child on the other. During the incidents of this trial the nature of the life she has led during the last twenty years—since the period of that terrible crime with which she is charged—has been proved before you. I may fearlessly ask you whether so fair a life is compatible with the idea of guilt so foul? I have known her intimately during all those years—not as a lawyer, but as a friend—and I confess that the audacity of this man Dockwrath in assailing such a character with such an accusation strikes me almost with admiration. What! Forgery!—for that, gentlemen of the jury, is the crime with which she is substantially charged. Look at her as she sits there! That she, at the age of twenty, or not much more—she who had so well performed the duties of her young life, that she should have forged a will, have traced one signature after another in such a manner as to have deceived all those lawyers who were on her track immediately after her husband's death! For, mark you, if this be true, with her own hand she must have done it! There was no accomplice there. Look at her! Was she a forger? Was she a woman to deceive the sharp blood-hounds of the law? Could she, with that young baby on her bosom, have wrested from such as him"—and as he spoke he pointed with his finger, but with a look of unutterable scorn, to Joseph Mason, who was sitting opposite to him—"that fragment of his old father's property which he coveted so sorely? Where had she learned such skilled artifice? Gentlemen, such ingenuity in crime as that has never yet been proved in a court of law, even against those who have spent a life of wretchedness in acquiring such skill; and now you are asked to believe that such a deed was done by a young wife, of whom all that you know is that her conduct in every other respect had been beyond all praise! Gentlemen, I might have defied you to believe this accusation had it even been supported by testimony of a high character. Even in such case you would have felt that there was more behind than had been brought to your knowledge. But now, having seen, as you have, of what nature are the witnesses on whose testimony she has been impeached, it is impossible that you should believe this story. Had Lady Mason been a woman steeped in guilt from her infancy, had she been noted for cunning and fraudulent ingenuity, had she been known as an expert forger, you would not have convicted her on this indictment, having had before you the malice and greed of Dockwrath, the stupidity, I may almost call it idiocy, of Kenneby, and the dogged resolution to conceal the truth evinced by the woman Bolster. With strong evidence you could not have believed such a charge against so excellent a lady. With such evidence as you have had before you, you could not have believed the charge against a previously convicted felon.

"And what has been the object of this terrible persecution—of the dreadful punishment which has been inflicted on this poor lady? For remember, though you can not pronounce her guilty, her sufferings have been terribly severe. Think what it must have been for a woman with habits such as hers to have looked forward for long, long weeks to such a martyrdom as this! Think what she must have suffered in being dragged here and subjected to the gaze of all the county as a suspected felon! Think what must have been her feelings when I told her, not knowing how deep an ingenuity might be practiced against her, that I must counsel her to call to her aid the unequalled talents of my friend Mr. Chaffanbrass"—"Unequaled no longer, but far surpassed," whispered Chaffanbrass, in a voice that was audible through all the centre of the court. "Her punishment has been terrible," continued Mr. Furnival. "After what she has gone through, it may well be doubted whether she can continue to reside at that sweet spot which has aroused such a feeling of avarice in the bosom of her kinsman. You have heard that Sir Joseph Mason had promised his eldest son that Orley Farm should form a part of his inheritance. It may be that the old man did make such a promise. If so, he thought fit to break it. But is it not wonderful that a man wealthy as is Mr. Mason—for his fortune is large—who has never wanted any thing that money can buy; a man for whom his father did so much, that he should be stirred up by disappointed avarice to carry in his bosom for twenty years so bitter a feeling of rancor against those who are nearest to him by blood and ties of family! Gentlemen, it has been a fearful lesson; but it is one which neither you nor I will ever forget!

"And now I shall leave my client's ease in your hands. As to the verdict which you will give, I have no apprehension. You know as well as I do that she has not been guilty of this terrible crime. That you will so pronounce I do not for a moment doubt. But I do hope that that verdict will be accompanied by some expression on your part which may show to the world at large how great has been the wickedness displayed in the accusation."

And yet as he sat down he knew that she had been guilty! To his ear her guilt had never been confessed; but yet he knew that it was so, and, knowing that, he had been able to speak as though her innocence were a thing of course. That those witnesses had spoken truth he also knew, and yet he had been able to hold them up to the execration of all around them as though they had committed the worst of crimes from the foulest of motives! And more than this, stranger than this, worse than this: when the legal world knew—as the legal world soon did know—that all this had been so, the legal world found no fault with Mr. Furnival, conceiving that he had done his duty by his client in a manner becoming an English barrister and an English gentleman.

MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.*

III.

MISS SCHAEFFER was the Fashion. Not because she was beautiful; not because she sang like the sirens; by no means because she was a schoolmistress; but simply because she was proud enough to rival Lucifer.

Miss Schaeffer was not easily accessible. The revels that desired to grace themselves with her presence were under the necessity of taking infinite pains to procure it. She denied herself to most; was friendly with few, familiar with none. On one side, she persisted in remembering herself a menial, and in asserting that she knew her place, and had a strange consciousness that by stepping on higher ground she subjected herself to insult. On the other side, owning no longer a mistress, she felt most richly independent, would not condescend to mingle with people on the level where they would receive her, and, in fact, seemed to regard no one in that region as quite equal to the honor of her contact. For myself, I do not hesitate to say that I consider this pride of Miss Schaeffer's to have been most unchristian; taking it at its best estate, it was a rebellious anger with Fate, and the only palliating thing about it was that her blood ran with it—every little globule in her veins rolling along crowned in its own right; taking it at its worst—well, all pride beyond self-respect is ignoble, is it not? But it did not so strike the good people of Charleston. Autoerats approve of autoeracy. By reason of demanding so much she obtained more. Such tremendous claims granted their own suit. It was something to have one's children instructed by so great a lady. The proprietress of the day-school at 7 — Street was once more what the ladies of Schaefferslin had been. Mrs. Ediston saw her quondam governess the honored and solicited friend of those haughty old city families intrenched behind the deposit of generations of aristocracy; Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had no need to chafe because his love had stooped from high degree in bestowing itself. But in truth Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had no leisure to think of any thing of the kind, since all his time was taken up in mal-edications on his maladroitness.

Meanwhile the school prospered. The flower of the city's young maidens spent five hours beneath her roof each day. Had she chosen to convert the affair into a *pension* she would have coined untold gold. As it was, many were sent from surrounding districts and parishes to board elsewhere and avail themselves of her skill. Soon she joined other teachers to her corps, and confined herself to the more gracious tasks of the vocation, moving among the idolizing girls like some sweetly-stooping queen. It was Madeleine Schaeffer in a new guise—no longer with need of defiance, and pouring all the sunshine of her nature out on those about her. For she

was happy—at rest at once in a glorious humility and a proud content.

Some fresh, fine influence, as if of her very self, seemed to pervade the house. Those who entered were loth to leave. It was always a picture: the soft and creamily-matted floors; the windows, beneath their long folds of noiselessly-waving snowy linen, open on great sheets of blue-burning sky; the walls hung here and there with delicate, darkly-framed engravings, and more lately with a seldom water-color—the vivid copy of some flaming dream of Turner's—white columns, answering pools, and a fiery flush of sky; or great galley-beaks and darkening cliffs, a trailing wake of mer-people, the shadow of a god among the clouds, and a mad revel of radiance and color low down along the sunrise and the sea. The young heads, bright and dark, bent clusteringly and hushed above the suspended leaf. One form gliding here and there among them, sedate and sweet, majestic and mild, gliding with words and smiles, and bringing all the mysteries of study into clear light by a touch of her pointing finger. It was no wonder that when Dr. Develin came into this innocent Eden which his hand had first ordered he forgot to go, and going came again, till the children began to recognize something genial and beaming in the Spanish sunshine of that smile, and to feel him the authorized guardian of their work. For it was Dr. Develin who had secured the house for her, who had furnished it with its simple luxuries—suffering her to remain in his debt therefor, since he feared she would not accept his glad gift—who had left those prints, those few costly Landseers, on the walls, had shrined that bland bust of a scholarly dreamer, had hung that tiny precious *alto-relievo*, most exquisitely cut from some white, lucent stone, to strike wafts of coolness down the room when any looked at its glacial peaks splintering in light—at its awed and hushed waves, that seemed to have risen heavily and frozen never to fall—at its one lost ship, with rimed and stiffened cordage and glued and shining sheets, walled in the silent deathly prison of an icy eternity. It was Dr. Develin that had made the sleeping-room, opening on garden and river, something ever as bright as if it were trimmed for a festal day; who had so snowily veiled it to be haunted only by pure dreams; he who had covered the buffet-shelves of the little dining-place with engraven glass and china like tangible vapor; he who had one day spread the table, had gayly hindered while she prepared, and eaten the first oblation with her the first morning, as she called it now, of her life. They were Dr. Develin's servants who bustled about the whole, and suffered no lightest labor to fall upon their mistress; and to themselves she paid their wages, and felt freed thereby from every jot of obligation to their master. But let Dr. Develin do all he could, it had been done in vain, and the place were cheerless and cold but for this summery presence through it, this open piano with its gleaming keys and scattered sheets of

* Continued from the June Number.

music, this easel half unveiled, this elfin work-basket with its bright tools and gay silks, this open book, this faded flower—even if Madeleine herself had been unseen these things would have babbled of her. As it was, no day elapsed but it found for the Doctor excuse to appear—to appear—to appear and to linger. Juliet Develin, too, came twice in the week, and received a singing-lesson, and a silent, gentle tutelage of manner as well (for so little had she ever been with her brother that she had never caught his elegant ease). Of course her brother called for her. Sundays gave the two, sometimes with the spinster aunt, pretext for refusing elaborate banquets and sitting round the glittering little table at Miss Schaeffer's. Then there came baskets of flowers, baskets of fruits, not to be intrusted to Scipio or Cyril. And after that there was the health of the school to be considered. Circumstances, take them for all in all, beamed propitiously upon the Doctor.

When Madeleine, a girl just on the brink of womanhood, a rose-bud just blushing into damask, had traveled Europe over with her father—a dark and silent gentleman, so grave and courteous, had in nowise touched her fancy. The time with her was youth, the scene was Venice. In an atmosphere of chivalry and romance she would have looked rather for some ideal youth. Dr. Develin was a dozen years her senior; moreover she was yet unconscious, ignorant of her nature, of her needs: she did not yield herself, yet something in his addresses pleased her, she could not have answered why. But while he pleaded and she dallied the *père* Schaeffer looked on ill-pleased. He knew nothing of Dr. Develin, and had no idea of wasting his pearl of price on an obscure country physician. He had estates? So much the worse! he would then take her from Schaeffer'slin, and to have the proud name of his race die out of the place of his birth? The thing was not to be thought of. The father took his child and her possessions and left Venice under cover of the night. But now should the trial approach her again, would Madeleine Schaeffer know herself any better?

Months had glided away; her second term began as prosperously as her first; there was money in her purse. The spring trembled on the verge of summer. Madeleine had become so attached to her school and its ways that she looked forward with a kind of dismay to the long vacation. She did not know what the plans of the Develins might be: they had half hinted that she must come to them, for Spray Rocks was perennially cool and fresh; but whether or not, the North had no faces now to draw her magnetically upward: she intended to remain in her little house, rest and rebuild herself for the winter. But during these months it suddenly occurred to her she had not seen Mr. Roanoke—except perhaps when his horse staid to drink at a distant well as he crossed the market-place, or as once, when his face had bent frowningly downward in that

huge square pew beside the pulpit, at church. What so suddenly made her remember this fact, which had not recurred to her before, sentient as she was of the relief from him albeit? How can I tell? All that I know about it is, that just at the instant Eliza ushered in a gentleman.

The children had all gone home for the day and the teachers. A servant had packed several of the empty forms into an omnivorous closet and departed; Miss Schaeffer flitted slowly from desk to desk and destroyed disorder. Without, the day was already piercing with brightness, the air stifling with sultriness; within, all was cool, softly-tempered, and sweet, as one of the chambers of a white day-lily. The guest paused an instant at the scene: the long, lovely room, built like the ancient cloisters of a nunnery; the arcades on one side of it leading a row of open airy arches upon the garden that was a wilderness of bloom and fragrance; the song of a single bird, the splash of a fountain, dropping in thereat; the white-robed figure moving so gently and touching things with her rosy finger-tips, trilling her breath into a little melody as she went, turning suddenly and with wide-open hazel eyes surveying Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke!

He sat in one corner of a sofa, his elbow on the arm, his head leaning on his hand, the sombrero drooping listlessly in the other hand across his knees, his eyes fallen away from gazing, his grim face sad and dark.

"Mr. Roanoke!" said Madeleine, floating forward. "I am glad to see you. Do not stay there. You have not been here before, and do not know how pleasantly I am placed. I must show you my atom of a house, and my housekeeping like a fairy's, and we must have a house-warming thereupon. How do you do? I hope Mrs. Ediston is well. And the children?"

This while he stood before her, his eyes upon the floor, and vainly endeavoring to call up some slave of a word in answer. When he raised his glance it was to curse the ease with which she addressed him, the total want of embarrassment about her, that kindness which she used—better hatred than kindness, he wanted love!

It was true that Madeleine, by some means or other having with, for her, unwonted generosity forgotten past scores, now felt as if Mr. Roanoke were an old friend instead of an old antagonist, associated him with a former phase of life, would gladly have extended brotherly treatment toward him. But all this time one idea stood out clearly in his mind, as if it were written there in letters of lightning. There was her hand held toward him—her hand which he would have died to kiss, and which he dared not touch at all, lest his audacious grasp should lift it, his head should bend, his lips should print themselves upon it once again as once before they did. So Madeleine withdrew her hand the least in the world offended, the slightest film creeping over that sunny manner.

"The children?" said Mr. Roanoke, his eye resting on her fixedly, so that the sound of his voice, nervously sharp, was like lights playing round some spear's point. "The children? I came to speak of them."

"They are not ill, I hope."

"By no means," recovering himself as she led the way down the room; "but every one who has any thing to do with them is—and ill at case moreover. Madeleine"—pausing insouciantly as he walked—"where did that panel come from, pray?"

"It was a gift of Miss Develin's, Mr. Roanoke."

"It's a priceless thing! Develin hunted Venice through to find it last year—he had an old association with it—he had once seen some beautiful girl's face backed against these carmines and carnations in a broad noon ray. Can you imagine who the girl could be? Develin is quite a bachelor, you know."

Madeleine could not have told him why her own face flushed.

"He should not have suffered his sister to give me so costly a thing, then," she said.

"A jewel has a right to its golden setting, Madeleine."

"Mr. Roanoke, we were speaking of the children."

"Humph! Miss Schaeffer, you again? Don't begin with that idea. I never shall!"

"You will do as you please, Mr. Roanoke, as all the world knows."

"But you know better!" he cried, sharply; and then, as he saw her shrink into herself and put on her air of adamant, he added, savagely, "Well, it is better to affect you so than in no way at all!"

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roanoke," said she. "If you will excuse me for saying it, I like you extremely; I wish much to be friends. But if you persist in conducting so, I shall be as glad to see you go as I was to see you come!"

"This room is charmingly arranged," said Mr. Roanoke then, as if nothing under the sun had been said. "Is it your taste?"

"Oh no. Dr. Develin's. And see that vine—is it not superb? The blossoms look like flakes of sunrise: it is almost an exotic even here, for he imported it from the Orinoco."

"Indeed! I see a rose which came from Spray Rocks also, I think."

"Several. And he trailed white passion-flowers across my bedroom window."

"A fine thing to be a family physician. Charming boluses his! You have known the Doctor some time. How was it?"

"I met him when I was young, in Europe."

"A long acquaintanceship forsooth! But you said I was to see your housekeeping. This door leads into the inferno?"

"The kitchen is across the garden. That is my dining-room. And here is dinner on the table. I meant to have asked Miss Grudge to stay and dine. She devours forced fruit. As it is, may I not have Mr. Roanoke?"

"If I break bread with you we shall not quarrel," said Mr. Roanoke, with some relenting lightness.

"You will break your word too, then, I fancy. Here are no three courses and entremets, but game that the Doctor sent me, some wine like the rice-bird's song in June bottled over a Berkshire meadow, a peach, a pomegranate. Will you sit?"

"With pleasure."

There came a little silence, broken only by the clatter of silver and glass. There were no attendants. Mr. Roanoke poured the wine.

"Wine like the bobolink's song in June," he repeated; "that it is, indeed. This racy sparkle bubbles through it as if light had been sealed inside the flask first, like that joy that seems to escape the bird's heart when his wings flash in time to his tune. But I know a sweeter song!"

"What is that?" asked Miss Schaeffer, busy with the ladle.

"Du meine Seele!"

"And what may that be?"—spilling her soup.

"You ask? It is your own voice that must answer."

"I? And without knowing it?"

"Nobody believes you. This song, that, had his soul half escaped a man's lips, would call it back to meet the singer's soul there!"

"A most powerful incantation, and a palpable interference with Providence—not to mention any post-mortem unpleasantness!"

"It is the song to sing to the man you love!" said Mr. Roanoke, suddenly and irately.

"Well, well," said Miss Schaeffer, striking the bell; "I need not learn it immediately."

Servants brought silence. But presently:

"When are we to see you at the Fields again?" asked Mr. Roanoke, raising his glass so that the blood-dyed ray flashed in her face.

Other and fresher color flew over Madeleine's forehead. For the first time that day she remembered distinctly the circumstances under which she had left them.

"Unfortunate as ever!" muttered Mr. Roanoke, and fell to admiring the service, and learned for his pains that Dr. Develin selected it.

"How is it," said Mr. Roanoke, brusquely, "that you let Develin give you the sack of a city, while I may not so much as offer you a pin?"

"I am to pay Dr. Develin," retorted Madeleine, before she was aware.

"Without a doubt!" said Mr. Roanoke, with the true Roanoke sneer.

Madeleine flung herself back in her chair, wondering what caprice of chance had placed her again where she must endure Mr. Roanoke's insults.

"Mr. Roanoke!" said she, quickly and angrily, and forgetful of the instincts of hospitality, "if you desire to be my friend you must conduct yourself like a gentleman!"

"Madeleine," said he, half rising, "I have no desire to be your friend."

In an instant she remembered herself.

"How ridiculously we act!" said she, reaching her hand across the table. "Do not go, Mr. Roanoke. Pray, forgive me! Let Great Jove smooth his brow! Don't suffer me to be guilty of such inhospitality as would make all the Schaeffers groan in their graves!"

Mr. Roanoke had her at advantage. If he went now she would take further trouble to reconcile him; she would not rest till she had atoned for her breach of good-feeling; he should become an object of solicitude to her; consideration would grow therefrom—importance; he saw himself, by swift steps, the possible object of her regard. And I—indeed if Mr. Roanoke refuses now to be appeased, I can not answer for the consequences! But, on the other hand, these were dim probabilities at best; the present was here and pleasure with it. How could he withstand that pleading voice—that asking face? How could he grieve her by going? She really wished him to stay, it seemed. So he staid. Ah! Mr. Roanoke, were you then in your dotage?

Mr. Roanoke sat paring her peach.

"Tell me, then," said he, "what can I do to please you. Give you the whole world, as Develin does? But you would not accept it. You can obey none of my prescriptions. Why? Because I prescribe—myself; and it rouses the seven friends of mine cast out of the namesake of yours for you to think of obeying *me*. What then?" and he threw the paring over his shoulder, where it made the coveted *S*—"offer you my life's devotion? That enrages you to such a degree of white heat that you would go up in a chariot of fire unless I desisted. How is it I may be that difficult delight, your friend? Tell me, how can I please you best?"

So this was Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke—the man of spirit! Madeleine scarcely dared look at him at first, she thought him jeering; and then, half pitying, thought him imbecile. But men of his type must either be wholly lordly or wholly servile. The way in which he could please her best was never to cross her path again. She was terrified lest he should pester her into marrying him. But how could that be told him? She sat gazing into the depths of her glass, vainly hoping to find some kind sentence, some soothing idea peering out of its liquid sunshine, as the naiad of the draught might peer. But nothing met her; the silence was growing intense. To relieve it, Heaven only knows what concession, what hope she might have given the man, when the door quietly opened and closed behind Dr. Develin. Relief! he came like a breeze through thick weather. Roanoke bit his lips and drew down the heavy brows, bristling like a lion in his lair. Madeleine looked up, and a positive crystal spun from her eyelashes, the succor was so timely.

"So I shall not quite lose luncheon," said the Doctor, drawing up a chair. "And if you asked me when I would take my coffee, Miss Schaeffer, I should answer, I should tell you—now."

Coffee was served straightway in something

like blanched nut-shells, so tiny and so exquisitely corrugated were the cups.

"Not a pomegranate first, Develin?"

"No, thank you, Roanoke. I am afraid of that mythic seed. One remembers the old story—there is fire enough in your eye to-day. I don't desire to see it issuing from your lips."

"You speak in parable."

"Never less. And where have you been all winter, man?"

"At home."

"A Louisiana relapse?"

"Pshaw!"

"I have called at the Fields in vain till I abandoned the business. Now I have him, let me pin him to the point. Why, may I ask, was that nomination refused? Let Congress slip by you? or do you rather aspire to a seat in the coming 'Federation of the World?' Now Vaurien has it, he'll keep it."

"And welcome. No one will have it long. I've been busy, Dr. Develin. How, you will hear too soon. When a man's dead he must bury himself somewhere. '*Je suis las, je suis mort, laissez-moi dormir!*'" and he threw himself back in a kind of bitter lassitude.

There is nothing so utterly devoid of interest as this shallow prosperity that does not demand so much as the effort to swim. Just here the Doctor seems so prosperous that one does not care a straw for him. With this poor proud Roanoke I confess there might be some sympathy if—

"Tush!" said the Doctor. "You're bilious. No coffee—calomel."

"Aphoristic, but unsound. I'm in perfect health."

"And spoiling for a fight?"

"*Noblesse oblige.*"

"For 'tis their nature to," Madeleine threw in from Dr. Watts.

"What a pity," said Develin, "that I'm the only man in the world who understands your constitution, or— You'd spare me, perhaps. Your soul's not your own, you see, but mine—mine to loose and mine to bind. Medicine is omnipotent, the leech carries the king's life, God save the King! But here's Miss Schaeffer," and lightly as Dr. Develin spoke, those white lids of his suddenly drooped over the black blaze below them; "will you be the target for these daggers in my friend's eye? Shall he try the temper of his weapons on you?"

"Not so near the truth, Dr. Develin. Mr. Roanoke and I often try the weapons of our temper on each other."

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Mrs. Fitzroy's carriage has been waiting, a humble petitioner at the palace-gate, since immemorial time. Suppose we constitute ourselves a committee of two and bring her into the imperial presence."

"You make me out worse than I am, Sir. Mrs. Fitzroy, you know, is my excellent patron. I wasn't aware she waited; the servants shall admit her."

"In my person;" and the Doctor disappeared.

Mr. Roanoke rose. "If all your visitors are as free and easy—"

"You are at liberty to form a notable exception, Mr. Roanoke," said Madeleine with a flash.

Mr. Roanoke laughed; if she would always be angry, he should always command. "You are right, Miss Schaeffer. See, I begin to do so. Yet you should remember that life is too short for one man to play all the rôles."

"You are going?"

"Directly. When you have told me if the girls may be added to your charge."

"Essie and Ally? I shall be delighted. It is so long since I have seen them."

"And I prevented. But that is all over. You shall have no more of my vagaries, believe me," said Mr. Roanoke, with lofty assumption. "Ah! the girls have tried one or two governesses—you like the word, I believe—but you had made us fastidious. Now I will bring them in and back daily—Clara, too, with your permission."

A dreadful vista opened before Madeleine—the vision of Mr. Roanoke twice every day. But before it had fairly slid into the object-glass of her perception, and been shoved out by his recent promise, Dr. Develin and Mrs. Fitzroy entered.

Mr. Roanoke stood with his hat in his hand and bowed low to Mrs. Fitzroy, an old friend of his and capable of proving an excellent ally. You may doubt it, O chivalrous reader! but the noblest of men being despondently in love will stoop. And Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke was not the noblest of men. Accustomed to the plots of politics, plots for passion swept through his scheming brain. Mrs. Fitzroy was too attractive a personage for him to yield etiquette its immediate due; then he still lingered along, apparently lost in the book he had absently lifted, till, abruptly starting at her farewells, he handed her into the cumbrous chariot, and bestowed himself opposite.

But Dr. Develin remained that day, no unusual proceeding. As Madeleine went to her easel he established himself in a great chair of Indian wicker, and drew from his pocket a booklet in white vellum and gold, which he thereon read for her delectation. It was the drama of the Steadfast Prince; and now and then when, as Shelley says, the translation became a crucible where were lost the subtle and volatile essences of language, he gave the stately sentences of sonorous Spanish, as if a correct instinct would teach her the interpretation, and all being done, threw open the piano and there rolled around them those clouds of music with which Mendelssohn once interpenetrated Calderon.

And then after the evening had gathered and fallen, Miss Juliet appeared, sumptuously decked, from some gay resort, and begged her to drive home with them—a constant invitation as constantly declined; then they crackled dainty rusks and drank healths in steaming cups of tea till Juliet declared herself nervously inebriated and

conducted accordingly; and when the thunder-shower had spent itself and fled they fled behind it, Juliet's laugh still ringing down the lonely streets. But as she at length laid her head on her pillow, that night and others, Madeleine could certainly no longer complain of solitude.

A day or two passed, and with them new hope had dawned on Mr. Roanoke. Not to speak of purpose or plot, already concerted and taking effect, he remembered that a sense of obligation is no path to a woman's love—rather look to it that thereby you do not make her hate you by very reason of the weight. Yet there are countless delicate attentions which demonstrate to her that all the beautiful and fine accretions of the universe deposit round her by right. This Mr. Roanoke acted upon as if it were a discovery of his own. His offerings were light, rare, perfect; yet somehow they had always been superseded before they reached her by others yet rarer. As these few days slipped by, on one and another device of carelessness, but ill-assumed, and that creaked on rusty joints, as it were, Mr. Roanoke was constant as the sun; but Dr. Develin was the heaven into which the sun came. Mr. Roanoke's ever possible gloom made his moods somewhat heavy; Dr. Develin's cheer gave him a brilliant play of light such as falling waters in the ray flash forth; but this was perhaps due to the force of an iron will which did not just yet choose bending to despair. Mr. Roanoke's flow-ers arrived always when the noon had abstracted the life from the leaf and the strength from the petal; but Dr. Develin could send a basket of fragrantest blooms all wet with the morning to Miss Schaeffer's door while her eyes were yet sealed in dreams, and she awoke from some Garden of Eden to find herself intoxicated with the drenching perfumes of purplest heliotropes which the laughing, burglarious Miss Juliet scattered about her; and on another day the rank wonder of scent and fibre and tint, only to be found a weed on the wet rice-lands of the Fields, was infallibly forgotten in any little crisp spray of bells discovered by Eliza on the step beside the morning paper, dropped as a salute by the Doctor, who, a famous tramp, had doubtlessly found the city by way of all the woods between ere opening his day's work; and since he had the freedom of the house, she was ever sure of finding some tempting morsel of transfigured sunshine, speaking of an unseen genius, and left lying on a leaf in her work-basket at noon or on her table at night—a thing to melt in the tasting as a snow-flake on the stream.

Doubtless there was something desirable in the perpetual foresight of two such potent spirits—had they been merely her friends, had they demanded nothing in return, no guerdon that outweighed their best. As it was—well, the coin of the land would not long be current were it issued without alloy. And in the mean time, in spite of his ardor, there was a certain quality of condescension in Mr. Roanoke's way of bestowing his affection that made rebuffing him piquant.

But halcyon days have their close. One afternoon Mr. Roanoke came in—Dr. Develin, having finished the rounds among his patients—charity-patients, he had no care of rich ones—sat coolly reading the paper in the arcades behind blue curling wreaths of a Havana. Vain task to sit him out. Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke lost patience in the endeavor; he cursed between his teeth the lot that left the game in the other's hands, that rendered him now so surely committed as to be no longer a free agent; rose and bade Miss Schaeffer farewell, as he was about to leave her on a brief journey.

A blast of smoke from Develin's nostrils followed him in Mexican contempt.

"Treason," said he, laconically.

"Treason, they say, ne'er prospers. What's the reason?"

"Why, when it prospers men don't call it treason!" added Madeleine.

"Surely *you* don't indorse the new madness?" he cried, half starting up.

"I? Except the vague rumors abroad I know nothing about it."

"They will soon lose their vagueness," replied the Doctor, beginning to pace impatiently up and down the tessellated floor of the arcades.

"Ah, Sir," said Madeleine, interrupting his thoughts with a gay archness of smile, "there is something that interests me more than so great a question—the great doubloon belongs to the King, the little picayune is *mine*, you see."

"What is it?" he asked, turning at once.

"Can you spare me a moment?"

"Many."

"A few is all I petition for." She led the way in. "I want to go over our accounts."

The Doctor gave a shrug and a grimace. "Will you not let them be as they are?" he said. "They are a dead-letter. Respect the sanctity of their resting-place."

"By no means. I beg you to do as I wish."

The sunshine and sport forsook the Doctor's eye, gloom fell on his brow like a cloud's shadow on a landscape.

"Very well," he remarked, "since it contents you better. Only if I have a paper relating to the matter, which indeed I doubt, it is at home among a wilderness of its kin."

"I have the accounts here. You can tell me if they are correct."

Item by item he checked them off, and at the end, without looking up, ill-pleased and reluctant, assured her all was right.

"And that sum releases me entirely from your debt?" asked Madeleine, high-spirited with so happy a sense of delicious independence that it rendered her obtuse.

"Yes."

Madeleine lifted her little purse, and let the light flash through its glittering chinks somewhat theatrically, then poured out its contents on the table, shifted them with swift-counting fingers, and swept the whole over toward the Doctor. "I owe no man a penny!" she said. "Why do you not take it, Sir?"

Develin sat with his arms on the table before him, his eyes bent upon them, and his face like some metal east that has lost all solvent grace in fixity. At length he rose, the little heap of gold untouched.

"Good-by, Madeleine," said he.

"And you will not put me out of debt?"

"Child—take your all?"

"It is not my all! I am established. I have health, a sure income, friends—I owe every thing to you! And there is so much for which I can not pay you!"

"Miss Schaeffer—I had hoped— No matter; we are friends. Whatever I have done for you has been my own delight. Madeleine, child! I can not take your money."

"But if I insist?" she asked, gayly, not half comprehending the seriousness of his mood.

"Then you give hope its death-warrant. You sign my exile."

He stood up and faced her, bent above her, a hand heavily imposed on either shoulder, gazed so steadfastly, darkly, an instant. "I dare not stay!" he murmured. "Madeleine, good-by!" and was gone.

But Madeleine, made merry by two providences—the first, Mr. Roanoke's departure; for once or twice of late the old Roanoke spirit had broken through like a flame, and given her and Develin a piece of Mr. Geoffrey's mind: the second, this long looked-for completion of her work. Madeleine was not to be thwarted in that way. She had so ardently anticipated the sweet luxury of paying her debts—it might have been selfish, yet it was excusable. She gathered the coins into a little box whose lid she secured and directed, summoned one of the servants and dispatched him to find some conveyance to Spray Rocks, and leave that parcel there before his master should arrive at home. The Develin slaves were not like other people's; they could carry messages exactly, and follow the directions given. It was nightfall when the boy returned. *He* had overdone the business indeed, having caught Dr. Develin and delivered the box into his own hands. "Is it so, then?" the Doctor had said, and driven on.

Madeleine wondered a little during the vacant evening about that brief sentence of the Doctor's; she thought she would make it all right when he came to-morrow; he would better feel the impossibility of her indebtedness, and, of all persons in the world, to him. Well, why to him? Madeleine suddenly turned the leaf and buried herself in her book.

But the next day Dr. Develin did not come, nor yet the next, and then a week slid off and she had not seen him. She learned from Juliet, at the latter's singing lesson, that the Doctor was not ill; but other questions trembling on her tongue, she could not, for some occult reason, make audible. Meanwhile no Misses Ediston had crossed Miss Schaeffer's threshold.

IV.

I have never quite accounted to myself how

any thing inconsistent with the high honor he professed could find place in Mr. Roanoke's intentions. His case was hopeless, true; honor would not bring him love, therefore he'd none of it perhaps. It was his sole recourse. In that hour of Mrs. Fitzroy's call on the first day that he had ventured into Miss Schaeffer's domicile, he turned the subject over and over in his mind while he sat there broodingly, till it had lost half its ugliness through familiarity, till he had extracted all its bitter and poisonous honey. But then for him, the haughty Geoffrey, to need a woman's assistance in reaching his aim! it was humbling. And to admit a woman into his sacred confidence! it was more humbling. And to let her see him desert his lofty standard! it was most humbling. And to desert it!—ah! not without a pang. He execrated this Mrs. Fitzroy even while making use of her. Yet there was nothing else to do; Madeleine Schaeffer could never be his by fair means, his then by foul means he swore she should be! Yet in those succeeding weeks, when she had every day blessed his eyes, the remembrance of this dishonor, and of its necessity to him, had made no few of the roughnesses and wild outbreaks of his temper that had gradually served to ice her manner toward him.

Mrs. Fitzroy sank into her chair, with all her muslins floating round her, on the day when she brought Mr. Roanoke home with her in the eumbrous chariot—after a moment's languid silence taking the fan from the hand of the attendant Frances and dismissing her. Then she suffered her glance to fall on the gentleman, where he had established himself on a somewhat lower seat, like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel.

"Mr. Roanoke," said she, "you should marry."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fitzroy," he replied, "that is exactly what I wish to do."

"Unmarried," added the lady, "every man is Bohemian—he prowls on our borders. Married, he has a stake in society."

"It is then for your interest, as a member of the confraternity aforesaid, to give me assistance."

"Command me."

"You're my friend," began Mr. Roanoke.

"What a thing friendship is, world without end!" quoted Mrs. Fitzroy.

"No trouble it will not allay."

"And your trouble?"

"I—have lost my governess."

"Bah!" said the lady, shutting her fan with a fling.

"Yes," continued Mr. Roanoke, heedless of the pastoral ejaculation. "It is impossible to fill her place; our little maids are little savages. What are we to do?"

"My dear Geoffrey," replied the other, laying her closed fan on his shoulder as she bent forward, "if you can not trust me entirely do not trust me at all."

"Trust you? How can I speak with more frankness than to tell you we have lost Miss Schaeffer, and wish to get her back again?"

"We? Mrs. Ediston regrets the loss, I fancy!"

Mr. Roanoke laughed. "It is enough that I do."

"And why?"

He paused an instant, and then his eyes shed flames upon the floor.

"Because I love her!" he muttered, with swift, hoarse vehemence.

"Which alters the ease. Now tell me my share in the matter. How came she to leave you?"

"Because I told her I loved her."

"A woman of Miss Schaeffer's nobility is not so much insulted by that assurance."

"Mrs. Fitzroy, I have no self-command."

"You!"

"Sang froid to any extent. But once heat this boisterous blood of mine, and there are no valves to sit on. I did not woo, except as lions woo. Abdel Medjid commands a Georgian girl as I commanded her. To be sure, I gave her her choice—she could leave the house, or stay in it my wife. Yet, by the Lord Harry! had she been so tame as to take me at my word I should have run away. The draught I offered was fire-water, but it was a tisane to this poison-punch of a school with which she regaled and annihilated me, brewed by Develin, and with neither the acid nor the spirit left out. There you have it!"

"I am glad that you are ashamed of yourself. And I can help you?"

Mr. Roanoke raised his head, for as he spoke he had bent with a hand on either temple, dinting there the sigil of the great ancestral carbuncle.

"That school is to be destroyed. She is to come back to my protection. She is to be my wife. Or—"

"Well, well, no rash asseveration," touching his lips with the tip of her fan.

"That school, I say, is to be destroyed. And you must do it."

"I? In truth I have no mind to ruin this poor girl."

"Ruin? Will it ruin her to become the mistress of Roanoke Fields?"

"True. But then I— Dr. Develin is my very good friend."

"Oh, Develin. Give yourself no uneasiness there. Develin and I will be quits. She refused him before I proposed."

"You are sure? Quite sure indeed?"

"On my honor. It was years ago, in Europe. He has had plenty of opportunities since, and neglected them all. To-day he plays the part of the good Samaritan, and heaps coals of fire on her head."

"And you wish to heap them in her heart?"

A little nervous pause. One heard his heart beat. The other watched her pulse flutter.

"Mr. Roanoke, I am a woman; therefore a match-maker; and at your service."

"The immediate thing to do, then," said Mr. Roanoke, biting his nails, "is to withdraw Miss Adèle from school."

"I? To do that? I, who was the first to lend countenance to the affair at all? I, who—"

"Yes, you! To Miss Schaeffer you say that the approach of the warmer weather finds Adèle unfit for study. Very soon comes the vacation; in the Fall the thing will have worked; then you have only not to send Adèle back. When she has been my wife a year and a day you may tell her of our plots and counterplots; it shall go hard if by that time she have no passion gathered darkly deep in that heart of hers! To the world say you are disappointed in Miss Schaeffer's ability; you regret having recommended her to so many friends; the school is already in its decadence; it was an idle undertaking; ladies born in Miss Schaeffer's original station can no more conduct a school than a campaign; people must rise from the ranks for that work. I wish any questioners joy in attacking Mrs. Ediston hereanent; she has pent vials of wrath to unloose. As for me, I shall shrug my shoulders. Mrs. Fitzroy, you know you lead society. Society are sheep; they all leap the fence after you. And the thing is done."

"But it has an ugly look."

"Not when you regard the end. Let us see. She finds herself adrift, not knowing where to turn. I appear on the scene. Some hocus-pocus bewitches her Fieldsward. There, then, is home and rest—a principal whose interest is gratitude. And can I not teach her love? Tell me, without vanity, do I look like the man forever distasteful to a woman? Have I no power, no magnetism, no charm? It shall go hard, I say, it shall go hard! Fool that I was! And the cards in my hand!"

"Mr. Roanoke, it strikes me that if you loved this girl you could not plot her such trouble."

"But I do love her. Before God I love her!"

"Well, well. And if she persists?"

"Ah! if—"

"Then my home shall be hers. I like her much. It is for that I desire to see her reign at Roanoke Fields."

"Thanks."

"But you have already blundered. You add the little Edistons when I abstract the little Fitzroy?"

"Quite right. They shall not appear in the action. Let me see—is it well rehearsed?"

"Entirely, I think. Must you go? As agreed. *Au revoir.*"

But what a blistered, smarting soul the haughty Roanoke took down those steps! And what bitter words he hurled at Fate!

V.

Long warm days simmering on, torrid skies deepening, heats brooding and falling over the land—so had all these weeks gone by, as we know, and in the little school so condemned to ruin Madeleine had felt nothing of its doom. Adèle Fitzroy had left, but then the child was so slight she had been already on the point of speaking to her mother on the subject of her

continued study. Some dozens of others had since fallen away, but Madeleine charged it upon the score of the weather, and forgot any anxiety on their behalf. The Edistons had not come after all; but the mamma had taken them to the Springs, Mr. Roanoke had told her, except Essie, who was to go with him. Since then weary days had worn away, and accustomed to double devoir she had missed the loss of the whole. Far more than the deflections of her pupils, what secretly—almost secretly from her own proud self—was a concern with her, was the continued absence of Dr. Develin. To be sure the flowers, the fruit, the various gifts from Spray Rocks came as before, but now by some means always as the offerings of Juliet, and lately this scarcely pleased Madeleine; for lately, more than once, she had noticed an air of perplexed pain in this girl's face, something half-representing, half-questioning—for under Madeleine's guidance her manners had become so singularly toned, growing every day more into unison with her beauty—that all her emotions were not now, as formerly, expressed at a glance. But this something, whatever it was, answered the purpose of much more; none of the contents of the many baskets were ever suffered to re-enter Miss Schaeffer's presence—nothing but the flowers; and why she exempted them from the fate of the rest it is difficult to say, for certainly the Doctor plucked and arranged them all, and certainly she knew it. Madeleine looked, too, at the ripening beauty of the girl, promising such Orient sumptuousness of shape and hue; felt that no one accustomed to such daily vision would find any thing lovely in a sadder, older face; and then, angry at having allowed such thoughts to cross her, set herself some cruel stent, and fagged away at it like a penitent. A few more, and Juliet's lessons had ceased. She visited Montreal for the summer, chaperoned by her aunt; Madeleine presumed the Doctor went as well, but she asked no questions, and proudly abstained from confessing to herself that she would have had any interest in asking them. But condemned to loneliness, she made it complete; neither poor Miss Grudge, nor blithe little Miss Brier, nor yet the sad old Monsieur d'Houdetot, ever now seated themselves at her table, and Madeleine rose with the dishes almost untouched. Then came the long solitary afternoons. The kindly malicious Mrs. Fitzroy had departed; after her had swept half the stately denizens; to those who remained and were at home enough to make that hour their own, Madeleine could not but deny herself; her spirits had sunk to too low a level for strangers to gauge. More than once she tried to rouse herself, to whisper that her discomfort was ungrateful—she was successful, she was independent, she was well. What reason, then, for despondency? But she discovered, in reply, that one may be successful, one may be independent, one may be well, and one may be unhappy.

So the vacation wore away, and in the fierce heats. It was her first entirely Southern sum-

mer, and it overpowered her. Severe studies—taken up to drown thought, in truth, but explained to herself by her position's requirement of yet more proficiency—she was forced to abandon; and at length, pale and worn, she passed the greater part of every day lying in her little veranda, shady with its northern exposure. But there are some to whom the enjoyment of their own misery can not be allowed. Day by day the servants brought to Miss Schaeffer reports of the fever's ravages, so many suffering, so few allaying—the thought stung away her torpor. Of what value was life to her? Who in the wide world would miss her dead? Mr. Roanoke possibly, but what if he did? Dr. Develin? Not he; tired of her, he had already thrown her aside! She was a worker, out of the way, and there was more room for others. Moreover, the stories she heard made her pitiful; day after day she went out and passed from bedside to bedside; night after night she sat in dread vigils, counting the hours with death, and unconscious how the solemn stars went overhead till sometimes sunrise found her victor. Day after day, and night after night, too, she heard of one whose steps were ever before her own—one on whose head the wretched showered the blessings of praise, but in all the days and nights and at all the bed-sides one whom she never met face to face. They learned to know her, to love her, that afflicted populace—some of them she had helped to heal, with others she had mourned, in the prayers of all her prayers had mingled. When the work was past, Madeleine found her heart chastened, as a city is sometimes purified by fire, and the pride left there to be but a faint phantom of the dead old arrogance inborn in the blood of the Schaeffers of Schaefferslin. But even this woman's pride had been a sort of solace to her, a support, a companion—a support that proved a broken reed, and now she was more alone than ever.

Then began the school-term again; her cards were out; with innocent satisfaction she set the school-room in order, garnished with blossoms, and white and fresh and fragrant; she took her place and expected her pupils.

Mrs. Fitzroy had returned, but no Adèle. The Mellens were in town, but no Charlotte or Maud. The little Hunts were driven in no more from the Cross Roads. The Prestons, it appeared, had brought home a governess with them from the North. One by one she found the best places vacant. The free scholars, it is true, presented themselves punctually, and some half dozen others. But the income from these would not pay one quarter of Monsieur d'Houdetot's salary. She was forced to dismiss her assistants; and this very step she knew was ruin, for it told that the school had not patronage enough to support it, and when a thing is not patronized it is plainly because it is not good. But her clear integrity forbade her to receive services she might never remunerate. A week later and the half dozen also gave signs of a wavering adherence. And what to do? The

money saved all waning; again, again the old phantom of the church-yard steps, starvation, misery, death, rose and shook its wings over her. Turn which way she would, there was no support, the whole world failed her, there was not one friend in it, not one, to reach her a hand; the unnatural strength which had fired her so long as exertion was demanded suddenly gave way. One morning she forgot to rise, the world was slipping by her in a dreamless drowse, she lifted no hand to catch it back, and was lost entirely in blank oblivion.

VI.

Something said dimly of many days having passed, something also of familiar yet unfamiliar smote in the very light that, tempered through mists of muslin and net-works of lush-leaved vines, reached the eye-lids. Certainly this was no part of the little school-mansion, yet as certainly the same spirit seemed to breathe through it. This long and lofty room, whose ceiling, with its reflected light, told of as high a perch as if it were some aerial nest, the soft pearly walls, the shining paraphernalia, the cushions heaped white as drifts of snow, they seemed to be friendly things, though never known till now; that face that looked down from the opposite panel, half bending out of haze, always somewhat melancholy, white with a blazing contrast of black and brilliant eyes that would have made the picture more startling than an apparition but for their drooping lids, and with the bending lines of raven tint that swept away on either side a brow more clear and impassible than marble. Well, that face? She had surely known it before. All at once a pang staid the beating of her heart and struck that face in upon it, like Cæsar's imprint on his coin. There came a great waft of cool air through the room; waking from her unconsciousness, Madeleine watched on the ceiling the crisp play of little ripples and wavelets of light, she smelled the salt wide breath of foams and tides, the wandering wind of the sea, and knew herself to be at Spray Rocks. She was at rest then; once more the heart rocked on, and security lapped her in dewiest, sweetest slumber.

Sable attendants were gliding like shadows round her in the evening light when she awoke; she was aware of a touch upon her pulse, a palm laid half like benediction on her forehead, then some one slid from the room, and, strangely happy and unquestioning, again she slept. Days passed, each one shedding health; every thing about was so novel that she seemed to be in some foreign and beautiful place; she saw no one but the servants, and gradually a vague apprehension goaded her to hasten her recovery, till at length, sitting up and at the window overlooking the wide stretch of sea into which at the creation the Spray Rocks had half plunged themselves, she demanded the presence of Dr. Develin.

"Let me thank you," she said, as he entered, attempting to rise but sinking back, and *not at-*

tempting to look up. "I do not know how I came here, but I am well enough now to return home."

"And you are taking the first step there to-day," he said, gently, and seating himself as if instead of all these months he had parted from her only yesterday. "But as to being entirely well enough that is out of the question."

"You are very kind, but I am quite sure—"

"Well, Madeleine," said the Doctor with abrupt interruption. "And you greet me as you leave. We meet after—how many days? and you have no little 'How are you?' or demure 'I am glad to see you, Sir,' or—"

"You *know* I am glad to see you, Sir!"

"Yes, yes, I believe it. But child! how weak you are!"

The tears leaped to Madeleine's eyes; then he cared for her still a little.

"Go back to the city in your state, when you could not stand up to touch my hand just now? I fancy you will. Say another word about it, and I shall have leeches on your temples and blisters on your feet, and any other medical horror to be devised forthwith!"

"Nevertheless, I ought not to stay," said Madeleine, faintly smiling, and pulling to pieces the wreath that, thrusting in through the casement, seemed to grow round her hand as he spoke.

"Why not? Ah, I know! You fear an obligation."

"No, no. My going could not lessen my debt, and nothing I can ever do will serve to repay it, I know. Besides, Sir," continued Madeleine, still looking down, "I do not mind an obligation from you now."

A proud woman is so humble when she loves at last!

A gleam illumined the Doctor's face; his eyes, like black diamonds with their wells of fire, clouded themselves in softness for an instant. But other thoughts smote him like rods; unselfish as ever, he remained silent. And then, after all, she was simply grateful, and when was gratitude love? Should he take advantage of it? Never! Yet, again, she was not well enough to allow the excitement. He put himself out of sight. "I have some news for you," he said, presently.

"For me?"

"For me; and you shall share it. Juliet is to be married."

"Juliet!" And then a spasm as of release from an incubus shook her. "To Mr. Roanoke?"

If Dr. Develin had experienced any thing akin to the emotion known as Hope, he fell, as the angels fell, to lower depths because of the recent height. She had lighted up with no such interest before as now at this mention of Roanoke. He himself darkened.

"No; oh no. She is to marry the Honorable Fane Tremenheere, younger son of the Earl of Lismore, with a prospect of the succession."

"Oh! A brilliant match. And I suppose you are pleased."

"If Juliet is. My aunt writes that they have met constantly this summer in Canada, where Juliet's beauty has become like a by-word. (She has some, has she not, Miss Schaeffer?) And with this result. That he is very worthy, and that Juliet is very happy. I have sold Spray Rocks in order to give her her portion—"

"Sold Spray Rocks!"

"And I am now going North, to the wedding."

"Oh, Sir! And then I detain you?"

"Not at all. Circumstances require my presence here some six weeks further. The estate does not pass into the new hands till I leave the State, to which I shall not return."

"Shall not return!"

There was a cadence of despair in Madeleine's voice. Perhaps it seemed to the Doctor but an echo of his own. Pain which neither dreamed of the other's sharing, and a silence broken by Madeleine, heedless of consequences, and passionately exclaiming, "I must go home, Dr. Develin! I must go home!"

For why should she stay here, every moment deepening these graven lines on her life? Why prolong this dangerous bliss of his presence, when he was so soon to forsake her utterly? Ah, how long since she had found out that it *was* bliss? And to love a man who had no such regard for her! Why, why had she thrown it away when it was hers? What a whirl of thoughts swept her brain! No wonder she cried out, passionately, "I must go home!"

He rose and seemed to shake off his reverie, as a wave shakes off its sweeping shower of fringing drops.

"You don't remember," he said, looking down upon her with his curiously sad face, "that once you compared me to the *main de fer dans le gant de velours*. You have only felt the silken side. Speak once more of disobedience to your physician, and he holds you with the iron grasp! You are fretting about propriety. Dismiss doubts, I will arrange that. And, Madeleine, since we part so soon, and forever, am I so abhorrent that you can not linger beside me a moment?"

Madeline bent forward, but not enough to prevent his seeing the large tears falling on her fast-clasped hands. He dared not dream of interpreting them. They were the effects of weakness and fatigue, perhaps. Suddenly he seized one of those hands—seized it, indeed, in the grasp of a steel gauntlet, and left her with the pressure yet white upon it. Physician with others, with her he must needs be a man!

ONE DAY.

"EXCUSE my incredulity, Nell; but you know you always had a weakness for the Sister-of-Charity line; and when I find you hard at it in a new direction you can't expect me to have any great degree of faith in its absolute necessity."

"Oh, Margaret! it goes to my heart to hear

you; but it's not you alone. There is such a horrid insensibility to what we are trying to do and *must do!*"

Mrs. Margaret Chandler shook out of her lap the bits of waste paper she had been "snipping," and began to apply herself to work—crocheting a strip of royal purple for the superb Afghan that lay half finished on the sofa near her. Mrs. Reed, her friend and hostess, went on more busily than ever with the four dozen colored pocket-handkerchiefs she was turning down for her sewing machine.

"A pocket-handkerchief and a red-flannel shirt for each native," began Mrs. Chandler, presently. "What in the world do those men want of them? Half of them never had one in their lives! It reminds me of poor Mrs. Perry, who wrote to a gentleman friend, 'I have just heard that my dear George is a prisoner, and destitute of pocket-handkerchiefs! Can't you manage to get half a dozen to him?' Mr. Smith wrote back: 'Dear Madam,—You should be thankful that your son has a nose remaining to him, and the necessity exists—'"

A provoking smile emphasized the pertinent history. Mrs. Reed could not help responding to it, annoyed and pained as she was by her friend's lack of interest. She had ever such a crushing sense of the very little she could do at best to relieve the suffering she so often witnessed, and that this was not a thousandth part of what really existed; and yet every day she had some such battle with those who cast doubt and discouragement on the good work. Oftentimes she said to herself she would not attempt to make any new converts, or solicit assistance to maintain those few faithful women among whom she labored. It was so much easier to give and spare and be spent herself than to face ridicule and coldness.

"If you will go with me one day and see for yourself," she said, presently.

"Oh, I don't know as I mind doing that. It will be a little variety—a nice sail, and a comfortable picnic under the trees, and plenty of attention from young doctors and chaplains. You see I know. How d'ye do, Bell? Isn't that what they march after the soldiers for?"

Both ladies rose to welcome their visitor, a neighbor, whose lovely villa came in sight from Mrs. Reed's bow-windows, and who had just "run in for a minute," as she explained, with an apology for an elaborate morning toilet—an Empress dress of white pigne, fully braided, and a dainty straw-hat, with most coquettish crimson and black plumes.

"Marching after soldiers?—oh, those *vivandières*, I suppose you mean. The French regiment had two of them. They looked so picturesque! you have no idea! it put me so in mind of 'Fille du Regiment!' I found myself humming the Rataplan for two days afterward."

"Not quite that style of person," said Mrs. Chandler, with a malicious twinkle of her dark eyes. Mrs. Livingston was not as remarkable for depth as she was for a pretty toilet. "I

mean your neighbors here—for instance, Mrs. Reed and Mrs. Jones, who spend their days on Oliver's Island, imagining they are Florence Nightingales—an American edition."

"Oh, Mrs. Reed! you don't tell me so? You don't mean that you go to that horrid place yourself? Why, I hear they have small-pox there, and any quantity of ship-fever! and the Marshalls and Humphreys are thinking of shutting up their places because they are so near the landing, and moving away for the summer!"

"Camp-fever and ship-fever are two different things," returned Mrs. Reed, warmly. "There is Miss Stirling, who goes three days in every week, and has nursed some of the worst fever patients. Small-pox? No! Do you think they would bring such patients where there are a thousand wounded men?"

"I'm sure Mr. Marshall ought to know. As Clem says, it's a perfect imposition in Government to put such a place so near where many of the *best families* have their country-seats. It's so dismal, let alone any thing else, to know there are so many sick people near you. I should be as low-spirited as any thing if I were Clem and Molly. People come into the country to enjoy themselves, and forget all about this horrid war!"

"If one could forget it!"

"Government ought to be remonstrated with," said Mrs. Chandler. "The Newtown people should get up a petition!"

"So I tell Harry. I'm sure I'd sign it, for one! He is bothered the whole time by people wanting us to give to this and that. Sanitary commissions, and hospital funds, and soldiers' garments—why don't they buy them themselves? Dear knows, they get paid enough—all those millions of sub-treasury bills Congress is always voting. I hate 'em, for my part—they are so stiff, and fill up your purse so! I say, 'Harry, don't for goodness' sake bring me those things! I like gold.' But he says they've made gold so scarce. I tell him to pay for it then, but never bring me those horrid notes. I dare say there are plenty of poor people who would be glad to get them."

"Oh, undoubtedly! I am, for one," said Mrs. Chandler. "I find they take them quite peaceably at Ball and Black's, and Hearn's. Don't you, Nell? They impose upon you with all their subscription lists, Mrs. Livingston."

"Oh, that's not the worst of it! They actually want me to sew! I beg pardon, Mrs. Reed; but you know you are not the only one who has asked me. Oh dear, no! With my housekeeping, and two little children, and such a load of company as Harry brings up! What a heavenly Afghan!" And here Mrs. Livingston paused upon the purple and scarlet splendors of the half-finished work at Mrs. Chandler's side. "And you've got a new stitch to put it together with. You must teach it to me. I dote on Afghans. I made Harry one for the light wagon. The materials cost me twenty-five dollars. I gave it to him for a birth-day

present, and I worked at it six weeks at least steadily. Ma's was a beauty though! I made ma's with those raised tufts; and I've got one just commenced for baby, red, white, and blue—quite patriotic, isn't it? I was one of the very first people, Mrs. Chandler, to wear red, white, and blue bows. I had my dress trimmed with them at the great mass meeting on Union Square last spring. You have no idea how I was cheered when I appeared on the balcony of our house. Harry said it was a capital idea, particularly as every body knows he has such large Government contracts. So appropriate—wasn't it? I think it is every body's duty to be patriotic. It was at our house that the 'Star-Spangled Banner' was sung in chorus and made such a sensation long before it began to be fashionable."

Mrs. Livingston, having set forth this exalted standard to her countrywomen, took her departure. Mrs. Reed echoed the word "Patriotic" with a sigh. "She hasn't the first idea of the meaning, and Mr. Livingston making a fortune out of those contracts. Then there are the Marshalls she talked of—he has some, I don't know what. And Mrs. Marshall gave me three dollars, and two old shirts, and a peck of currants for my poor fellows! She said the times were so hard that it was the duty of every one to be economical and provide for what might happen. Besides, the girls wanted to go to Sharon, and Howard to Lake Superior, and they were both such expensive trips. If Howard Marshall were my son he should take a trip to the army instead!" and she rose up to order lunch with a gesture of impatience.

"Poor Nell! you never could make the world roll on your wheels, could you? An enthusiastic temperament is a great inconvenience, isn't it? Don't you know how you used to bore me with your Children's Aid Society? I verily believe you preferred to kiss and fondle those wretched little monkeys than your own sweet, clean-looking children! I used to tell Tom he was the victim of an unrequited attachment to his mother—that he must get up a pair of ragged trowsers and a dirty face if he expected any attention from you!"

"What slander! You know I *never* neglected my children or my house. Ask Mr. Reed. I have never failed to meet him in the hall—and dressed for dinner, too—but twice in the last five years."

"I'll take that back; but I did see you kiss one of them—a forlorn little chap, in a suit two sizes too large for him—the day you took me to see them start for the West."

"Well, he hadn't been kissed before since his mother died, I dare say, and it did him good. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's doing very well with a farmer in Michigan, and only wishes he was eighteen, so he could enlist."

And here the lunch-tray came to Mrs. Chandler's aid.

"What delicious rolls!—your cook is excellent; but Peter has stinted us in raspberries to-

day." Mrs. Chandler helped herself bountifully, however, and then to powdered sugar and cream.

"I have had him save all he could for tomorrow; and these fresh rolls are a part of the hospital baking."

"You can't be so absurd, Nell, as to pamper those fellows that way! I don't wonder half of them report on the sick-list for the sake of getting sent here."

"Margaret, were you ever sick?"

"No, nothing to speak of—a headache now and then."

"Well, I have been; and, what is more, I have nursed a sick husband for years. If you had lain, day after day, with the sight of the most delicate food distasteful to you, and had been the recipient of an unexpected delicacy—game, or jelly—from some kind neighbor, which gave you the requisite nourishment fancied at the moment, you could better understand what these things do for these men. Go and see."

Mrs. Chandler found herself called next day at an unreasonably early hour for her ease-loving disposition. The sun was just fairly above the horizon; but early as it was, when she descended to the breakfast-room Mrs. Reed was already seated at the tray. She was in a neat chintz morning-dress, with plain linen collar and cuffs; a gray cloak and round straw-hat lay on a chair beside her. Near by stood a large market-basket, with the covers a little raised, disclosing a large supply of hot-house flowers. A tin kettle and a green traveling-bag completed the list of preparations.

"Do you turn out at this frightful hour twice a-week?" asked Mrs. Chandler, as she took an egg from the maid-servant, whose dress differed very little from that of her mistress, except in the matter of a "fit." "What, Mr. Reed and all the children too! Your mother's training you up in the missionary line, isn't she, Tom? But, Mr. Reed, you're too old and too much of an invalid to put up with such impositions."

"It's a pleasure to be imposed upon in a good cause," Mr. Reed returned, pleasantly. "Don't you say so, Tom?"

"Jack and I gathered all the raspberries—didn't we, Jack? Peter helped a little, but he had the flowers to cut."

"Florence and papa tied them, and I helped cook butter the biscuit," added Anne, the eldest girl; "but the flowers didn't all get done."

"Cousin Margaret will want some work to do over on the island—she can finish," said their mother.

"But be sure my bouquet goes to the sick man that can't see his little children," pleaded Florence.

"And the drummer-boy gets some of the raspberries."

"I buttered two of the very brownest biscuits for the one that can't turn in bed—plenty of butter, too!" urged Anne, as her mother, having supplied numerous wants and given as many charges, began drawing on her gloves.

"What a breakfast you've made!" said Mrs. Chandler. "Your philanthropy doesn't hurt your appetite; and these children eat like little hunters!"

"A good breakfast is the best of disinfectants," said Mrs. Reed. "If I were to go without it I might dread Mrs. Livingston's 'ship-fever;' as it is, I am fortified by this and my lunch. All ready, Ellen? Be sure the children are in time for school. Get your books together, Tom; don't forget your drawing-pencils, Anne; and Florence can finish that towel."

Mr. Reed rose and handed them into the light-wagon at the door. "Don't overwork yourself, Nell, or I shall cut off supplies!" The husband and wife exchanged a look of trust and affection. Happy are those lives that walk hand in hand in every good word and work!

"I didn't hear any orders for dinner given," said Mrs. Chandler, as they drove away under the deep morning shadows of the trees lining the roadside. "I dare say your business is meat and drink to you, but I shall need something more substantial."

"I suppose you never heard of giving orders overnight? Seriously, Margaret, you must not accuse me of neglecting my own family. I should be condemned in every thing I did or said if I had that hanging over me. I used to do it at first, and get in horrible snarls, lose my temper, and fret the servants and the children. I knew it was all wrong, and I was tempted to give the whole thing up. Then I reflected that it might be a temptation set in my way to hinder me. Sloth and coldness are not the sins of enthusiastic temperaments; so I went over the ground to see how I could conquer those peculiar to me. I found that industry and forethought were my proper weapons. My beloved pattern, Bishop Wilson, says of our charities, if we would curtail luxury and vanity our hands would never be empty; so I discovered that cutting off unnecessary visiting and engagements, and a little self-denial in the way of naps and light reading, gave me all the time I needed."

"But your health, my friend!"

"Absurd, Margaret! Who ever talks about their health when pleasure is the object. What fatigues have you and I not undergone for evening parties, and in giving them! Only think of the expense and worries. One day at Saratoga, with the dressing, and driving, and talking, and inevitable gossip, was worse than a week of my present life."

They drove on in silence for a while—Mrs. Chandler enjoying the pure morning air, the pretty glimpses of brook and pond, and trimly-kept villa, all along the way, with exquisite coloring in sky and foliage, and the exhilarating sense of life and freshness which a drive later in the day never gives. Presently the river came in sight, and the little ferry-house to which they were bound. Early as it was several carriages stood there. Their occupants were waiting for the morning boat, others were strolling about in the shade, and among them Mrs. Marshall and

a daughter, dressed in a handsome traveling costume.

The ladies exchanged salutations. "Are you going to volunteer for the Island to-day, Miss Clementina?" Mrs. Reed said, brightly. "I shall be delighted to have you for an aid."

"No indeed;" and the sloping shoulders were shrugged with an expression of aversion. "Ma and me are going down to shop for the Springs."

"Yes, dreadful work this hot weather, and every one out of town," said Mrs. Marshall, plaintively. "I expect to be worn-out before the day is through, but we mothers have to make such sacrifices for our families. I don't see where *you* get the time;" and Mrs. Marshall's tone insinuated that Mrs. Reed's family had been robbed of it.

"She makes it," suggested Mrs. Chandler. "She has a new invention for turning it out—a pocket machine like that for rolling bandages, which she presents to all her friends."

"Don't you find those men very common?" added Mrs. Marshall. "The lowest rabble, I'm told; of course they must be. As Mr. Marshall says, we pay 'em for doing the fighting, and pay 'em well too—it's their trade. I dare say many of them were never so well off before, or had such good clothes and food as since they have been in the army."

"Well, I don't think they have been very luxurious and self-indulgent. You must go and see for yourself, as I tell every one, Mrs. Marshall."

"Oh dear no, excuse me: such associations are not at all to my taste. How mothers can let their daughters go I don't see. If Amelia Stirling were my child I should lock her up first. Clement, my love, how late the boat is, and the sun's getting so hot! You ladies have to mix with all sorts of people going over there, I see. Don't you think the army's very slow? I tell Mr. Marshall this war ought to have been over and done with long ago. I don't see why they don't get up five or six hundred thousand volunteers and put an end to it right off. It's so harrowing to read every day of all those killed and wounded! It wears upon a person's nerves so!"

Mrs. Marshall bade her acquaintances good-morning, and moved away to say to Mrs. Humphrey, who awaited the arrival of the boat in her carriage, that some people were willing to do any thing to get their names before the public, and manage things. For her part she thought charity began at home. Mrs. Reed's poor children were left half the time to the care of servants! It was the business of Government to see to this sort of thing; and Government did do it, Mr. Marshall said, only some people liked to thrust themselves forward and make a great fuss in the world. To which Mrs. Humphrey agreed; and both ladies proceeded to town to spend several hundred dollars, which their husbands had made directly or indirectly out of the war.

Meantime a different little crowd had gathered at the ferry-house. Other ladies, dressed as plainly as Mrs. Reed, and similarly armed with

tin kettles and market-baskets. Women in holiday finery, most of them bearing a baby on one arm and a large package or carpet-bag on the other; women in plainer clothing, with sadder faces; working-men in their best suits, farmer-looking people, and gentlemen, all speaking kindly to each other from their common interest. Mrs. Chandler shrank back a little from the contact when she found they were all to crowd into one large sail boat; but Mrs. Reed took her place as a matter of course, climbing down the steep boat stairs, pail in hand, the baskets handed after them by the men. A pleasant-looking person, in a half-clerical half-military dress sat in the bow of the boat. Near him a powerfully-built, gentlemanly man armed with a large carpet-bag; Mrs. Chandler set him down as some one connected with the business of the place.

It was indeed a pleasant sail among the moss-covered rocks and cedar-crowned little islands of the lovely bay; but Mrs. Chandler began to lose her usual light-heartedness in a dread of the unknown scenes of suffering which she just began to realize. Vague curiosity had drawn her into the expedition; she began to wish herself well out of it.

"Do yez know Patrick Brien," inquired one of the women near Mrs. Reed, "of the Fourty-ninth New York, ma'am?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Reed, warmly. "He has had the fever; are you his wife?"

"It's the same I am, ma'am."

"And this is your little boy. He will be so glad. He talks a great deal about you."

A ray of genuine pride and pleasure stole over the honest face. "It's a fine lad he is any how, ma'am, and a good husband as any poor body would wish. I tould him to go to the war myself. Sez I, Patrick, it's the counthry that has sheltered uz an' ours, and it isn't the likes of uz that should be hanging back."

"Can you tell me where William Harris may be found? Perhaps you know him too," said a pale-faced American girl in deep mourning. She looked like a girl, but for the shy child hanging on her dress.

"I think I know the name, but I am not quite certain." Mrs. Reed thought a moment. "Is he a tall, fine-looking man that has lost an arm?"

"Yes, the same," and a look of pain crossed the quiet face. "Oh, isn't it hard, ma'am?"

"Very; but he was so brave. That is the man I told you of who was talking to the surgeon all the while it was being amputated, Margaret. He is doing nicely, though; he was walking about last Friday. He takes it so cheerfully!"

"He loved his country; he knew what he was doing when he went; but he said Providence would take care of me and Johnny if he never came back. Are you the lady that wrote the letter for him when he first came here?"

"I believe I did—yes, I remember now. He has been off my list so long."

"Oh, if you knew the comfort it was. It was

the first news I had after the battle, and I saw in the papers that his company was in it. It was nearly two weeks, and I thought I should go crazy. I thought he must be dead."

"But you see he has been spared to you."

"Oh yes, it's a great blessing, and I'm willing to work my hands off to take care of him and Johnny."

Mrs. Chandler's kindest sympathies were aroused by this wifely devotion. When they had landed on the little wharf jutting out into the stream, she watched this woman toiling on in the hot sun with the child on her arm. She saw her near the encampment, and a man evidently on the watch came forward briskly to meet her. His one remaining arm was thrown tenderly around her neck as he stooped to kiss the anxious face raised to his, and then the red lips of the child. Tears were in her own eyes as she turned back to her companions.

The island, containing several acres of land, lay nearly a mile from the shore; its grassy slopes were covered with white hospital tents, pitched regularly; and a din of saw and hammer arose from the long line of rough buildings that were being erected on the brow of the hill. The whitewashed walls of two similar buildings already occupied gleamed among the trees. A neat villa-like house was pointed out as "head-quarters"—the residence of the physicians and head nurses.

An orderly touched his hat respectfully, and took up some of the baskets.

"They must go to the house to be examined," explained Mrs. Reed.

"What, when they know you so well!" Mrs. Chandler was rather indignant at the implied suspicion.

"It is a matter of form in our case," said one of Mrs. Reed's co-workers as they walked along together. "We have found out that pies and pound cake are not quite the thing for sick men; but perhaps good Mrs. Brien has not, and honest as she looks, she may possibly have a black bottle in her comfortable carpet-sack. You can understand how particular they have to be when there are thirty or forty affectionate relatives on every visiting day, who have shown more generosity than judgment in their selection of supplies."

They were passing near the tents, and Mrs. Chandler looked with almost awe at them when she found herself so near the suffering which they concealed. She could see through the openings ranges of iron bedsteads, and the irregular outlines of their coverings that betokened occupancy. At the doors sat pallid-looking men, with marks of pain and suffering on their faces; some with empty sleeves, and others resting upon crutches, first tithe of War's great harvest. The men all bowed politely, many of them with a placid smile as they recognized their visitors, and they received more than one military salute as they passed along.

Mrs. Chandler had plenty of time to note the incongruous mass of stores heaped and piled

in the large room to which they were shown. Bedding furnished by Government, hospital garments from the Sanitary Commission. Stacks of half-worn clothing; shelves loaded with farina, jars of jelly, wine, and other small stores; bandages, reading material, towels, hats, boots, and slippers, were a part of the stock her eyes wandered over. The morning's contributions had begun to arrive—fresh eggs, lemons, fruit, etc., decorated the long desk or table in the centre of the room. Their clerical-looking fellow-passenger came forward pleasantly:

"I see you have flowers for my men this morning, ladies: nothing they like better; a single rose reminds them of home. Dr. Smith will attend to your baskets in a moment; but I'm sure there's nothing contraband. Plenty of work for you this morning in my department, Mrs. Reed. All right, Dr. Smith? Thank you. I will take charge of these baskets, ladies, and appoint you head-quarters for the day."

"Our Chaplain," said Mrs. Reed, by way of introduction as they followed him, laden down himself, and pressing an orderly into the service. "Ah, Miss Mosely!—I am glad to see you looking so fresh—I have brought a recruit to-day," and she named Mrs. Chandler.

"I am going my rounds, shall I walk with your friend?" asked Miss Mosely, a tall, dignified woman of thirty or thirty-five. Mrs. Chandler's instinct divined that she was the head nurse or matron of the establishment. Across the hall from the store-room the door of a similar apartment stood open—the dispensary, where remedies were constantly applied for and given out.

"Now we must get the permission of the physician attending the division Mrs. Reed wishes to distribute in," explained Miss Mosely. "We might have confidence in her judgment, but we can not have in all, and our rules are stringent. We are going to the Sixth—I see the Chaplain knows where such things are most needed as well as myself."

"But does it not annoy the men to have strangers, and ladies too, coming upon them unannounced?"

"Oh no; you will see how their faces brighten up. You can think for yourself how dull it must be to lie day after day with no variety or change. Many of them are not even allowed to turn in bed—from the nature of their wounds; and are so far from their relatives that a woman's face is like sunshine. If the ladies came from idle curiosity it would be different, but I am happy to say we have few such visitors—most of them bring substantial proof of their interest. Will it shock you to see them? They are pretty well in this tent."

They had passed half-way down one of the long avenues; for the large, cool-looking tents were pitched with the regularity of streets—the longer intersected by shorter alleys, running between them. A row of five tents are on each side.

Miss Mosely stooped to enter one of them

designated as 35. Mrs. Chandler shrank back for an instant; but Mrs. Reed and her escort had suddenly disappeared, and she conquered the sickening feeling of nameless dread, and followed her. The tent, or rather tents—for there were two joined in the centre—were high, and perhaps eighteen or twenty feet long; rows of iron bedsteads, the same as those used in her own servants' rooms at home, extended on each side; "six on a side," as one of the men laughingly said, with an alley way between the rows, and room to pass between each bed. They were neatly made up, with good mattresses, white blankets, by no means coarse, cotton sheets and pillow-case, and a light blue-and-white coverlet, with damasked figures. Nothing could be more tidy. The board floor was raised a foot from the ground and scrubbed as clean as hands could make it. A chair or stool stood beside each bed, with a tin or white earthenware mug of ice-water, a book or two, writing materials, or a bouquet of flowers.

Miss Mosely entered brightly. "Well, and how are you this morning—and you"—nodding her head—"and you? Up, I see, to-day. We shall have you applying for a furlough directly. And what can I do for you?" to another apparently suffering more than the rest—"The lemons are coming; I did not forget."

"Thanks," said the sick man, dropping his head upon the pillow again. "I am so thirsty; I crave some lemonade so!" he murmured, half to himself.

"This is our mother," said one of the men, with a grateful affectionateness, as Miss Mosely seated herself on the foot of the bed and began to inquire into their wants, or name their cases.

"Yes, indeed, she's just like a mother to us," echoed another.

"Oh how ungallant! Am I so old? Say sister."

"No, a sister wouldn't do as you do: nobody but a mother."

"You will have plenty of ladies to see you to-day, I expect."

"They're all welcome—taking so much trouble for us poor miserable fellows!" This was said by a young man not over twenty-five, with a fine intelligent face, but his right leg shot away.

He looked so cheerful under it that Mrs. Chandler ventured to say, "Your fighting days are over."

"Oh no, I guess not. We boys think of setting up a one-legged brigade; we have ten volunteers in this division."

"You with but one leg!"

"Oh, that's not so bad, when one can get around still. There's poor Harris, in 36, across the row, without either foot. Here he comes now."

It was a sad sight—that fine stalwart man, with his hardy brown face, getting along, by the aid of a pair of short crutches, upon his knees."

"Both feet!" said Mrs. Chandler, in horror. "In what battle?"

"No battle—it was done on picket-duty—a shell exploded close by him. It's not all the battles that brings us here; it's picket-duty, and trenches, and hardships. We don't mind the fighting."

"There is your friend now; she is beckoning to you," said Miss Mosely. "You had best keep near her; you would soon be lost in these tents. Well, my lads, I'll see you again directly;" and they followed the Chaplain, who still bore Mrs. Reed's basket to a tent he had designated when they first set out.

The men received them with great cordiality. They were nearly all convalescent, dressed wholly or partially, and employed in reading, playing checkers, or bantering each other. At the farthest corner one fortunate fellow had secured a morning paper, and was reading the telegraphic news aloud to two or three others. Here, too, was the Saxon-haired gentleman of the ferry-boat, whom Mrs. Chandler had mistaken for a commissary. What could he be—head nurse? His coat was off, and he was helping prop up a gentlemanly-looking young man, with a face where vivacity struggled with the haggard touches of illness.

"Here's my father come to see me," he called out to Miss Mosely, as if sure of her sympathy in his pleasure. "All the way from Cleveland! He seems to think I'm worth looking after. And all these budgets from home!" His bed was covered with the thoughtful tokens of affection that had emerged from the plethoric carpet-bag. "This is one of the ladies I told you about, father, who has been so kind to us."

Mrs. Chandler envied Mrs. Reed the cordial clasp of the hand and the father's grateful acknowledgments. "May some one do as much for a son of yours some day, Madam!" Certainly these were not the "low class" Mrs. Marshall had spoken of. One of the most active had handed her a chair with all the politeness of a drawing-room.

"You are to have flowers to-day," said the chaplain, "as a reward of merit. Good-morning ladies! these *gentlemen*," and he emphasized the word, "are glad to see you, and will respect the contents of your baskets, or any thing else you may intrust to their care."

"Your gruel," suggested Miss Mosely. "Here are my fever-patients."

"Oh yes; you will finish the bouquets and distribute them," said Mrs. Reed, disappearing as abruptly as she had done before in the wake of the nurse, who went to point out those to whom the homely but nourishing oat-meal would be grateful.

"When I was sick," said one of the men to Mrs. Chandler, "that lady's oat-meal was all I could fancy. I could drink any thing, but I could not eat." Mrs. Chandler's momentary embarrassment at her novel position began to wear away, as one after another received the tasteful bouquets Mrs. Reed and her children had provided.

"Our tent will look like a fair," said one of the men, as he placed his in water.

"Yes, to-day will go off quick, it's had such a good beginning," said another.

"It must be very dull lying here alone," Mrs. Chandler said.

"Oh, you have no idea! If the ladies didn't come now and then we couldn't get along any way. It's so different from camp—so lonesome."

"Yes, there's always something going on in camp."

This was all very pleasant, but Mrs. Chandler began to speculate whether it was worth taxing Mrs. Reed's time and energies to help the time pass, and make up for the excitement of camp.

But she soon found that her initiation had been made as gentle as possible. Now for more painful scenes.

"We will take Florence's bouquet to Mr. Potter," Mrs. Reed said, returning with an empty pail. "He is in No. 60, poor fellow!—his arm amputated."

But there was no bright smile of recognition for little Florence's patriotic arrangement of balm, and larkspur, and queen of the meadow, into a "red, white, and blue" bouquet. The patient was asleep, his head drooping upon his pillow, his face contracted by pain, and damp with the heavy dews that had followed exhausting fever. Mrs. Reed wiped his brow softly. "He is such a fine intelligent man, and so fond of his children! He is not so well to-day?" she said to the man lying nearest.

"No, he has been bad since Friday. His wife and little boy came, and they felt so bad, and he felt so bad."

"You are looking well."

"Oh yes, I have a first-rate appetite now; the doctor lets me eat any thing."

Mrs. Reed put a handful of ruby-colored currants on the *Harper's Weekly* he had been reading. His face shone with pleasure.

"That looks like home! I never went without fruit before in all my life. There's always plenty of currants to father's. My! if I was home wouldn't the old garden suffer?"

"Your eyes look weak, shall I read to you a while? You ought not to use them so much."

"I know it." Mrs. Reed had paused before a bed on which a most respectable looking man, forty-five or fifty years old, was lying.

"I think too much if I don't read. Oh, if my wife was only here. How I do want to see her!"

"Where is your home?" asked Mrs. Chandler.

There was such a quiet sadness in the tone, and in the expression of that good honest face.

"In the western part of this State, ma'am, I have got a good wife and a good farm if I could only get to them."

"How came you to go to the war when you were so comfortably situated?" she asked, involuntarily.

"Because I felt my country needed me," the

man said, almost proudly. "My oldest son and I volunteered at the very first."

"And where is he?"

"God only knows, ma'am: we haven't heard from him for three months."

"And we grudge a little time and money to comfort such as these!" thought Mrs. Chandler, self-reprovingly. "Men who have made such sacrifices!"

"I don't see what else any one would go to the war for," said a dark-haired young man, leaning forward. "'Tain't for ease, nor fun, nor for pay. I was getting nineteen dollars a month, and I 'listed for thirteen. 'Tain't much fun to lie on the bare ground in the slush and rain after a hard tramp up to your knees in mud, and nothing to eat but hard biscuit."

"But you have other things; Government provides liberally."

"We hain't nothing against Government; it's the officers and people that looks out for themselves and lets us take what we can ketch. They can't help it always neither; sometimes we have to throw away every thing, even if we have good food and things to cook it with. In the battle I got wounded in our officers told us to throw away all we could, and then the enemy occupied our camp and we lost every thing."

"But in such a ease it is made up to you, surely!"

"Out of our pay, ma'am; no other way. All the things we got was charged to us. 'Tain't a money-making business—fighting ain't," the man added, good-naturedly.

A low groan sounded from the pillow where Florence's flowers had been deposited. The dark eyes of the sleeper opened with a start of pain. The face was fine, almost noble, but deadly pale, and the heavy dampness had gathered again upon his forehead.

"Water—ice-water!" said the man, turning wearily. "Oh, why don't that nurse come!"

"He is busy with the doctor now," said Mrs. Reed, soothingly. "Let me get you some."

"Oh, it's too much trouble;" but the denial was faint. Mrs. Reed took the tin eup and started to find the ice. It was several tents off; and in one she passed through a new face arrested her attention: it was sunken and corpse-like.

"You are not well to-day; what has been the matter?"

"Fever; but I'm getting better now, if I could only eat." This was whispered in such a feeble, husky voice. "I don't fancy any thing."

"How would cold chicken do?"

"Why, that's just what you was wantin' this mornin'," said the good-natured Irish girl who had been scrubbing the floor. The man looked as if it was too much to expect.

"I will bring you some directly." But in the mean time Mr. Potter's pillows were turned and his forehead bathed.

"It's my mind—my mind—that troubles me," he moaned. "Five babies, and nothing to depend upon! It's a hard case, isn't it?" he said, with an eager, appealing look.

Mrs. Reed stooped beside his pillow.

"All these things are against me," she said, softly. "Yes, I know how you feel, my poor friend! but God knows it too, and He can do more for you than even my wishes could bring about if I could realize them. If I feel so ready to help you, only think what His pity and sympathy must be! That ball did not come by chance; for you know that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His care. And yet He must have had some purpose of good in it. He does not afflict willingly."

The contracted brow grew smooth; quiet tears fell from the large dark eyes. "Oh, I know it, I know it; but I forgot it lying here! Every thing looks so dark—so dark! but He sends such as you to remind us of it!"

The one remaining hand moved nervously in search of a handkerchief. "Never mind; I forgot the woman promised to wash it for me."

Mrs. Chandler involuntarily placed her own, with its dainty hem-stitched border, within his reach. "Take it; please do!" she said, with earnestness.

Mrs. Reed looked up meaningly; Mrs. Chandler blushed with the recollection of what she had said the day before.

"Could you write a letter for me?"—and a thin hand from the opposite bed clutched Mrs. Reed's dress.

"This lady will do it for you, I am sure;" and Mrs. Chandler found herself supplied, from Mrs. Reed's green traveling-bag, with writing materials and a small port-folio. She began to enter into the spirit of the hour, and feel pleased that she could be of service.

"Is it to your mother?" she said, drawing closer to the pillow of the applicant.

"I have no mother, nor father either"—and the young man's face fell—"oh, I wish I had!" And then came the message to one who had been kind to his orphaned boyhood.

"It is hard to be so alone in the world," said Mrs. Chandler, as she folded the letter.

"Very. I lie here and think about it till my heart aches," he said, plaintively, and his features worked convulsively to press back the coming tears. "If my mother had only known, when she died, how I was going to lie here! Excuse me, but I can't talk of my mother without crying. I don't think boys appreciate a mother when they have one. Do you? I think when a mother dies, and a boy is young, he always thinks more about her;" and now the tears escaped from the compressed eyelids.

"You are very patient." It was a homage she could not forbear paying to this gentle, uncomplaining sufferer. "How long have you lain here?"

"A month; and I must stay a month longer before I can turn, the doctor says. But he is very good to me—every body is—and Jesus helps me not to murmur."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these, ye have done it unto me," flashed through Mrs. Chandler's mind; "sick and in prison,

and ye visited me." She looked around for Mrs. Reed, and saw her beckoning from the adjoining tent.

"This lady will sing for you," she said to some one not far from the door, as Mrs. Chandler entered.

"Oh! Nell, I can't—I never did such a thing!" Not that she had never sung; her musical ability was her chief talent.

"He is a dying man, don't refuse him. The doctor says it may soothe this dreadful restlessness. Don't look at his face," whispered Mrs. Reed. But she had looked, and the ghostly impress of approaching death was indeed fixed on those painfully emaciated features. "He wants you to sing 'Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,'" said a comrade; "a lady sung it for him the other day."

Away back among childish memories this quaint old hymn, sung by a favorite nurse, was hidden. As she essayed the first verse her voice trembled, and she could scarcely enunciate the blessed praise:

"Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power."

But never in all her life had words assumed such a fitness as these to the scene before her. No strain of Handel or Mozart had ever aroused such emotions as this simple hymn sung by a stranger's death-bed. Gradually her voice grew stronger as she was calmed by those hopeful words, and she threw a wonderful expression into them, in her desire that they should bring peace and comfort to the trembling heart, pausing in the dark valley. The other men listened reverently, and one or two tried to join in the familiar strain. The inmates of neighboring tents gathered about the door, but she did not heed them.

"Something else," "one more," was asked again and again, until the blessed calm of sleep came to eyes that had not been closed for hours. Mrs. Chandler rose fairly trembling with the effort she had made and the excitement of the scene. Mrs. Reed looked at her watch for the first time that busy day.

"We must be on our way to the wharf soon," she said, as they left the tent, "to meet the three o'clock boat. I find that I can not stay later than that without an exhaustion which unfits me for being any service here, and might expose me to illness. Have you seen enough?"

"Oh, Nell!"

They walked on slowly down the avenues, stopping here and there as Mrs. Reed recognized a former patient or had an inquiry to make. As they neared the lower divisions an unusual stir and bustle was perceptible among them, and they noticed a steamer lying at the crowded wharf. It was not a noisy demonstration. On the contrary, an almost startling quiet pervaded all engaged, and presently they came face to face with two men bearing a ghastly stretcher, with a melancholy burden—a human figure, drawn out with almost the rigor of death, the white face turned wearily from the sunshine,

and half-shaded by a cavalry hat and broken plume.

"It must be the wounded from the last battle!" said Mrs. Reed, with a half shudder. This was a new scene even to her; and for the past five days her heart had been so full of the sufferings of these very men.

Yes; another and another such painful burden was borne past them, and now as they neared the landing they met men walking, with slow and painful steps, weighed down by a heavy blanket and an almost empty haversack, or their failing strength assisted by some attendant or kind-hearted by-stander. Thin embrowned faces, which made the pallor of brow and lip all the more noticeable; clothing begrimed by the smoke and dust of battle, and stiff with blood oozing slowly from their wounds through that long and wearing journey; figures bent and stooping from weakness and disease, maimed or missing limbs; a slow, straggling, melancholy, dumb procession:—these were the fine stalwart men who marched through our streets so gayly a year before! Mrs. Chandler gazed with a sensation of actual physical pain and heaviness at her heart. Mrs. Reed spoke kindly to such as came in her way as they moved through the little throng.

"You have had a hard journey; but you will be very comfortable here," to one. "I saw a nice white bed waiting for you," to another.

"You are among friends—you have got home. You have only to lie still and get well now."

Such looks of surprise, brightening into pleasure, as these few simple words brought to those weary or anguished faces!

They paused by a young man, almost a lad, whose courageous spirit was beyond his strength. He had essayed to walk alone, but sank down by the road-side, ten steps from the landing.

"I had to give in," he said, brightly, as he saw the ladies near him; "but it's good to see a lady once more after nine months in camp!"

"We shall come and see you when you are rested."

"Oh, I sha'n't be here long; I must be back to the boys. We've got a good set of boys—what's left—and a first-rate captain."

"I'm glad of that;" and Mrs. Reed answered the frank, communicative lad in his own cheerful way. "There's nothing like a good captain to make a good set of 'boys.'"

"Jess so!" and renewed animation came into the pleasant young face. "Some captains think of nothing but themselves and their own ease. Ours ain't one of them. Why he's just like one of us; he eats just what we do, and sleeps right down among us. He says he don't want any better fare than they give his men; and we'd follow him to—I beg pardon, ladies; but we get rough in camp. I was going to say a bad word; I know 'tain't right."

"You ought to be ready to follow another CAPTAIN, then, for the same reason," said Mrs. Reed, pleased at the quick apology. "One who did that very same thing for all of us, took

our life with all its humility and hardships:" and as she spoke, such an exceeding blessed sense of all that He had laid aside for us, and all that He had endured for us filled her heart that it went out to Him with new longings and vows of service. She had received her wages for that day's labor and self-denial.

"They are leaving that poor fellow in the sun a long time;" Mrs. Chandler pointed to a stretcher set down near the gangway of the steamer. "He is half-hidden by that pile of lumber; they are overlooking him."

But alas! its occupant was past all help or disquiet. Death had met him at his journey's end.

She had seen all now. Loss, suffering—worn hearts, brave, hopeful hearts—and here the drama's close! She felt as if she could never smile again as they glided silently away from the sloping green shore. So much voiceless, uncomplaining misery in those glistening, white tents, and in the homes they were wearying to see! so much courage and self-sacrifice! so

much devotion to a country that scarcely heeded these numberless patient offerings to its need! to a people who went on their way "as in the days of Noe, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage." Well for them if the flood of desolation come not and "take them all away!"

For herself the lesson of the day had not been unfolded in vain. She knew it was but a tithe of the crimson harvest of War; that all over her country, in the dull walls of city hospitals, in the white tents pitched by wood and coast and stream, such scenes were daily transpiring. Her country! Not only in the portion to which we are learning to limit our devotion, but in that where the wind of this whirlwind was sown, strong men were bearing the anguish of pain and death, and women the heavier burden of suspense and breaking hearts; and she went out of the sunshine of her own undimmed life into the shadow of theirs, and so fulfilled the law of Divine sympathy and love.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN'S RANSOM.

TITO was soon down among the crowd, and, notwithstanding his indifferent reply to Nello's question about his chance acquaintance, he was not without a passing wish, as he made his way round the piazza to the Corso degli Adimari, that he might encounter the pair of blue eyes which had looked up toward him from under the square bit of white linen drapery that formed the ordinary hood of the *contadina* at *festa* time. He was perfectly well aware that that face was Tessa's; but he had not chosen to say so. What had Nello to do with the matter? Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows.

But the passing wish about pretty Tessa was almost immediately eclipsed by the recurrent recollection of that friar whose face had some irrecoverable association for him. Why should a sickly fanatic, worn with fasting, have looked at *him* in particular, and where in all his travels could he remember encountering that face before? Folly! such vague memories hang about the mind like cobwebs, with tickling importunity—best to sweep them away at a dash: and Tito had pleasanter occupation for his thoughts. By the time he was turning out of the Corso degli Adimari into a side street he was caring only that the sun was high, and that the procession had kept him longer than he had intended

from his visit to that room in the Via de' Bardi, where his coming, he knew, was anxiously awaited. He felt the scene of his entrance beforehand: the joy beaming diffusedly in the blind face like the light in a semi-transparent lamp; the transient pink flush on Romola's face and neck, which subtracted nothing from her majesty, but only gave it the exquisite charm of womanly sensitiveness, heightened still more by what seemed the paradoxical, boy-like frankness of her look and smile. They were the best comrades in the world during the hours they passed together round the blind man's chair: she was constantly appealing to Tito, and he was informing her, yet he felt himself strangely in subjection to Romola with that majestic simplicity of hers: he felt for the first time, without defining it to himself, that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood which is, perhaps, something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge. They had never been alone together, and he could frame to himself no probable image of love-scenes between them: he could only fancy and wish wildly—what he knew was impossible—that Romola would some day tell him that she loved him. One day in Greece, as he was leaning over a wall in the sunshine, a little black-eyed peasant girl, who had rested her water-pot on the wall, crept gradually nearer and nearer to him, and at last shyly asked him to kiss her, putting up her round olive cheek very innocently. Tito was used to love that came in this unsought fashion. But Romola's love would never come in that way—would it ever come at all? and yet

it was that topmost apple on which he had set his mind. He was in his fresh youth—not passionate, but impressible: it was as inevitable that he should feel lovingly toward Romola as that the white irises should be reflected in the clear sunlit stream; but he had no coxcombry, and he had an intimate sense that Romola was something very much above him. Many men have felt the same before a large-eyed, simple child.

Nevertheless Tito had had the rapid success which would have made some men presuming, or would have warranted him in thinking that there would be no great presumption in entertaining an agreeable confidence that he might one day be the husband of Romola—nay, that her father himself was not without a vision of such a future for him. His first auspicious interview with Bartolommeo Scala had proved the commencement of a growing favor on the Secretary's part, and had led to an issue which would have been enough to make Tito decide on Florence as the place in which to establish himself, even if it had held no other magnet. Politian was professor of Greek as well as Latin at Florence, professorial chairs being maintained there, although the university had been removed to Pisa; but for a long time Demetrio Calcondila, one of the most eminent and respectable among the emigrant Greeks, had also held a Greek chair, simultaneously with the too predominant Italian. Calcondila was now gone to Milan, and there was no counterpoise or rival to Politian such as was desired for him by the friends who wished him to be taught a little propriety and humility. Scala was far from being the only friend of this class, and he found several who, if they were not among those thirsty admirers of mediocrity that were glad to be refreshed with his verses in hot weather, were yet quite willing to join him in doing that moral service to Politian. It was finally agreed that Tito should be supported in a Greek chair, as Demetrio Calcondila had been by Lorenzo himself, who, being at the same time the affectionate patron of Politian, had shown by precedent that there was nothing invidious in such a measure, but only a zeal for true learning and the instruction of the Florentine youth.

Tito was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and besides convincing fair judges that his talents squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so easily and unpretentiously that no one had yet been offended by it. He was not unlikely to get into the best Florentine society: society where there was much more plate than the circle of enameled silver in the centre of the brass dishes, and where it was not forbidden by the Signory to wear the richest brocade. For where could a handsome young scholar not be welcome when he could touch the lute and troll a gay song? That bright face, that easy smile, that liquid voice, seemed to give life a holiday aspect; just as a strain of gay music and the hoisting of colors make the work-worn and the sad rather ashamed of showing themselves. Here

was a professor likely to render the Greek classics amiable to the sons of great houses.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune; for he had sold all his jewels, except the ring he did not choose to part with, and he was master of full five hundred gold florins.

Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humored nature had known. An importunate thought, of which he had till now refused to see more than the shadow as it dogged his footsteps, at last rushed upon him and grasped him: he was obliged to pause and decide whether he would surrender and obey, or whether he would give the refusal that must carry irrevocable consequences. It was in the room above Nello's shop, which Tito had now hired as a lodging, that the elder Cennini handed him the last quota of the sum on behalf of Bernardo Rucellai, the purchaser of the Cleopatra.

"*Ecco, giovane mio!*" said the respectable printer and goldsmith, "you have now a pretty little fortune; and if you will take my advice, you will let me place your florins in a safe quarter, where they may increase and multiply, instead of slipping through your fingers for banquets and other follies which are rife among our Florentine youth. And it has been too much the fashion of scholars, especially when, like our Pietro Crinito, they think their scholarship needs to be scented and brodered, to squander with one hand till they have been fain to beg with the other. I have brought you the money, and you are free to make a wise choice or an unwise: I shall see on which side the balance dips. We Florentines hold no man a member of an Art till he has shown his skill and been matriculated; and no man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted. If you make up your mind to put your florins out to usury, you can let me know to-morrow. A scholar may marry, and should have something in readiness for the *morgen-cap*.* Addio."

As Cennini closed the door behind him Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"—who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this mid-day sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted be-

* A sum given by the bridegroom to the bride the day after the marriage (*Morgengabe*).

cause he was not deft and active? If he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me: he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of promised love and prosperity: I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain*. But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel on its way to Delos: that was known by the report of the companion galley, which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them among all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumor that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice; get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins on preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again, and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain—yes, if I were certain that Baldassarre Calvo was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now—now I have the money: it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolommeo Scala and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth he was aware there would have been no alternative for him but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself, what he was not ignorant of, that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard that as an exceptional virtue.

This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the

consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true, the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassarre, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassarre was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations; and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help toward making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distills perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassarre had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassarre's knee; and from that time till the hour they had parted Tito had been the one centre of Baldassarre's fatherly cares.

Well, he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright, lovely boy; a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labor—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession: the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable good-humor in them. And then the quick talent, to which every thing came readily, from philosophic systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made due return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but *it was not certain* that Baldassarre was in slavery, not certain that he was living:

"Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he had

turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit every thing, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins: I will place them in his hands to-morrow."

When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act he had chosen his color in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain forever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact, that by it the hope in lies is forever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in this first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered and interrupted had now concentrated themselves: the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return, and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course; he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

On the day of San Giovanni it was already three weeks ago that Tito had handed his florins to Cennini, and we have seen that as he set out toward the Via de' Bardi he showed all the outward signs of a mind at ease. How should it be otherwise? He never jarred with what was immediately around him, and his nature was too joyous, too unapprehensive, for the hidden

and the distant to grasp him in the shape of a dread. As he turned out of the hot sunshine into the shelter of a narrow street, took off the black cloth *berretta*, or simple cap with upturned lappet, which just crowned his brown curls, pushing his hair and tossing his head backward to court the cooler air, there was no brand of duplicity on his brow, neither was there any stamp of candor: it was simply a finely formed, square, smooth young brow; and the slow absent glance he cast round at the upper windows of the houses had neither more dissimulation in it, nor more ingenuousness, than belongs to a youthful well-opened eyelid with its unwearied breadth of gaze; to perfectly pellucid lenses; to the undimmed dark of a rich brown iris; and to a pure cerulean-tinted angle of whiteness streaked with the delicate shadows of long eyelashes. Was it that Tito's face attracted or repelled according to the mental attitude of the observer? Was it a cipher with more than one key? The strong, unmistakable expression in his whole air and person was a negative one, and it was perfectly veracious; it declared the absence of any uneasy claim, any restless vanity, and it made the admiration that followed him as he passed among the troop of holiday-makers a thoroughly willing tribute.

For by this time the stir of the Festa was felt even in the narrowest side streets; the throng which had at one time been concentrated in the lines through which the procession had to pass was now streaming out in all directions in pursuit of a new object. Such intervals of a Festa are precisely the moments when the vaguely active animal spirits of a crowd are likely to be the most petulant and most ready to sacrifice a stray individual to the greater happiness of the greater number. As Tito entered the neighborhood of San Martino, he found the throng rather denser; and near the hostelry of the *Bertucce*, or Baboons, there was evidently some object which was arresting the passengers and forming them into a knot. It needed nothing of great interest to draw aside passengers unfreighted with a purpose, and Tito was preparing to turn aside into an adjoining street, when, amidst the loud laughter, his ear discerned a distressed childish voice crying, "Loose me! Holy Virgin, help me!" which at once determined him to push his way into the knot of gazers. He had just had time to perceive that the distressed voice came from a young *contadina*, whose white hood had fallen off in the struggle to get her hands free from the grasp of a man in the parti-colored dress of a *cerretano*, or conjuror, who was making laughing attempts to soothe and cajole her, evidently carrying with him the amused sympathy of the spectators, who by a persuasive variety of words, signifying simpleton, for which the Florentine dialect is rich in equivalents, seemed to be arguing with the *contadina* against her obstinacy. At the first moment the girl's face was turned away, and he saw only her light-brown hair plaited and fastened with a long silver pin; but in the next, the struggle brought

her face opposite to Tito's, and he saw the baby features of Tessa, her blue eyes filled with tears, and her under-lip quivering. Tessa, too, saw him, and through the mist of her swelling tears there beamed a sudden hope, like that in the face of a little child, when, held by a stranger against its will, it sees a familiar hand stretched out.

In an instant Tito had pushed his way through the barrier of by-standers, whose curiosity made them ready to turn aside at the sudden interference of this handsome young signor, had grasped Tessa's waist, and had said, "Loose this maiden! What right have you to hold her against her will?"

The conjuror—a man with one of those faces in which the angles of the eyes and eyebrows, of the nostrils, mouth, and sharply-defined jaw, all tend upward—showed his small regular teeth in an impish but not ill-natured grin, as he let go Tessa's hands, and stretched out his own backward, shrugging his shoulders, and bending them forward a little in a half-apologetic, half-protesting manner.

"I meant the *ragazza* no evil in the world, Messere: ask this respectable company. I was only going to show them a few samples of my skill, in which this little damsel might have helped me the better because of her kitten face, which would have assured them of open dealing; and I had promised her a lapful of *confetti* as a reward. But what then? Messer has doubtless better *confetti* at hand, and she knows it."

A general laugh among the by-standers accompanied these last words of the conjuror, raised, probably, by the look of relief and confidence with which Tessa clung to Tito's arm, as he drew it from her waist and placed her hand within it. She only cared about the laugh as she might have cared about the roar of wild beasts from which she was escaping, not attaching any meaning to it; but Tito, who had no sooner got her on his arm than he foresaw some embarrassment in the situation, hastened to get clear of observers, who, having been despoiled of an expected amusement, were sure to re-establish the balance by jests.

"See, see, little one! here is your hood," said the conjuror, throwing the bit of white drapery over Tessa's head. "*Orsù*, bear me no malice; come back to me when Messere can spare you."

"Ah! Maestro Vaiano, she'll come back presently, as the toad said to the harrow," called out one of the spectators, seeing how Tessa started and shrank at the action of the conjuror.

Tito pushed his way vigorously toward the corner of a side street, a little vexed at this delay in his progress to the Via de' Bardi, and intending to get rid of the poor little contadina as soon as possible. The next street, too, had its passengers inclined to make holiday remarks at so unusual a pair; but they had no sooner entered it than he said, in a kind but hurried manner, "Now, little one, where were you going? Are you come by yourself to the Festa?"

"Ah no!" said Tessa, looking frightened and distressed again; "I have lost my mother in the crowd—her and my father-in-law. They will be angry—he will beat me. It was in the crowd in San Pulinari—somebody pushed me along and I couldn't stop myself, so I got away from them. Oh, I don't know where they're gone! Please, don't leave me!"

Her eyes had been swelling with tears again, and she ended with a sob.

Tito hurried along again: the Church of the Badia was not far off. They could enter it by the cloister that opened at the back, and in the church he could talk to Tessa—perhaps leave her. No! it was an hour at which the church was not open; but they paused under the shelter of the cloister, and he said, "Have you no cousin or friend in Florence, my little Tessa, whose house you could find; or are you afraid of walking by yourself since you have been frightened by the conjuror? I am in a hurry to get to Oltrarno, but if I could take you any where near—"

"Oh, I *am* frightened: he was the devil—I know he was. And I don't know where to go—I have nobody: and my mother meant to have her dinner somewhere, and I don't know where. Holy Madonna! I shall be beaten."

The corners of the pouting mouth went down piteously, and the poor little bosom with the beads on it above the green serge gamurra heaved so that there was no longer any help for it: a loud sob *would* come, and the big tears fell as if they were making up for lost time. Here was a situation! It would have been brutal to leave her, and Tito's nature was all gentleness. He wished at that moment that he had not been expected in the Via de' Bardi. As he saw her lifting up her holiday apron to catch the hurrying tears, he laid his hand, too, on the apron, and rubbed one of the cheeks and kissed the baby-like roundness.

"My poor little Tessa! leave off crying. Let us see what can be done. Where is your home—where do you live?"

There was no answer, but the sobs began to subside a little and the drops to fall less quickly.

"Come! I'll take you a little way if you'll tell me where you want to go."

The apron fell, and Tessa's face began to look as contented as a cherub's budding from a cloud. The diabolical conjuror, the anger, and the beating seemed a long way off.

"I think I'll go home if you'll take me," she said, in a half whisper, looking up at Tito with wide blue eyes, and with something sweeter than a smile—with a childlike calm.

"Come, then, little one," said Tito, in a caressing tone, putting her arm within his again. "Which way is it?"

"Beyond Peretola—where the large pear-tree is."

"Peretola? Out at which gate, *pazzarella*? I am a stranger, you must remember."

"Out at the Por del Prato," said Tessa, moving along with a very fast hold on Tito's arm.

He did not know all the turnings well enough to venture on an attempt at choosing the quietest streets; and besides, it occurred to him that where the passengers were most numerous there was, perhaps, the most chance of meeting with Monna Ghita and finding an end to his knight-errantship. So he made straight for Porta Rossa, and on to Ognissanti, showing his usual bright, propitiatory face to the mixed observers who threw their jests at him and his little heavy-shod maiden with much liberality. Mingled with the more decent holiday-makers there were frolicsome apprentices, rather envious of his good fortune; bold-eyed women with the badge of the yellow veil; beggars who thrust forward their caps for alms, in derision at Tito's evident haste; dicers, sharpers, and loungers of the worst sort; boys whose tongues were used to wag in concert at the most brutal street games: for the streets of Florence were not always a moral spectacle in those times, and Tessa's terror at being lost in the crowd was not wholly unreasonable.

When they reached the Piazza d'Ognissanti Tito slackened his pace: they were both heated with their hurried walk, and here was a wider space where they could take breath. They sat down on one of the stone *panche* or benches which were frequent against the walls of old Florentine houses.

"*Vergine santissima!*" said Tessa; "I am glad we have got away from those women and boys; but I was not frightened, because you could take care of me."

"Pretty little Tessa!" said Tito, smiling at her. "What makes you feel so safe with me?"

"Because you are so beautiful—like the people going into Paradise—they are all good."

"It is a long while since you had your breakfast, Tessa," said Tito, seeing some stalls near with fruit and sweetmeats upon them. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I think I am—if you will have some too."

Tito bought some apricots, and cakes, and comfits, and put them into her apron.

"Come," he said, "let us walk on to the Prato, and then perhaps you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way alone."

"But you will have some of the apricots and things," said Tessa, rising obediently and gathering up her apron as a bag for her store.

"We will see," said Tito, aloud; and to himself he said, "Here is a little *contadina* who might inspire a better idyl than Lorenzo de' Medici's *Nencia da Barberino*, that Nello's friends rave about; if I were only a Theocritus, or had time to cultivate the necessary experience by unseasonable walks of this sort! However, the mischief is done now: I am so late already that another half hour will make no difference. Pretty little pigeon!"

"We have a garden and plenty of pears," said Tessa, "and two cows, besides the mules; and I'm very fond of them. But the *patrigno* is a cross man: I wish my mother had not mar-

ried him. I think he is wicked; he is very ugly."

"And does your mother let him beat you, *poverina*? You said you were afraid of being beaten."

"Ah, my mother herself scolds me: she loves my young sister better, and thinks I don't do work enough. Nobody speaks kindly to me, only the Pievano (parish priest) when I go to confession. And the men in the Mercato laugh at me and make fun of me. Nobody ever kissed me and spoke to me as you do; just as I talk to my little black-faced kid, because I'm very fond of it."

It seemed not to have entered Tessa's mind that there was any change in Tito's appearance since the morning he begged the milk from her, and that he looked now like a personage for whom she must summon her little stock of reverent words and signs. He had impressed her too differently from any human being who had ever come near her before for her to make any comparison of details: she took no note of his dress; he was simply a voice and a face to her, something come from Paradise into a world where most things seemed hard and angry; and she prattled with as little restraint as if he had been an imaginary companion born of her own lovingness and the sunshine.

They had now reached the *Prato*, which at that time was a large open space within the walls, where the Florentine youth played at their favorite *Calcio*—a peculiar kind of football—and otherwise exercised themselves. At this mid-day time it was forsaken and quiet to the very gates, where a tent had been erected in preparation for the race. On the border of this wide meadow Tito paused and said,

"Now, Tessa, you will not be frightened if I leave you to walk the rest of the way by yourself. Addio. Shall I come and buy a cup of milk from you in the Mercato to-morrow morning, to see that you are quite safe?"

He added this question in a soothing tone, as he saw her eyes widening sorrowfully, and the corners of her mouth falling. She said nothing at first; she only opened her apron and looked down at her apricots and sweetmeats. Then she looked up at him again, and said, complainingly—

"I thought you would have come, and we could sit down under a tree outside the gate, and eat them together."

"Tessa, Tessa, you little siren, you would ruin me," said Tito, laughing and kissing both her cheeks. "I ought to have been in the *Via de' Bardi* long ago. No! I must go back now; you are in no danger. There—I'll take an apricot. Addio!"

He had already stepped two yards from her when he said the last word. Tessa could not have spoken; she was pale, and a great sob was rising; but she turned round as if she felt there was no hope for her, and stepped on, holding her apron so forgetfully that the apricots began to roll out on the grass.



UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

Tito could not help looking after her, and seeing her shoulders rise to the bursting sob, and the apricots fall—could not help going after her and picking them up. It was very hard upon him: he was a long way off the Via de' Bardi, and very near to Tessa.

"See, my silly one," he said, picking up the apricots. "Come, leave off crying; I will go with you, and we'll sit down under the tree. Come, I don't like to see you cry; but you know I must go back some time."

So it came to pass that they found a great plane-tree not far outside the gates, and they sat down under it, and all the feast was spread out on Tessa's lap, she leaning with her back against the trunk of the tree, and he stretched opposite to her, resting his elbows on the rough green growth cherished by the shade, while the sunlight stole through the boughs and played about them like a winged thing. Tessa's face was all contentment again, and the taste of the apricots and sweetmeats seemed very good.

"You pretty bird!" said Tito, looking at her as she sat eying the remains of the feast with an evident mental debate about saving them, since he had said he would not have any more. "To think of any one scolding you! What sins do you tell of at confession, Tessa?"

"Oh, a great many. I am often naughty. I don't like work, and I can't help being idle, though I know I shall be beaten and scolded; and I give the mules the best fodder when nobody sees me, and then when the *madre* is angry I say I didn't do it, and that makes me frightened at the devil. I think the conjuror was the devil. I am not so frightened after I've been to confession. And see, I've got a *Breve* here that a good father who came to Prato preaching this Easter blessed and gave us all." Here Tessa drew from her bosom a tiny bag carefully fastened up. "And I think the Holy Madonna will take care of me; she looks as if she would; and perhaps if I wasn't idle she wouldn't let me be beaten."

"If they are so cruel to you, Tessa, shouldn't you like to leave them, and go and live with a beautiful lady who would be kind to you, if she would have you to wait upon her?"

Tessa seemed to hold her breath for a moment or two. Then she said, doubtfully, "I don't know."

"Then should you like to be *my* little servant, and live with me?" said Tito, smiling. He meant no more than to see what sort of pretty look and answer she would give.

There was a flush of joy immediately. "Will you take me with you now? Ah! I shouldn't go home and be beaten then." She paused a little while, and then added, more doubtfully, "But I should like to fetch my black-faced kid."

"Yes, you must go back to your kid, my Tessa," said Tito, rising, "and I must go the other way."

"By Jupiter!" he added, as he went from under the shade of the tree, "it is not a pleasant time of day to walk from here to the Via de' Bardi; I am more inclined to lie down and sleep in this shade."

It ended so. Tito had an unconquerable aversion to any thing unpleasant, even when an object very much loved and desired was on the other side of it. He had risen early; had waited; had seen sights, and had been already walking in the sun: he was inclined for a siesta, and inclined all the more because little Tessa was there, and seemed to make the air softer. He lay down on the grass again, putting his cap under his head on a green tuft by the side of Tessa. That was not quite comfortable; so he moved again, and asked Tessa to let him rest his head against her lap; and in that way he soon fell asleep. Tessa sat quiet as a dove on its nest, just venturing, when he was fast asleep, to touch the wonderful dark curls that fell backward from his ear. She was too happy to go to sleep—too happy to think that Tito would wake up, and that then he would leave her, and she must go home. It takes very little

water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank. The fretted summer shade, and stillness, and the gentle breathing of some loved life near—it would be paradise to us all, if eager thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

It really was a long while before the waking came—before the long dark eyes opened at Tessa, at first with a little surprise, and then with a smile, which was soon quenched by some pre-occupying thought. Tito's deeper sleep had broken into a doze, in which he felt himself in the Via de' Bardi, explaining his failure to appear at the appointed time. The clear images of that doze urged him to start up at once to a sitting posture, and as he stretched his arms and shook his cap he said:

"Tessa, little one, you have let me sleep too long. My hunger and the shadows together tell me that the sun has done much travel since I fell asleep. I must lose no more time. Ad-dio," he ended, patting her cheek with one hand and settling his cap with the other.

She said nothing, but there were signs in her face which made him speak again in as serious and chiding a tone as he could command:

"Now, Tessa, you must not cry. I shall be angry; I shall not love you if you cry. You must go home to your black-faced kid, or if you like you may go back to the gate and see the horses start. But I can stay with you no longer, and if you cry I shall think you are troublesome to me."

The rising tears were checked by terror at this change in Tito's voice. Tessa turned very pale, and sat in trembling silence, with her blue eyes widened by arrested tears.

"Look now," Tito went on, soothingly, opening the wallet that hung at his belt, "here is a pretty charm that I have had a long while—ever since I was in Sicily, a country a long way off."

His wallet had many little matters in it mingled with small coins, and he had the usual difficulty in laying his finger on the right thing. He unhooked his wallet, and turned out the contents on Tessa's lap. Among them was his onyx ring.

"Ah, my ring!" he exclaimed, slipping it on the forefinger of his right hand. "I forgot to put it on again this morning. Strange, I never missed it! See, Tessa," he added, as he spread out the smaller articles, and selected the one he was in search of. "See this pretty little pointed bit of red coral—like your goat's horn, is it not? and here is a hole in it, so you can put it on the cord round your neck along with your *Breve*, and then the evil spirits can't hurt you: if you ever see them coming in the shadow round the corner, point this little coral horn at them, and they will run away. It is a 'buon fortuna,' and will keep you from harm when I am not with you. Come, undo the cord."

Tessa obeyed with a tranquillizing sense that

life was going to be something quite new, and that Tito would be with her often. All who remember their childhood remember the strange vague sense, when some new experience came, that every thing else was going to be changed, and that there would be no lapse into the old monotony. So the bit of coral was hung beside the tiny bag with the scrap of scrawled parchment in it, and Tessa felt braver.

"And now you will give me a kiss," said Tito, economizing time by speaking while he swept in the contents of the wallet and hung it at his waist again, "and look happy, like a good girl, and then—"

But Tessa had obediently put forward her lips in a moment, and kissed his cheek as he hung down his head.

"Oh, you pretty pigeon!" cried Tito, laughing, pressing her round cheeks with his hands and crushing her features together so as to give them a general impartial kiss.

Then he started up and walked away, not looking round till he was ten yards from her, when he just turned and gave a parting beck. Tessa was looking after him, but he could see that she was making no signs of distress. It was enough for Tito if she did not cry while he was present. The softness of his nature required that all sorrow should be hidden away from him.

"I wonder when Romola will kiss my cheek in that way?" thought Tito, as he walked along. It seemed a tiresome distance now, and he almost wished he had not been so soft-hearted, or so tempted to linger in the shade. No other excuse was needed to Bardo and Romola than saying simply that he had been unexpectedly hindered; he felt confident their proud delicacy would inquire no farther. He lost no time in getting to Ognissanti, and hastily taking some food there, he crossed the Arno by the Ponte alla Carraja, and made his way as directly as possible toward the Via de' Bardi.

But it was the hour when all the world who meant to be in particularly good time to see the *Corso* were returning from the *Borgli*, or villages just outside the gates, where they had dined and reposed themselves; and the thoroughfares leading to the bridges were of course the issues toward which the stream of sight-seers tended. Just as Tito reached the Ponte Vecchio and the entrance of the Via de' Bardi, he was suddenly urged back toward the angle of the intersecting streets. A company on horseback, coming from the Via Guicciardini, and turning up the Via de' Bardi, had compelled the foot-passengers to recede hurriedly. Tito had been walking, as his manner was, with the thumb of his right hand resting in his belt; and as he was thus forced to pause, and was looking carelessly at the passing cavaliers, he felt a very thin cold hand laid on his. He started round, and saw the Dominican friar whose upturned face had so struck him in the morning. Seen closer, the face looked more evidently worn by sickness and not by age; and again it brought

some strong but indefinite reminiscences to Tito.

"Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring"—said the friar, in a faint voice, "is not your name Tito Melema?"

"Yes," said Tito, also speaking faintly, doubly jarred by the cold touch and the mystery. He was not apprehensive or timid through his imagination, but through his sensations and perceptions he could easily be made to shrink and turn pale like a maiden.

"Then I shall fulfill my commission."

The friar put his hand under his scapulary, and drawing out a small linen bag which hung round his neck, took from it a bit of parchment, doubled and stuck firmly together with some black adhesive substance, and placed it in Tito's hand. On the outside was written in Italian, in a small but distinct character—

"Tito Melema, aged twenty-three, with a dark, beautiful face, long dark curls, the brightest smile, and a large onyx ring on his right forefinger."

Tito did not look at the friar, but tremblingly broke open the bit of parchment. Inside, the words were:

"I am sold for a slave: I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me."

Tito looked round at the friar, but could only ask a question with his eyes.

"I had it at Corinth," the friar said, speaking with difficulty, like one whose small strength had been sorely taxed—"I had it from a man who was dying."

"He is dead, then?" said Tito, with a bounding of the heart.

"Not the writer. The man who gave it me was a pilgrim, like myself, to whom the writer had intrusted it, because he was journeying to Italy."

"You know the contents?"

"I know them not, but I conjecture them. Your friend is in slavery—you will go and release him. But I can not say more at present." The friar, whose voice had become feebler and feebler, sank down on the stone bench against the wall from which he had risen to touch Tito's hand.

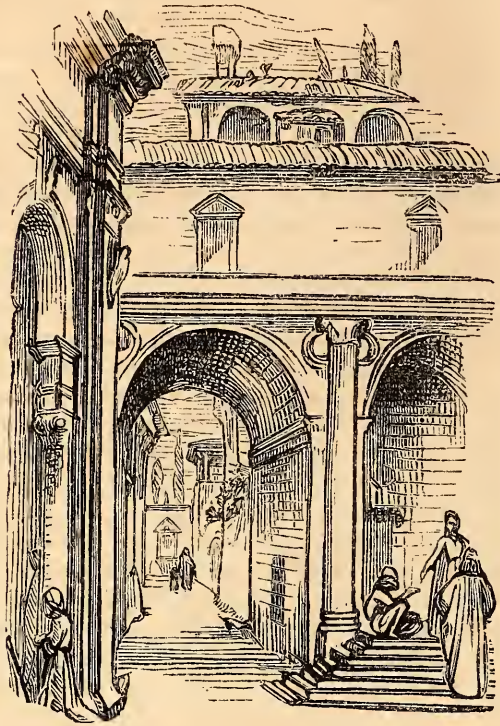
"I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca."

CHAPTER XI.

TITO'S DILEMMA.

WHEN Fra Luca had ceased to speak, Tito still stood by him in irresolution, and it was not till, the pressure of the passengers being removed, the friar rose and walked slowly into the church of Santa Felicità, that Tito also went on his way along the Via de' Bardi.

"If this monk is a Florentine," he said to himself—"if he is going to remain at Florence, every thing must be disclosed." He felt that a new crisis had come, but he was not, for all that, too agitated to pay his visit to Bardo,



and apologize for his previous non-appearance. Tito's talent for concealment was being fast developed into something less neutral. It was still possible—perhaps it might be inevitable—for him to accept frankly the altered conditions, and avow Baldassarre's existence—but hardly without casting an unpleasant light backward on his original reticence as studied equivocation, in order to avoid the fulfillment of a secretly recognized claim, to say nothing of his quiet settlement of himself and investment of his florins, when, it would be clear, his benefactor's fate had not been certified. It was, at least, provisionally wise to act as if nothing had happened, and, for the present, he would suspend decisive thought; there was all the night for meditation, and no one would know the precise moment at which he had received the letter.

So he entered the room on the second story, where Romola and her father sat among the parchment and the marble, aloof from the life of the streets on holidays as well as on common days, with a face just a little less bright than usual, from regret at appearing so late; a regret which wanted no testimony, since he had given up the sight of the Corso in order to express it; and then set himself to throw extra animation into the evening, though all the while his consciousness was at work like a machine with complex action, leaving deposits quite distinct from the line of talk; and by the time he descended the stone stairs and issued from the grim door in the starlight, his mind had really reached a new stage in its formation of a purpose.

And when, the next day, after he was free from his professorial work, he turned up the Via del Cocomero, toward the convent of San Marco, his purpose was fully shaped. He was

going to ascertain from Fra Luca precisely how much he conjectured of the truth, and on what grounds he conjectured it; and, further, how long he was to remain at San Marco. And on that fuller knowledge he hoped to mould a statement which would in any case save him from the necessity of quitting Florence. Tito had never had occasion to fabricate an ingenious lie before: the occasion was come now—the occasion which circumstance never fails to beget on tacit falsity: and his ingenuity was ready. For he had convinced himself that he was not bound to go in search of Baldassarre. He had once said that on a fair assurance of his father's existence and whereabouts he would unhesitatingly go after him. But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life, but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered wintry life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity? Those ideas had all been sown in the fresh soil of Tito's mind, and were lively germs there; that was the proper order of things—the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere nidus for youth. Baldassarre had done his work, had had his draught of life: Tito said it was *his* turn now.

And the prospect was so vague:—"I think they are going to take me to Antioch:" here was a vista! After a long voyage, to spend months, perhaps years, in a search for which even now there was no guarantee that it would not prove vain: and to leave behind at starting a life of distinction and love: and to find, if he found any thing, the old exacting companionship which was known by rote beforehand. Certainly the gems and therefore the florins were, in a sense, Baldassarre's: in the narrow sense by which the right of possession is determined in ordinary affairs; but in that larger and more radically natural view by which the world belongs to youth and strength, they were rather his who could extract the most pleasure out of them. That, he was conscious, was not the sentiment which the complicated play of human feelings had engendered in society. The men around him would expect that he should immediately apply those florins to his benefactor's rescue. But what was the sentiment of society?—a mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions, that no wise man would take as a guide, except so far as his own comfort was concerned. Not that he cared for the florins, save perhaps for Romola's sake: he would give up the florins readily enough. It was the joy that was due to him and was close to his lips, which he felt he was not bound to thrust away from him and travel on, thirsting. Any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward: they were made by men who wanted others to sacrifice themselves for their sake. He would

rather that Baldassarre should not suffer: he liked no one to suffer: but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own? To do so, he must have loved Baldassarre devotedly, and he did *not* love him: was that his own fault? Gratitude! seen closely, it made no valid claim: his father's life would have been dreary without him: are we convicted of a debt to men for the pleasures they give themselves?

Having once begun to explain away Baldassarre's claim, Tito's thought showed itself as active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of sentiment. His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at any thing which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihilate that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire; and checks the hard bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling. "It is good," sing the old Eumenides, in Æschylus, "that fear should sit as the guardian of the soul, forcing it into wisdom—good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else, how shall they learn to revere the right?" That guardianship may become needless; but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force.

As Tito entered the outer cloister of San Marco and inquired for Fra Luca there was no shadowy presentiment in his mind; he felt himself too cultured and skeptical for that: he had been nurtured in contempt for the tales of priests whose impudent lives were a proverb; and in erudite familiarity with disputes concerning the chief good, which had after all, he considered, left it a matter of taste. Yet fear was a strong element in Tito's nature—the fear of what he believed or saw was likely to rob him of pleasure; and he had a definite fear that Fra Luca might be the means of driving him from Florence.

"Fra Luca? ah, he is gone to Fiesole—to the Dominican monastery there. He was taken on a litter in the cool of the morning. The poor brother is very ill. Could you leave a message for him?"

This answer was given by a *fra converso*, or lay brother, whose accent told plainly that he was a raw contadino, and whose dull glance implied no curiosity.

"Thanks; my business can wait."

Tito turned away with a sense of relief. "This friar is not likely to live," he said to himself. "I saw he was worn to a shadow. And at Fiesole there will be nothing to recall

me to his mind. Besides, if he should come back, my explanation will serve as well then as now. But I wish I knew what it was that his face recalled to me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRIZE IS NEARLY GRASPED.

Tito walked along with a light step, for the immediate fear had vanished; the usual joyousness of his disposition reassumed its predominance, and he was going to see Romola. Yet Romola's life seemed an image of that loving, pitying devotedness, that patient endurance of irksome tasks from which he had shrunk and excused himself. But he was not out of love with goodness, or prepared to plunge into vice: he was in his fresh youth, with soft pulses for all charm and loveliness; he had still a healthy appetite for ordinary human joys, and the poison could only work by degrees. He had sold himself to evil, but at present life seemed so nearly the same to him that he was not conscious of the bond. He meant all things to go on as they had done before, both within and without him: he meant to win golden opinions by meritorious exertion, by ingenious learning, by amiable compliance: he was not going to do any thing that would throw him out of harmony with the beings he cared for. And he cared supremely for Romola; he wished to have her for his majestic, beautiful, and loving wife. There might be a wealthier alliance within the ultimate reach of successful accomplishments like his, but there was no woman in all Florence like Romola. When she was near him, and looked at him with her sincere hazel eyes, he was subdued by a delicious influence as strong and inevitable as those musical vibrations which take possession of us with a rhythmic empire that no sooner ceases than we desire it to begin again.

As he trod the stone stairs, when he was still outside the door, with no one but Maso near him, the influence seemed to have begun its work by the mere nearness of anticipation.

"Welcome, Tito mio," said the old man's voice, before Tito had spoken. There was a new vigor in the voice, a new cheerfulness in the blind face, since that first interview more than two months ago. "You have brought fresh manuscript, doubtless; but since we were talking last night I have had new ideas: we must take a wider scope—we must go back upon our footsteps."

Tito, paying his homage to Romola as he advanced, went, as his custom was, straight to Bardo's chair, and put his hand in the palm that was held to receive it, placing himself on the cross-legged leather seat with scrolled ends, close to Bardo's elbow.

"Yes," he said, in his gentle way; "I have brought the new manuscript, but that can wait your pleasure. I have young limbs, you know,



THE FIRST KISS.

and can walk back up the hill without any difficulty."

He did not look at Romola as he said this, but he knew quite well that her eyes were fixed on him with delight.

"That is well said, my son." Bardo had already addressed Tito in this way once or twice of late. "And I perceive with gladness that you do not shrink from labor, without which, the poet has wisely said, life has given nothing

to mortals. It is too often the 'palma sine pulvere,' the prize of glory without the dust of the race, that young ambition covets. But what says the Greek? 'In the morning of life, work; in the mid-day, give counsel; in the evening, pray.' It is true, I might be thought to have reached that helpless evening; but not so, while I have counsel within me which is yet unspoken. For my mind, as I have often said, was shut up as by a dam; the plenteous waters lay dark and

motionless, but you, Tito mio, have opened a duct for them, and they rush forward with a force that surprises myself. And now, what I want is, that we should go over our preliminary ground again, with a wider scheme of comment and illustration; otherwise I may lose opportunities which I now see retrospectively, and which may never occur again. You mark what I am saying, Tito?"

He had just stooped to reach his manuscript, which had rolled down, and Bardo's jealous ear was alive to the slight movement.

Tito might have been excused for shrugging his shoulders at the prospect before him, but he was not naturally impatient; moreover, he had been bred up in that laborious erudition, at once minute and copious, which was the chief intellectual task of the age; and with Romola near, he was floated along by waves of agreeable sensation that made every thing seem easy.

"Assuredly," he said, "you wish to enlarge your comments on certain passages we have cited."

"Not only so; I wish to introduce an occasional *excursus*, where we have noticed an author to whom I have given special study; for I may die too soon to achieve any separate work. And this is not a time for scholarly integrity and well-sifted learning to lie idle, when it is not only rash ignorance that we have to fear, but when there are men like Calderino, who, as Poliziano has well shown, have recourse to impudent falsities of citation to serve the ends of their vanity and secure a triumph to their own mistakes. Wherefore, Tito mio, I think it not well that we should let slip the occasion that lies under our hands. And now we will turn back to the point where we cited the passage from Thucydides, and I wish you, by way of preliminary, to go with me through all my notes on the Latin translation made by Lorenzo Valla, for which the incomparable Pope Nicholas V.—with whose personal notice I was honored while I was yet young, and when he was still Thomas of Sarzana—paid him (I say not unduly) the sum of five hundred gold scudi. But inasmuch as Valla, though otherwise of dubious fame, is held in high honor for his severe scholarship, so that the epigrammatist has jocosely said of him that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages, it is the more needful that his name should not be as a stamp warranting false wares; and therefore I would introduce an *excursus* on Thucydides, wherein my castigations of Valla's text may find a fitting place. Romola mia, thou wilt reach the needful volumes—thou knowest them—on the fifth shelf of the cabinet."

Tito rose at the same moment with Romola, saying, "I will reach them, if you will point them out," and followed her hastily into the adjoining small room, where the walls were also covered with ranges of books in perfect order.

"There they are," said Romola, pointing up-

ward; "every book is just where it was when my father ceased to see them."

Tito stood by her without hastening to reach the books. They had never been in this room together before.

"I hope," she continued, turning her eyes full on Tito, with a look of grave confidence—"I hope he will not weary you; this work makes him so happy."

"And me too, Romola—if you will only let me say, I love you—if you will only think me worth loving a little."

His speech was the softest murmur, and the dark beautiful face, nearer to hers than it had ever been before, was looking at her with beseeching tenderness.

"I do love you," murmured Romola; she looked at him with the same simple majesty as ever, but her voice had never in her life before sunk to that murmur. It seemed to them both that they were looking at each other a long while before her lips moved again; yet it was but a moment till she said, "I know *now* what it is to be happy."

The faces just met, and the dark curls mingled for an instant with the rippling gold. Quick as lightning after that, Tito set his foot on a projecting ledge of the book-shelves and reached down the needful volumes. They were both contented to be silent and separate, for that first blissful experience of mutual consciousness was all the more exquisite for being unperturbed by immediate sensation.

It had all been as rapid as the irreversible mingling of waters, for even the eager and jealous Bardo had not become impatient.

"You have the volumes, my Romola?" the old man said, as they came near him again. "And now you will get your pen ready; for, as Tito marks off the scholia we determine on extracting, it will be well for you to copy them without delay—numbering them carefully, mind, to correspond with the numbers he will put in the text he will write."

Romola always had some task which gave her a share in this joint work. Tito took his stand at the *leggio*, where he both wrote and read, and she placed herself at a table just in front of him, where she was ready to give into her father's hands any thing that he might happen to want, or relieve him of a volume that he had done with. They had always been in that position since the work began, yet on this day it seemed new; it was so different now for them to be opposite each other; so different for Tito to take a book from her as she lifted it from her father's knee. Yet there was no finesse to secure an additional look or touch. Each woman creates in her own likeness the love-tokens that are offered to her; and Romola's deep calm happiness encompassed Tito like the rich but quiet evening light which dissipates all unrest.

They had been two hours at their work, and were just desisting because of the fading light, when the door opened and there entered a figure strangely incongruous with the current of

their thoughts and with the suggestions of every object around them. It was the figure of a short stout black-eyed woman, nearly fifty, wearing a black velvet *berretta*, or close cap, embroidered with pearls, under which surprisingly massive black braids surmounted the little bulging forehead, and fell in rich plaited curves over the ears, while an equally surprising carmine tint on the upper region of the fat cheeks contrasted with the surrounding sallowness. Three rows of pearls and a lower necklace of gold reposed on the horizontal cushion of her neck; the embroidered border of her trailing black velvet gown and her embroidered long-drooping sleeves of rose-colored damask, were slightly faded, but they conveyed to the initiated eye the satisfactory assurance that they were the splendid result of six months' labor by a skilled workman; and the rose-colored petticoat, with its dimmed white fringe and seed-pearl arabesques, was duly exhibited in order to suggest a similar pleasing reflection. A handsome coral rosary hung from one side of an inferential belt, which emerged into certainty with a large clasp of silver wrought in *niello*; and on the other side, where the belt again became inferential, hung a *scarsella*, or large purse of crimson velvet, stitched with pearls. Her little fat right hand, which looked as if it had been made of paste, and had risen out of shape under partial baking, held a small book of devotions, also splendid with velvet, pearls, and silver.

The figure was already too familiar to Tito to be startling, for Monna Brigida was a frequent visitor at Bardo's, being excepted from the sentence of banishment passed on feminine triviality on the ground of her cousinship to his dead wife and her early care for Romola, who now looked round at her with an affectionate smile, and rose to draw the leather seat to a due distance from her father's chair, that the coming gush of talk might not be too near his ear.

"*La cugina?*" said Bardo, interrogatively, detecting the short steps and the sweeping drapery.

"Yes, it is your cousin," said Monna Brigida, in an alert voice, raising her fingers smilingly at Tito, and then lifting up her face to be kissed by Romola. "Always the troublesome *cugina* breaking in on your wisdom," she went on, seating herself and beginning to fan herself with the white veil hanging over her arm. "Well, well; if I didn't bring you some news of the world now and then, I do believe you'd forget there was any thing in life but these mouldy ancients, who want sprinkling with holy water if all I hear about them is true. Not but what the world is bad enough nowadays, for the scandals that turn up under one's nose at every corner—I don't want to hear and see such things, but one can't go about with one's head in a bag; and it was only yesterday—well, well, you needn't burst out at me, Bardo, I'm not going to tell any thing; if I'm not as wise as the three kings I know how many legs go into one boot. But, nevertheless, Florence is a wicked city—is it not

true, Messer Tito? for you go into the world. Not but what one must sin a little—Messer Domeneddio expects that of us, else what are the blessed sacraments for? And what I say is, we've got to reverence the saints, and not to set ourselves up as if we could be like them, else life would be unbearable; as it will be if things go on after this new fashion. For what do you think? I've been at the wedding to-day—Dianora Acciajoli's with the young Albizzi that there has been so much talk of—and every body wondered at its being to-day instead of yesterday; but, *cieli!* such a wedding as it was might have been put off till the next Quaresima for a penance. For there was the bride looking like a white nun—not so much as a pearl about her—and the bridegroom as solemn as San Giuseppe. It's true! And half the people invited were *piagnoni*—they call them *piagnoni** now, these new saints of Fra Girolamo's making. And to think of two families like the Albizzi and the Acciajoli taking up such notions, when they could afford to wear the best! Well, well, they invited me—but they could do no other, seeing my husband was Luca Antonio's uncle by the mother's side—and a pretty time I had of it while we waited under the canopy in front of the house before they let us in. I couldn't stand in my clothes, it seemed, without giving offense; for there was Monna Berta, who has had worse secrets in her time than any I could tell of myself, looking askance at me from under her hood like a *pinzochera*,† and telling me to read the Frate's book about widows, from which she had found great guidance. Holy Madonna! it seems as if widows had nothing to do now but to buy their coffins, and think it a thousand years till they get into them, instead of enjoying themselves a little when they've got their hands free for the first time. And what do you think was the music we had to make our dinner lively? A long discourse from Fra Domenico of San Marco, about the doctrines of their blessed Fra Girolamo—the three doctrines we are all to get by heart; and he kept marking them off on his fingers till he made my flesh creep: and the first is, Florence, or the Church—I don't know which, for first he said one and then the other—shall be scourged; but if he means the pestilence the Signory ought to put a stop to such preaching, for it's enough to raise the swelling under one's arms with fright; but then, after that, he says Florence is to be regenerated; but what will be the good of that when we're all dead of the plague or something else? And then the third thing, and what he said oftenest, is, that it's all to be in our days: and he marked that off on his thumb till he made me tremble like the very jelly before me. They had jellies, to be sure, with the arms of the Albizzi and the Acciajoli raised on them in all colors; they've not turned the world quite upside down yet. But all their talk is, that we are to

* Funereal mourners: properly, paid mourners.

† A Sister of the Third Order of St. Francis: an unclioistered nun.

go back to the old ways: for up starts Francesco Valori, that I've danced with in the Via Larga when he was a bachelor and as fond of the Medici as any body, and he makes a speech about the old times, before the Florentines had left off crying '*Popolo*' and begun to cry '*Palle*'—as if that had any thing to do with a wedding!—and how we ought to keep to the rules the Signory laid down Heaven knows when, that we were not to wear this and that, and not to eat this and that—and how our manners were corrupted and we read bad books; though he can't say that of me—"

"Stop, *cugina*!" said Bardo, in his imperious tone, for he had a remark to make, and only desperate measures could arrest the rattling lengthiness of Monna Brigida's discourse. But now she gave a little start, pursed up her mouth and looked at him with round eyes.

"Francesco Valori is not altogether wrong," Bardo went on. "Bernardo, indeed, rates him not highly, and is rather of opinion that he christens private grudges by the name of public zeal; though I must admit that my good Bernardo is too slow of belief in that unalloyed patriotism which was found in all its lustre among the ancients. But it is true, Tito, that our manners have degenerated somewhat from that noble frugality which, as has been well seen in the public acts of your citizens, is the parent of true magnificence. For men, as I hear, will now spend on the transient show of a *giostra* sums which would suffice to found a library, and confer a lasting possession on mankind. Still, I conceive, it remains true of us Florentines that we have more of that magnanimous sobriety which abhors a trivial lavishness than it may be grandly open-handed on grand occasions, than can be found in any other city of Italy; for I understand that the Neapolitan and Milanese courtiers laugh at the scarcity of our plate, and think scorn of our great families for borrowing from each other that furniture of the table at their entertainments. But in the vain laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause."

"Laughter, indeed!" burst forth Monna Brigida again, the moment Bardo paused. "If any body wanted to hear laughter at the wedding to-day they were disappointed, for when young Niccolò Macchiavelli tried to make a joke, and told stories out of Franco Sacchetti's book, how it was no use for the Signoria to make rules for us women, because we were cleverer than all the painters, and architects, and doctors of logic in the world, for we could make black look white, and yellow look pink, and crooked look straight, and, if any thing was forbidden, we could find a new name for it—Holy Virgin! the *piagnoni* looked more dismal than before, and somebody said Sacchetti's book was wicked. Well, I don't read it—they can't accuse me of reading any thing. Save me from going to a wedding again if that's to be the fashion; for all of us who were not *piagnoni* were as comfortable as wet chickens. I was never caught in a worse trap but once before, and that was when I

went to hear their precious Frate last Quaresima in San Lorenzo. Perhaps I never told you about it, Messer Tito?—it almost freezes my blood when I think of it. How he rated us poor women! and the men, too, to tell the truth, but I didn't mind that so much. He called us cows, and lumps of flesh, and wantons, and mischief-makers—and I could just bear that, for there were plenty others more fleshy and spiteful than I was—though every now and then his voice shook the very bench under me like a trumpet; but then he came to the *capelli morti* (dead, *i.e.*, false hair), and, O misericordia! he made a picture—I see it now—of a young woman lying a pale corpse, and us light-minded widows—of course he meant me as well as the rest, for I had my plaits on, for if one is getting old, one doesn't want to look as ugly as the Befana*—us widows rushing up to the corpse, like bare-pated vultures as we were, and cutting off its young dead hair to deck our old heads with. Oh, the dreams I had after that! And then he cried, and wrung his hands at us, and I cried too (*piagnoni*, indeed! they may well be *piagnoni*). And to go home, and to take off my jewels, this very clasp, and every thing, and to make them into a packet, *fù tutt'uno*; and I was within a hair of sending them to the good men of St. Martin to give to the poor, but, by Heaven's mercy, I bethought me of going first to my confessor, Fra Cristoforo, at Santa Croce, and he told me how it was all the work of the devil, this preaching and prophesying of their Fra Girolamo, and the Dominicans were trying to turn the world upside down, and I was never to go and hear him again, else I must do penance for it; for the great preachers Fra Mariano and Fra Menico had shown how Fra Girolamo preached lies—and that was true, for I heard them both in the Duomo—and how the Pope's dream of San Francesco propping up the Church with his arms was being fulfilled still, and the Dominicans were beginning to pull it down. Well and good: I went away *con Dio*, and made myself easy. I am not going to be frightened by a Frate Predicatore again. And all I say is, I wish it hadn't been the Dominicans that poor Dino joined years ago, for then I should have been glad when I heard them say he was come back—"

"Silenzio!" said Bardo, in a loud agitated voice, while Romola half-started from her chair, clasped her hands, and looked round at Tito, as if *now* she might appeal to him. Monna Brigida gave a little scream and bit her lip.

"Donna!" said Bardo, again, "hear once more my will. Bring no reports about that name to this house; and thou, Romola, I forbid thee to ask. My son is dead."

Bardo's whole frame seemed vibrating with passion, and no one dared to break silence again. Monna Brigida lifted her shoulders and her hands in mute dismay; then she rose as

* The name given to the grotesque black-faced figures, supposed to represent the Magi, carried about or placed in the windows on Twelfth Night: a corruption of Epifania.

quietly as possible, gave many significant nods to Tito and Romola, motioning to them that they were not to move, and stole out of the room like a culpable fat spaniel who has barked unseasonably.

Meanwhile, Tito's quick mind had been combining ideas with lightning-like rapidity. Bardo's son was not really dead, then, as he had supposed: he was a monk; he was "come back:" and Fra Luca—yes! it was the likeness to Bardo and Romola that had made the face seem half-known to him. If he were only dead at Fiesole at that moment! This importunate selfish wish inevitably thrust itself before every other thought. It was true that Bardo's rigid will was a sufficient safeguard against any intercourse between Romola and her brother; but *not* against the betrayal of what he knew to others, especially when the subject was suggested by the coupling of Romola's name with that of the very Tito Melema whose description he had carried round his neck as an index. No! nothing but Fra Luca's death could remove all danger; but his death was highly probable, and after the momentary shock of the discovery, Tito let his mind fall back in repose on that confident hope.

They had sat in silence, and in a deepening twilight for many minutes when Romola ventured to say—

"Shall I light the lamp, father, and shall we go on?"

"No, my Romola, we will work no more to-night. Tito, come and sit by me here."

Tito moved from the reading-desk and seated himself on the other side of Bardo close to his left elbow.

"Come nearer to me, figliuola mia," said Bardo again, after a moment's pause. And Romola seated herself on a low stool and let her arm rest on her father's right knee, that he might lay his hand on her hair, as he was fond of doing.

"Tito, I never told you that I had once a son," said Bardo, forgetting what had fallen from him in the emotion raised by their first interview. The old man had been deeply shaken and was forced to pour out his feelings in spite of pride. "But he left me—he is dead to me—I have disowned him forever. He was a ready scholar, as you are, but more fervid and impatient, and yet sometimes rapt and self-absorbed, like a flame fed by some fitful source; showing a disposition from the very first to turn away his eyes from the clear lights of reason and philosophy, and to prostrate himself under the influences of a dim mysticism which eludes all rules of human duty as it eludes all argument. And so it ended. We will speak no more of him: he is dead to me. I wish his face could be blotted from that world of memory in which the distant seems to grow clearer and the near to fade."

Bardo paused, but neither Romola nor Tito dared to speak—his voice was too tremulous, the poise of his feelings too doubtful. But he

presently raised his hand and found Tito's shoulder to rest it on, while he went on speaking with an effort to be calmer.

"But *you* have come to me, Tito—not quite too late. I will lose no more time in vain regret. When you are working by my side I seem to have found a son again."

The old man, preoccupied with the governing interest of his life, was only thinking of the much-meditated book which had quite thrust into the back-ground the suggestion, raised by Bernardo del Nero's warning, of a possible marriage between Tito and Romola. But Tito could not allow the moment to pass unused.

"Will you let me be always and altogether your son? Will you let me take care of Romola—be her husband? I think she will not deny me. She has said she loves me. I know I am not equal to her in birth—in any thing; but I am no longer a destitute stranger."

"Is it true, my Romola?" said Bardo, in a lower tone, an evident vibration passing through him and dissipating the saddened aspect of his features.

"Yes, father," said Romola, firmly. "I love Tito—I wish to marry him, that we may be both your children and never part."

Tito's hand met hers in a strong clasp for the first time while she was speaking, but their eyes were fixed anxiously on her father.

"Why should it not be?" said Bardo, as if arguing against any opposition to his assent, rather than assenting. "It would be a happiness to me; and thou, too, Romola, wouldst be the happier for it."

He stroked her long hair gently and bent toward her.

"Ah, I have been apt to forget that thou needest some other love than mine. And thou wilt be a noble wife. Bernardo thinks I shall hardly find a husband fitting for thee. And he is perhaps right. For thou art not like the herd of thy sex: thou art such a woman as the immortal poets had a vision of, when they sang the lives of the heroes—tender but strong, like thy voice, which has been to me instead of the light in the years of my blindness..... And so thou lovest him?"

He sat upright again for a minute and then said, in the same tone as before, "Why should it not be? I will think of it; I will talk with Bernardo."

Tito felt a disagreeable chill at this answer, for Bernardo del Nero's eyes had retained their keen suspicion whenever they looked at him, and the uneasy remembrance of Fra Luca converted all uncertainty into fear.

"Speak for me, Romola," he said, pleadingly. "Messer Bernardo is sure to be against me."

"No, Tito," said Romola, "my godfather will not oppose what my father firmly wills. And it is your will that I should marry Tito—is it not true, father? Nothing has ever come to me before that I have wished for strongly: I did not think it possible that I could care so

much for any thing that could happen to myself."

It was a brief and simple plea; but it was the condensed story of Romola's self-repressing colorless young life, which had thrown all its passion into sympathy with aged sorrows, aged ambition, aged pride and indignation. It had never occurred to Romola that she should not speak as directly and emphatically of her love for Tito as of any other subject.

"Romola mia!" said her father fondly, pausing on the words, "it is true thou hast never urged on me any wishes of thy own. And I have no will to resist thine; rather, my heart met Tito's entreaty at its very first utterance. Nevertheless, I must talk with Bernardo about the measures needful to be observed. For we must not act in haste, or do any thing unbecoming my name. I am poor, and held of little account by the wealthy of our family—nay, I may consider myself a lonely man—but I must nevertheless remember that generous birth has its obligations. And I would not be reproached by my fellow-citizens for rash haste in bestowing my daughter. Bartolommeo Scala gave his Alessandra to the Greek Marullo, but Marullo's lineage was well known, and Scala himself is of no extraction. I know Bernardo will hold that we must take time: he will, perhaps, reproach me with want of due forethought. Be patient, my children: you are very young."

No more could be said, and Romola's heart was perfectly satisfied. Not so Tito's. If the subtle mixture of good and evil prepares suffering for human truth and purity, there is also suffering prepared for the wrong-doer by the same mingled conditions. As Tito kissed Romola on their parting that evening, the very strength of the thrill that moved his whole being at the sense that this woman, whose beauty it was hardly possible to think of as any thing but the necessary consequence of her noble nature, loved him with all the tenderness that spoke in her clear eyes, brought a strong reaction of regret that he had not kept himself free from that first deceit which had dragged him into this danger of being disgraced before her. There was a spring of bitterness mingling with that fountain of sweets. Would the death of Fra Luca arrest it? He hoped it would.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

IF Macaulay had carried out the magnificent programme of his "History of England," no chapters would have been as valuable as those which would have told "How in Asia British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander." If these chapters had been written with the truthfulness of the famous article upon Warren Hastings, they would have presented a picture of cruelty and rapacity to which the history of the world can show no parallel.

British India now comprises a territory of nearly 1,200,000 square miles, with an esti-

mated population of 160,000,000, exclusive of certain native states nominally independent, whose rulers are said to be "assisted," but who are really controlled by British "Residents," all of which are liable at any moment to be formally seized by the British. Including these, the subjects of the British Government in India number 200,000,000. In area and population British India somewhat exceeds all Europe, leaving out Russia and Sweden.

The acquisition of this immense territory has occupied just a century. The first important seizure took place in 1757, when a tract as large as the State of Delaware was surrendered by the Nabob of Bengal; the last was in 1856, when Oude was seized. We propose briefly to glance at the occasion and circumstances of the principal acquisitions.

The first "factory," or trading post, of the East India Company was established at Surat in 1612. But for more than a century and a quarter there were no considerable acquisitions of territory. Up to 1756 the possessions of the Company, including the Island of Bombay, which was wrested from the Portuguese, were less than thirty square miles. In that year the Nabob of Bengal was despoiled of a portion of his dominions. The work of conquest now fairly began. In eight years more they had amounted to something more than twice the area of the State of Massachusetts. In 1765 the first grand acquisition took place. The Mogul Emperor Shah Alum, who was really the prisoner of his Vizier, Shujah Dowlah, made over to the East India Company the sovereignty of the whole of Bengal and Orissa, 116,000 square miles, in consideration for which he was to be paid £260,000 a year. The Company took the sovereignty, but coolly refused to pay the price. Five years later occurred the terrible famine, in which, according to Warren Hastings, one half the population of Bengal perished. This was partly caused and greatly aggravated by the measures taken by the Company to keep up their revenues. The Hindoos starved by millions, but the East India Company secured its 11 per cent. dividends.

Hitherto the British Government had taken no ostensible part in Indian affairs. All was done by the East India Company, a purely mercantile corporation. In 1773 the Government for the first time interfered, appointing a Governor-General, and making sundry other arrangements. The first Governor-General was Warren Hastings. After Macaulay no man need undertake to describe the treachery and cruelty of his administration. Yet Hastings was not by nature a bad or cruel man. He would have preferred to rule justly; but the Company, his masters, must have their regular dividends, and he could furnish them only by plundering the princes, starving the Begums, and giving up their servants to torture. The net results of his able and unscrupulous administration were an exhausted treasury, an impoverished commerce, and a war, actual or impending, with every power of Hindostan,

whose sole bond of union was hatred of the English.

In 1786 Hastings was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis. He endeavored to govern wisely, but became involved in a war with Tippoo Sultan, who was compelled to purchase peace by giving up half of his dominions. Sir John Shore, afterward Lord Teignmouth, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis, found Tippoo waiting for an opportunity to renew the war against the English invaders. His four years' rule resulted in an exhausted treasury, an increasing debt, and an impending war, which was to be carried on by stronger hands than his own.

Lord Mornington, better known as the Marquis of Wellesley, came to India in 1798 as Governor-General. He was accompanied by his brother Henry, afterward Lord Cowley, who acted as private secretary. Another brother, Arthur, afterward the Duke of Wellington, had preceded him with his regiment. The war with Tippoo Sultan broke out afresh. In this contest Arthur Wellesley manifested those qualities as a general which were later displayed on a wider field against the best Marshals of Napoleon, and finally at Waterloo against the Great Captain. Then came the Mahratta war, undertaken by the English to break up a powerful native confederacy in Northern India, which, it was apprehended, might endanger the British supremacy. The result was that the Emperor of Delhi, the nominal ruler of Hindostan, placed himself under British protection, and other additions were made to the English dominions, amounting in all to 140,000 square miles. At the close of Lord Mornington's administration, in 1805, more than 300,000 square miles were subject to the British. In half a century a territory equal in extent and population to France and Great Britain had been conquered and subjected to the despotic government of a company of foreign merchants.

For ten years, from 1805 to 1815, the boundaries of the British dominions in India were almost unchanged. England had too much to do in fighting Napoleon to have leisure for further aggressions in the East. But when this peril was over conquests in India were resumed with fresh vigor. In twenty years 200,000 square miles were acquired. More than a third of this was won from the King of Ava, on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal; the remaining conquests were in various parts, mostly in Northern and Central India. Here the Rajah of Mysoor was relieved of a territory equal to the State of Ohio; the Rajah of Berar lost half as much, and sundry other rulers were despoiled of more or less. The ease of the Rajah of Coorg was peculiarly aggravated. He and his ancestors had been fast allies of the English. Some of his own relations accused him of hostile designs. In 1834 he surrendered himself and his family unconditionally, and his dominions were sequestered. Sixteen years after, he still being held as a prisoner of state, the Rajah went to England to endeavor to obtain restitution for a sum of £85,000 which he had invested in Govern-

ment funds, upon which depended the subsistence of himself and his family. His efforts were fruitless, and he died in London three years ago, worn out by delays and disappointments.

In 1835 the Earl of Auckland came out as Governor-General. England was looking with apprehension upon the steady advance of Russia in the East. Dost Mohammed, the ruler of the independent state of Cabool, was "desired" to form no alliance with the Czar. His reply to this modest demand was unsatisfactory, and the English undertook to depose him and place Shah Soojah, a creature of their own, upon the throne. They effected this in 1839, but soon found that they must support their tool by money and troops. They agreed to pay £1,250,000 a year. But the Company grew weary of the outlay. Macnaghten, the British envoy, thought the payment might be dispensed with. The "noses of the Afghan chiefs had been brought to the grindstone," he said; and they could do nothing. The Afghans rose; Macnaghten was murdered, together with Sir Alexander Burnes, who provoked his fate by his profligate conduct. The British were forced to conclude a treaty, by which they agreed to surrender the forts held by them, replace Dost Mohammed on the throne, and pay a large sum for beasts to transport their troops back to Hindostan. The retreat was begun in January, 1842. The predatory tribes of the mountains fell upon the retreating troops; 3000 were slain outright at the Cabool Pass; the women and children were surrendered to Dost Mohammed, who treated them kindly, and afterward gave them up to the British authorities. The remainder of the troops pressed on, but were slaughtered almost to a man among the mountain defiles. There is in all history no record of so complete an annihilation of an army. This Afghan war cost \$100,000,000, and destroyed the prestige of invincibility which had so long attached to the British arms in India.

Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded the Earl of Auckland, resolved to restore this prestige. An "Army of Retribution" forced its way to Cabool; the city was sacked, the Grand Bazaar and the Great Mosque were razed to the ground; the famous Hundred Gardens fell before the rage of those whom Lord Brougham denounced as "our incendiary generals." This Vandalism was the more atrocious when viewed in connection with Lord Ellenborough's subsequent proclamation ordering the evacuation of Afghanistan, and acknowledging the original error of its invasion.

The conquest of Scinde, in 1843, has been termed "the tail of the Afghan war." The English insisted upon the navigation of the Indus as a means of reaching the Cabool valley. The Ameers of Scinde were unwilling to grant this; a quarrel was forced upon them; they were worsted; and the East India Company gained a fertile province of 60,000 square miles, with the Indus for a boundary, at the cost of a heavy expenditure, which their finances could

ill bear. But if the Company suffered pecuniarily, individuals were enriched by the plunder, or "loot," which fell to the soldiers at Hyderabad and elsewhere. Sir Charles Napier, who came out with an empty purse, obtained \$350,000 as his share of the spoils. He calls the seizure of Scinde "a very advantageous, useful, and humane piece of rascality." Of its rascality there is no question; that Sir Charles Napier found it advantageous is evident; whether it was humane or not is certainly open to doubt.

The Marquis of Dalhousie was sent out as Governor-General in 1848, and retained his post till 1856. He made greater sweeps of territory than any of his predecessors. The pretexts were various, and accommodated to the circumstances of the case. A new term had not long before been added to the vocabulary of English usurpation. In 1836 we find the first record of a state being "annexed." This, in India, signifies the assumption by the British of the sovereignty of a state on the death of its ruler without direct male heirs; the ancient Hindoo right of adoption being ignored, as well as that of the people to choose their rulers. Previous to 1848 the "annexations" were only of insignificant states. In that year Sattara, as large as Massachusetts and Connecticut, was annexed; five years later Nagpoor, with a territory and population half greater than those of the State of New York, was in this manner added to the Company's dominions. The entire list of annexations amounts to fifteen.

"Annexation" was only one of the means for spoliation of native rulers. When the occasion for this was wanting it was easy to find another pretext. A very aggravated case was that of the Dewan Moolraj of Mooltan. Upon the death of his father the Government agreed to recognize Moolraj as his successor upon the payment of £180,000. He came to Lahore, handed over the money, and was told that he must give up half his dominions, and pay £190,000 a year for the privilege of keeping the remainder. Resistance was useless. "I am in your hands," he said to the English Resident, who told him that he would be relieved of the charge of Mooltan. The second Sikh war broke out. Moolraj defended his strong fortress as long as possible; but was forced to yield. He rode into the English camp and gave himself up as a prisoner. He was informed that he was to be transported beyond the seas—a penalty to a Hindoo worse than death. He begged vainly that instead of being transported he might be put to death. Among the spoils of this war was the famous Koh-i-Noor diamond. The Hindoos pretend to trace its history from sovereign to sovereign for more than 3000 years, and affirm that it has always brought misfortune upon its possessors. It is now among the jewels which form the British regalia. Whether the omen will fail, now that the diamond has been made a prey by Christians instead of Hindoos and Mohammedans, remains to be seen. The Rajah

of Hyderabad, having fallen into arrears in the payment of the contingent of British troops which had been forced upon him, was despoiled of a third part of his dominions. The Rajah of Jhansi, a small Mahratta state, died in 1853, leaving no heirs. He had been a faithful ally of the British, and on his death-bed entreated that his adopted son might be recognized as his successor, and that, according to Hindoo custom, his wife, the Ranee Lakshmi Bye, should act as Regent. The petition was refused, and Jhansi was "annexed." The Ranee, a young, beautiful, and high-spirited woman took a vow of vengeance, which she had before long an opportunity of keeping.

Lord Dalhousie's conduct toward Mohammed Shah, the King of Delhi, was intensely galling to every native of India. He was the representative of the mighty Mogul Emperors, and though deprived of all power except in the city and environs of Delhi, he was still prayed for as Emperor in every mosque in India. The Company even affected to treat him as the titular sovereign of the country, the Governor-General formally addressing him as a superior, and the captain of the English guards only entering his presence barefoot. Meanwhile the subsidy which had been guaranteed to him was reduced until it was insufficient for the maintenance of the royal family. Within the palace walls were 5000 persons, of whom 3000 were of the blood royal. The Calcutta Government, in its treatment of the "Sullateen," as the young princes were called, seems to have taken pattern by the course of the French Revolutionary Convention toward the son of Louis XVI. They were hedged in with restrictions, forbidden to enter the army or the public service, shut up in the palace, and consigned to a life of sloth and inaction. Their ignorance and sensuality was a by-word with the English. Finally, upon the death of the heir-apparent Lord Dalhousie recommended that "the House of Timur should be suppressed whenever the old King should die."

The seizure of Oude, in 1856, completed the long list of English conquests in India. The only pretext for this assumption was that the King of Oude governed badly. From the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, 1800 miles south to Cape Comorin, and from the Indus, 1900 miles east to the Irrawaddy, the whole vast peninsula had been conquered. Two hundred millions of people—fully one-sixth of the human race—were subjected; a larger number than were ever before, with the single exception of the Chinese empire, brought under one government. Yet while these great conquests were being made, all England rung with denunciations of American rapacity, and lust for territory.

The system of government to which so many millions were subjected was even in theory the worst that ever existed out of Dahomey. Bad as it was in theory it was worse in practice. It was administered mainly by inexperienced youths, ignorant of the language and institutions of the conquered people. They were sent out by their

relatives, who had the good fortune to be Directors of the Company, in order to make their fortunes as soon as possible, while they secured dividends to the Company. Between these two incentives to extortion, ignorance and cupidity, the poor natives were ground to powder, as between the upper and the nether millstone. The governors appointed by the Crown were powerless for good. The practical exercise of power was in the hands of the servants of a soulless corporation on the opposite side of the globe, whose predominant feeling was contempt for the people over whom they were placed. Two hundred millions of human beings were under the absolute control of hardly one hundred thousand strangers in race and religion.

Yet no general apprehensions of revolt were felt. Lord Dalhousie resolved to reduce his new acquisitions—the Punjaub and Oude—to the same abject condition to which Bombay and Madras had been brought. The experiment was first tried in the Punjaub. Picked men, invested with extraordinary powers, were sent there. Among these were the two Lawrences, John and Henry. The latter—perhaps the best man ever sent to India—soon abandoned his work in disgust, leaving a province where people were liable to be hanged upon no better authority than an open note from an assistant-commissioner to a deputy, expressing an opinion that they were guilty. John Lawrence, the stern civilian, had no such scruples. He carried out the policy which had been marked out with unflinching severity. It was resolved to introduce the same system into Oude. Titles to all landed property were adjudicated by men wholly incompetent for the task. The chief commissioner, Jackson, drove the royal family from their palace and took possession of it himself; ladies and children of noble families, who had never before been seen outside of the zenana, were driven to beg their bread by night in the streets of Lucknow. Yet the Company coolly congratulated itself that Oude had been thoroughly subjugated “without the expenditure of a drop of blood, and almost without a murmur.” No matter how deep the curses might be, they were not loud enough to be heard at Calcutta or London.

At the close of 1856 all India seemed reduced to abject and uncomplaining submission. The noblest families, with honors traceable for centuries, were despoiled and humiliated; the peasants were reduced, by the system of land-taxation, to one mass of struggling poverty; great famines were of regular recurrence; the taxes were yet gathered, by bodily torture if necessary. There seemed to be no limits to the atrocities of the authorities or the endurance of the people. The bare idea of a revolt of the native troops was scouted. Individual cases of vengeance might now and then occur; but the idea of any thing like a great uprising was as absurd as to suppose a general insurrection among the beasts of burden.

So, perhaps, it might have been had the con-

querors abstained from touching the one sensitive point of *caste*. No one but a Hindoo can appreciate what is involved in this word. To him to lose caste is to be outlawed in this life, and to be cursed in all lives to come throughout eternity. In Lower India the recruits generally belonged to the inferior castes. In Bengal they belonged mainly to the higher castes, among whom the usages of the Hindoo religion were most sedulously guarded. More than once the Government had touched this one sensitive point, but had taken timely warning and refrained. But now, grown bold by success, they thought they might ignore this last concession to Hindoo feeling. It had been resolved to introduce the Enfield rifle into the native service. This involves the use of greased cartridges, the ends of which must be bitten off by the soldier. Now among the means by which caste is forfeited one of the most notable is the tasting of animal fat. The greased cartridges were furnished by contractors, and the sepoys believed that the fat of cows and swine was employed in their manufacture. Every sepoy who used one of these was thus liable to all the horrors implied in the loss of caste. The whole difficulty might have been obviated by allowing them to prepare their own cartridges with vegetable oils or butter. Some of the wiser officers urged that this should be done; but General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, who was enjoying the cool breezes of Simla, having a good time in hunting, replied, that no concession should be made to the “beastly prejudices of the natives.” He afterward rescinded his decision; but it was too late; the great Indian mutiny had broken out, and the whole Bengal army had disbanded or was in open revolt.

We can note only a few points in the history of this mutiny. The first movement took place February 26, 1857, at Berhampoor. The 19th native infantry refused to receive the suspected ammunition, and were disbanded. The first great outbreak was at Meerut, 32 miles from Delhi, early in May. A cavalry company was ordered to use the ammunition. Five consented, and 85 refused. They were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to work in the chain-gangs. Major Harriott, the Judge Advocate, would listen to no defense. He wrote to a friend that night: “The court is over, and these fellows have got ten years apiece. You will hear of no more mutinies.” He proved a false prophet. Before the end of June the troops in 22 cantonments had risen; in nine of them the revolt was accompanied by the slaughter of women and children. Whether there had been any previous plot, or whether it was an unpremeditated rising, is even yet a matter of doubt. The balance of evidence appears to be against the theory of a conspiracy. It is probable that the flame spread from regiment to regiment, as fire runs along a lighted match.

One episode in this fearful story stands out prominent from all the others. This is the

massacre at Cawnpoor. Nana Sahib, the Maharajah of Bithoor, had some claims against the English Government, and had sent Azim Ollah to-England as his agent to advocate them. He was received as a lion in fashionable society in London, but failed in his mission. He returned to India burning with rage against the English. When the troops at Cawnpoor mutinied, Nana was placed at their head. Nine hundred persons, of whom seven hundred and fifty were Europeans, more than two hundred being women and children, were besieged in an intrenched camp near the city. After a siege in which the besieged suffered the extremities of hunger and thirst they capitulated, under promise of being safely conducted to Allahabad. The men were placed in boats, where they were massacred almost to a man, only four escaping. The women were conveyed to Cawnpoor. Here Azim Ollah persuaded the Nana to massacre them all, on the ground that if they were carried off they would be rescued by their countrymen who were rapidly advancing; if they were left alive at Cawnpoor, their testimony would implicate some of their captors who might otherwise escape identification. They were all hewn to pieces in cool blood, and their remains were flung into a dry well. The floor of the room in which they were slaughtered was found next day by the English troops who had come up, ankle-deep in blood. The report of this atrocious massacre was received with horror by Hindoos as well as Europeans. The Begum of Oude and other native leaders declared that it had brought a curse upon their cause. Nana was denounced by all, and thereafter was only heard of as fleeing from place to place to escape the doom which was his due. In his place appeared Tantia Topee as leader. This man manifested generalship of a higher order than was ever shown by any other Hindoo. For months he baffled the ablest English commanders. His movements were compared to forked lightning. He passed before, behind, and among the British columns; traversed mountains, valleys, and swamps, for weeks together at the rate of forty miles a day.

Fearful as were the outrages at Cawnpoor and elsewhere, they were aggravated in the reports sent to England. It was said that the women, before their massacre, were subjected to outrage worse than death. But the most searching inquiry has established the fact that no such indignity was perpetrated in a single case. Hundreds of women were indeed murdered; but death was the utmost which they suffered.

How this great mutiny was put down the world knows. But it does not know that the atrocities perpetrated by the insurgents pale before those committed by the conquerors. General Neill, who was left at Cawnpoor by Havelock, shall describe his system. He says:

"Whenever a rebel is caught he is immediately tried, and unless he can prove a defense, he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels or ringleaders I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep in the shed where the fearful murder

and mutilation of the women and children took place. To touch blood is abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. The first I caught was a Subahdar, or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood he had helped to shed; but I made the Provost-marshal do his duty, and a few lashes made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the roadside."

Tantia Topee was at length captured when asleep in the jungle by a native who had turned traitor. No charge of any atrocities, we believe, was ever made against him. He was tried by court-martial and hanged. The Rance Lakshmi Bye, who had taken the vow of vengeance, proved herself one of the ablest leaders of the natives. At last she shut herself up in her strong fort at Jhansi. It was taken by storm; five thousand natives were slain. Men killed their wives and children to prevent them from falling into the hands of the victors, and then leaped into the wells. The executions after the capture were numerous; among those put to death was the father of the Rancee. She herself escaped, but was in a few days surprised in camp. She sprung upon a horse, but received a shot in the side and a sabre cut on the head; still she rode on until she dropped dead from her horse. Sir Hugh Rose declared that in her the rebels had lost their best military leader.

The poor old King of Delhi had been set up against his will as the nominal head of the rebellion. When the mutiny broke out at Delhi he had written to Agra giving the first tidings, and declaring that he was powerless in the hands of the sepoys. After the storming of Delhi he withdrew to a strong fortress near by which was held by 3000 troops. Here he surrendered, with his Queen, under promise of personal safety, to a company of 100 British soldiers. These were commanded by Captain Hodson, a brutal trooper, famous for his eagerness for plunder. Others of the family of the King were captured here, among whom were two young princes. As these were conveyed to Delhi a crowd gathered around. Hodson, pretending to fear an attempt at rescue, shot the princes with his own hand, having first made them strip off their splendid garments in order that they should not be injured. Seven other of the princes of Delhi were captured, but escaped for a time; but most of them were taken and hung, and their bodies flung into the river. Sir Robert Montgomery, afterward Commissioner in Oude, wrote to Hodson, congratulating him on the capture of the King and the slaying of his sons; adding, "I hope you will bag many more." The old King and his Queen were imprisoned in a dirty chamber over an archway in their own palace, where they were exposed to the constant intrusion of the Europeans. He was brought to trial. In vain he pleaded that he was powerless against the mutineers, and that he and the Queen had repeatedly periled their lives in attempting to save those of the English. He was condemned as a "false traitor

to the British Government, and an accessory to the massacre in the palace." The severest punishment consistent with the letter of the promise of safety under which he had given himself up was inflicted upon him. He, with his Queen, and two princes, one a mere child, were sent to an inland fortress in Burmah. The trial of the King of Delhi was conducted by the same Harriot who boasted that the Meerut mutineers had got their ten years apiece, and that there would be no more mutinies. He died not long after at Southampton, where he had just landed on his return from India. He had \$150,000 in his port-folio, and bequeathed half a million dollars to his nephew—the spoils which he had accumulated in India.

These individual severities were but parts of a general system. Prisoners were blown from the cannon's mouth or hanged with scarcely the formality of a trial. It seemed as though the only system of dealing with the natives was that of village-burning and hanging. "The gibbet is a standing institution among us," wrote an English resident at Benares. "There it stands immediately in front of the flag-staff, with three ropes always attached to it, so that three may always be executed at one time." The authorities at Calcutta could not even procure lists of the numbers and crimes of the slaughtered multitudes. Vengeance fell especially upon the sepoys as a class. Whole regiments which had not even mutinied were exterminated. Thus the 26th Native Infantry ran away in a panic at seeing their major killed by a fanatic. The fugitives were pursued for forty miles; many were drowned on coming to a river which they were too much exhausted by fatigue and hunger to be able to swim. Some hundreds surrendered, and were hacked to pieces in squads of eight or ten; 45 were suffocated in a bastion, into which they were thrust without food or water; and their dead bodies were flung into a dry well—a fitting pendant, it was said, to the well at Cawnpore. Sir Robert Montgomery, the same who hoped Hodson would "bag" more of the Delhi princes, congratulated his subordinate upon this extermination of a thousand men; adding, "Three other regiments were very shaky here yesterday; but I hardly think they will go now. I wish they would, as they are a nuisance, and not a man would escape if they do." At Delhi, the civilians who had returned after the capture began to inflict capital punishment with an indiscriminate fury which shocked even the stern Sir John Lawrence, who issued an order "putting a stop to civilians hanging from their own will and pleasure."

Yet the laws which were passed were, it would seem, stringent enough to prevent all necessity for unlicensed hanging. By an Act of May 30, any persons guilty of rebellion or waging war against the Queen or Government were rendered liable to the punishment of death, with the forfeiture of all their property; the crime of harboring rebels was made heavily punishable. Government might appoint commissioners to

act singly, who were vested with absolute and final powers of judgment and execution, without the presence of law officers or assessors; and the possession of arms in any district in which it might be prohibited by the Executive Government was made penal. A week later an Act was passed punishing by death and confiscation of property all persons convicted of exciting mutiny or sedition; giving to courts-martial the power to try all persons, whether amenable or not to the articles of war; empowering the Government to issue commissions to single commissioners, with full powers of judgment and execution, to try all these offenses.

English statesmen and writers have inveighed loudly against the rebellion and confiscation Acts passed by our Government, which are nevertheless mild in character and guarded in execution compared with those passed by the English only five years ago. By these powers were conferred upon any one of an indefinite number of single commissioners far greater than those which we have granted to the regular courts of justice and the National Executive. The Special Commissioners appointed under these laws executed their functions in so sanguinary a manner that General Outram was forced to recommend that tribunals should be created for the trial of sepoys who should surrender, and had not been guilty of murder. He said it was "high time to show that we did not intend to wage a war of extermination against all Hindoos, or against all sepoys because they were sepoys." Outram was indeed compelled to leave Oude on account of his opposition to a proclamation of the Governor-General, by which the whole territory in that province was declared confiscated, except the estates of five or six chiefs. This proclamation was indeed disapproved in England, and Lord Ellenborough, the President of the India Board, wrote to Calcutta a dispatch repudiating it.

When the great mutiny had been fairly put down, and full vengeance exacted, the English Government awoke to the necessity of putting the affairs of India upon a different footing. The same storm which drove Mohammed Shah from his palace also swept away the political power which had so long been abused by the East India Company. The Company had deposed the King of Oude because he had misgoverned his eight millions of subjects. Parliament deposed the Company because it had misgoverned its two hundred millions. While the palace at Delhi was given over to pillage the East India House in London was put up at public auction and sold for the value of its site and materials. So passed away in a day the mighty power of the Honorable Masters, which had been so shamefully abused, and India was formally annexed to the English crown.

That many abuses have been remedied by the new Government is undoubted. But it requires no gift of prophecy to say that the government of one-sixth of the human family by a few men sent from the opposite side of the globe must

come to an end. How soon no man can say. It can only be maintained by fear. The natives can have no affection for their masters. They are foreigners and invaders, aliens in blood, language, manners, and religion; and whenever an opportunity arrives for shaking off the hated dominion the attempt will be made; the next time, it may be presumed, under happier auspices than the last. Whenever Great Britain finds herself at war with a great Power she may be sure that India will be the main point of attack. The seeds of revolt must always be ready to germinate. A French or American fleet upon the coast, or a Russian army from Cabool, would be the signal of an

uprising. The time for vengeance has long been delayed, and may be still longer put off. Seventy years ago Campbell wrote prophetically of the English oppressors of India:

"Foes of mankind, her guardian spirits say,
Revolving ages bring the bitter day
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew."

"The mill of the gods grinds slowly, but it grinds fine." The Oriental races hold vengeance as a flint holds fire—unseen and unnoted; but the fire is there, and it needs only the right blow to bring it to view. There are hands enough in the world able and willing to strike that blow when occasion serves.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER I.

THE SQUIRE OF ALLINGTON.

OF course there was a Great House at Allington. How otherwise should there have been a Small House? Our story will, as its name imports, have its closest relations with those who lived in the less dignified domicile of the two; but it will have close relations also with the more dignified, and it may be well that I should, in the first instance, say a few words as to the Great House and its owner.

The squires of Allington had been squires of Allington since squires, such as squires are now, were first known in England. From father to son, and from uncle to nephew, and, in one instance, from second cousin to second cousin, the sceptre had descended in the family of the Dales; and the acres had remained intact growing in value, and not decreasing in number, though

guarded by no entail and protected by no wonderful amount of prudence or wisdom. The estate of Dale of Allington had been coterminous with the parish of Allington for some hundreds of years; and though, as I have said, the race of squires had possessed nothing of superhuman discretion, and had perhaps been guided in their walks through life by no very distinct principles, still there had been with them so much of adherence to a sacred law, that no acre of the property had ever been parted from the hands of the existing squire. Some futile attempts had been made to increase the territory, as indeed had been done by Kit Dale, the father of Christopher Dale, who will appear as our squire of Allington when the persons of our drama are introduced. Old Kit Dale, who had married money, had bought outlying farms—a bit of ground here and a bit there—talking, as he did so, much of political influence and of the good old Tory cause. But these farms and bits of ground had gone again before our time. To them had been attached no religion. When old Kit had found himself pressed in that matter of the majority of the Nineteenth Dragoons, in which crack regiment his second son made for himself quite a career, he found it easier to sell than to save—seeing that that which he sold was his own and not the patrimony of the Dales. At his death the remainder of these purchases had gone. Family arrangements required completion, and Christopher Dale required ready money. The outlying farms flew away, as such new purchases had flown before; but the old patrimony of the Dales remained untouched, as it had ever remained.

It had been a religion among them; and seeing that the worship had been carried on without fail, that the vestal fire had never gone down upon the hearth, I should not have said that the Dales had walked their ways without high principle. To this religion they had all adhered, and the new heir had ever entered in upon his domain without other encumbrances than those with which he himself was then already burdened. And yet there had been no entail. The idea of an entail was not in accordance with the

peculiarities of the Dale mind. It was necessary to the Dale religion that each squire should have the power of wasting the acres of Allington, and that he should abstain from wasting them. I remember to have dined at a house the whole glory and fortune of which depended on the safety of a glass goblet. We all know the story. If the luck of Edenhall should be shattered the doom of the family would be sealed. Nevertheless I was bidden to drink out of the fatal glass, as were all guests in that house. It would not have contented the chivalrous mind of the master to protect his doom by lock and key and padded chest. And so it was with the Dales of Allington. To them an entail would have been a lock and key and a padded chest; but the old chivalry of their house denied to them the use of such protection.

I have spoken something slightly of the acquirements and doings of the family; and indeed their acquirements had been few and their doings little. At Allington, Dale of Allington had always been known as a king. At Guestwick, the neighboring market town, he was a great man—to be seen frequently on Saturdays, standing in the market-place, and laying down the law as to barley and oxen among men who knew usually more about barley and oxen than did he. At Hamersham, the assize town, he was generally in some repute, being a constant grand juror for the county, and a man who paid his way. But even at Hamersham the glory of the Dales had, at most periods, begun to pale, for they had seldom been widely conspicuous in the county, and had earned no great reputation by their knowledge of jurisprudence in the grand jury room. Beyond Hamersham their fame had not spread itself.

They had been men generally built in the same mould, inheriting each from his father the same virtues and the same vices—men who would have lived, each, as his father had lived before him, had not the new ways of the world gradually drawn away with them, by an invisible magnetism, the upcoming Dale of the day—not indeed in any case so moving him as to bring him up to the spirit of the age in which he lived, but dragging him forward to a line in advance of that on which his father had trodden. They had been obstinate men; believing much in themselves; just according to their ideas of justice; hard to their tenants—but not known to be hard even by the tenants themselves, for the rules followed had ever been the rules on the Allington estate; imperious to their wives and children, but imperious within bounds, so that no Mrs. Dale had fled from her lord's roof, and no loud scandals had existed between father and sons: exacting in their ideas as to money, expecting that they were to receive much and to give little, and yet not thought to be mean, for they paid their way, and gave money in parish charity and in county charity. They had ever been steady supporters of the Church, graciously receiving into their parish such new vicars as, from time to time, were sent to them from

King's College, Cambridge, to which establishment the gift of the living belonged; but, nevertheless, the Dales had ever carried on some unpronounced warfare against the clergyman, so that the intercourse between the lay family and the clerical had seldom been in all respects pleasant.

Such had been the Dales of Allington time out of mind, and such in all respects would have been the Christopher Dale of our time had he not suffered two accidents in his youth. He had fallen in love with a lady who obstinately refused his hand, and on her account he had remained single; that was his first accident. The second had fallen upon him with reference to his father's assumed wealth. He had supposed himself to be richer than other Dales of Allington when coming in upon his property, and had consequently entertained an idea of sitting in Parliament for his county. In order that he might attain this honor he had allowed himself to be talked by the men of Hamersham and Guestwick out of his old family politics, and had declared himself a liberal. He had never gone to the poll, and, indeed, had never actually stood for the seat. But he had come forward as a liberal politician, and had failed; and although it was well-known to all around that Christopher Dale was in heart as thoroughly conservative as any of his forefathers, this accident had made him sour and silent on the subject of politics, and had somewhat estranged him from his brother squires.

In other respects our Christopher Dale was, if any thing, superior to the average of the family. Those whom he did love he loved dearly. Those whom he hated he did not ill-use beyond the limits of justice. He was close in small matters of money, and yet in certain family arrangements he was, as we shall see, capable of much liberality. He endeavored to do his duty in accordance with his lights, and had succeeded in weaning himself from personal indulgences, to which during the early days of his high hopes he had become accustomed. And in that matter of his unrequited love he had been true throughout. In his hard, dry, unpleasant way he had loved the woman; and when at last he learned to know that she would not have his love he had been unable to transfer his heart to another. This had happened just at the period of his father's death, and he had endeavored to console himself with politics, with what fate we have already seen. A constant, upright, and by no means insincere man was our Christopher Dale—thin and meagre in his mental attributes, by no means even understanding the fullness of a full man, with power of eye-sight very limited in seeing aught which was above him, but, yet worthy of regard in that he had realized a path of duty and did endeavor to walk therein. And, moreover, our Mr. Christopher Dale was a gentleman.

Such in character was the squire of Allington, the only regular inhabitant of the Great House. In person he was a plain, dry man, with short

grizzled hair and thick grizzled eyebrows. Of beard he had very little, carrying the smallest possible gray whiskers, which hardly fell below the points of his ears. His eyes were sharp and expressive, and his nose was straight and well formed—as was also his chin. But the nobility of his face was destroyed by a mean mouth with thin lips; and his forehead, which was high and narrow, though it forbade you to take Mr. Dale for a fool, forbade you also to take him for a man of great parts, or of a wide capacity. In height he was about five feet ten; and at the time of our story was as near to seventy as he was to sixty. But years had treated him very lightly, and he bore few signs of age. Such in person was Christopher Dale, Esq., the squire of Allington, and owner of some three thousand a year, all of which proceeded from the lands of that parish.

And now I will speak of the Great House of Allington. After all, it was not very great; nor was it surrounded by much of that exquisite nobility of park appurtenance which graces the habitations of most of our old landed proprietors. But the house itself was very graceful. It had been built in the days of the early Stuarts, in that style of architecture to which we give the name of the Tudors. On its front it showed three pointed roofs, or gables, as I believe they should be called; and between each gable a thin tall chimney stood, the two chimneys thus raising themselves just above the three peaks I have mentioned. I think that the beauty of the house depended much on those two chimneys; on them, and on the mullioned windows with which the front of the house was closely filled. The door, with its jutting porch, was by no means in the centre of the house. As you entered, there was but one window on your right hand, while on your left there were three. And over these there was a line of five windows, one taking its place above the porch. We all know the beautiful old Tudor window, with its stout stone mullions and its stone transoms, crossing from side to side at a point much nearer to the top than to the bottom. Of all windows ever invented it is the sweetest. And here, at Allington, I think their beauty was enhanced by the fact that they were not regular in their shape. Some of these windows were long windows, while some of them were high. That to the right of the door, and that at the other extremity of the house, were among the former. But the others had been put in without regard to uniformity, a long window here, and a high window there, with a general effect which could hardly have been improved. Then above, in the three gables, were three other smaller apertures. But these also were mullioned, and the entire frontage of the house was uniform in its style.

Round the house there were trim gardens, not very large, but worthy of much note in that they were so trim—gardens with broad gravel paths, with one walk running in front of the house so broad as to be fitly called a terrace. But this, though in front of the house, was sufficiently re-

moved from it to allow of a coach road running inside it to the front door. The Dales of Allington had always been gardeners, and their garden was perhaps more noted in the county than any other of their properties. But outside the gardens no pretensions had been made to the grandeur of a domain. The pastures round the house were but pretty fields, in which timber was abundant. There was no deer park at Allington; and though the Allington woods were well known, they formed no portion of a whole of which the house was a part. They lay away, out of sight, a full mile from the back of the house; but not on that account of less avail for the fitting preservation of foxes.

And the house stood much too near the road for purposes of grandeur, had such purposes ever swelled the breast of any of the squires of Allington. But I fancy that our ideas of rural grandeur have altered since many of our older country seats were built. To be near the village, so as in some way to afford comfort, protection, and patronage, and perhaps also with some view to the pleasantness of neighborhood for its own inmates, seemed to be the object of a gentleman when building his house in the old days. A solitude in the centre of a wide park is now the only site that can be recognized as eligible. No cottage must be seen, unless the cottage orné of the gardener. The village, if it can not be abolished, must be got out of sight. The sound of the church bells is not desirable, and the road on which the profane vulgar travel by their own right must be at a distance. When some old Dale of Allington built his house he thought differently. There stood the church and there the village, and, pleased with such vicinity, he sat himself down close to his God and to his tenants.

As you pass along the road from Guestwick into the village you see the church near to you on your left hand; but the house is hidden from the road. As you approach the church, reaching the gate of it, which is not above two hundred yards from the high road, you see the full front of the Great House. Perhaps the best view of it is from the church-yard. The lane leading up to the church ends in a gate, which is the entrance into Mr. Dale's place. There is no lodge there, and the gate generally stands open—indeed always does so, unless some need of cattle grazing within requires that it should be closed. But there is an inner gate leading from the home paddock through the gardens to the house, and another inner gate, some thirty yards farther on, which will take you into the farm-yard. Perhaps it is a defect at Allington that the farm-yard is very close to the house. But the stables, and the straw-yards, and the unwashed earts, and the lazy lingering cattle of the homestead, are screened off by a row of chestnuts, which, when in its glory of flower in the early days of May, no other row in England can surpass in beauty. Had any one told Dale of Allington—this Dale or any former Dale—that his place wanted wood, he would have pointed with

mingled pride and disdain to his belt of chest-nuts.

Of the church itself I will say the fewest possible number of words. It was a church such as there are, I think, thousands in England—low, incommensurable, kept with difficulty in repair too, often pervious to the wet, and yet strangely picturesque, and correct too, according to great rules of architecture. It was built with a nave and aisles, visibly in the form of a cross, though with its arms clipped down to the trunk, with a separate chancel, with a large square short tower, and with a bell-shaped spire, covered with lead and irregular in its proportions. Who does not know the low porch, the perpendicular Gothic window, the flat-roofed aisles, and the noble old gray tower of such a church as this? As regards its interior, it was dusty; it was blocked up with high-backed ugly pews; the gallery in which the children sat at the end of the church, and in which two ancient musicians blew their bassoons, was all awry, and looked as though it would fall; the pulpit was an ugly, useless edifice, as high nearly as the roof would allow, and the reading-desk under it hardly permitted the parson to keep his head free from the dangling tassels of the cushion above him. A clerk also was there beneath him, holding a third position somewhat elevated; and upon the whole things there were not quite as I would have had them. But, nevertheless, the place looked like a church, and I can hardly say so much for all the modern edifices which have been built in my days toward the glory of God. It looked like a church, and not the less so because in walking up the passage between the pews the visitor trod upon the brass plates which dignified the resting-places of the departed Dales of old.

Below the church, and between that and the village, stood the vicarage, in such position that the small garden of the vicarage stretched from the church-yard down to the backs of the village cottages. This was a pleasant residence, newly built within the last thirty years, and creditable to the ideas of comfort entertained by the rich collegiate body from which the vicars of Allington always came. Doubtless we shall in the course of our sojourn at Allington visit the vicarage now and then, but I do not know that any further detailed account of its comforts will be necessary to us.

Passing by the lane leading to the vicarage, the church, and to the house, the high road descends rapidly to a little brook which runs through the village. On the right as you descend you will have seen the "Red Lion," and will have seen no other house conspicuous in any way. At the bottom, close to the brook, is the post-office, kept surely by the crossdest old woman in all those parts. Here the road passes through the water, the accommodation of a narrow wooden bridge having been afforded for those on foot. But before passing the stream you will see a cross street, running to the left, as had run that other lane leading to the house.

Here, as this cross street rises the hill, are the best houses in the village. The baker lives here, and that respectable woman, Mrs. Frum-mage, who sells ribbons, and toys, and soap, and straw bonnets, with many other things too long to mention. Here, too, lives an apothecary, whom the veneration of this and neighboring parishes has raised to the dignity of a doctor. And here also, in the smallest but prettiest cottage that can be imagined, lives Mrs. Hearn, the widow of a former vicar, on terms, however, with her neighbor the squire which I regret to say are not as friendly as they should be. Beyond this lady's modest residence, Allington Street, for so the road is called, turns suddenly round toward the church, and at the point of the turn is a pretty low iron railing with a gate, and with a covered way, which leads up to the front door of the house which stands there. I will only say here, at this fag end of a chapter, that it is the Small House at Allington. Allington Street, as I have said, turns short round toward the church at this point, and there ends at a white gate, leading into the church-yard by a second entrance.

So much it was needful that I should say of Allington Great House, of the squire, and of the village. Of the Small House I will speak separately in a further chapter.

CHAPTER II.

THE TWO PEARLS OF ALLINGTON.

"BUT Mr. Crosbie is only a mere clerk."

This sarcastic condemnation was spoken by Miss Lilian Dale to her sister Isabella, and referred to a gentleman with whom we shall have much concern in these pages. I do not say that Mr. Crosbie will be our hero, seeing that that part in the drama will be cut up, as it were, into fragments. Whatever of the magnificent may be produced will be diluted and apportioned out in very moderate quantities among two or more, probably among three or four, young gentlemen—to none of whom will be vouchsafed the privilege of much heroic action.

"I don't know what you call a mere clerk, Lily. Mr. Fanfaron is a mere barrister, and Mr. Boyce is a mere clergyman." Mr. Boyce was the vicar of Allington, and Mr. Fanfaron was a lawyer who had made his way over to Allington during the last assizes. "You might as well say that Lord De Guest is a mere earl."

"So he is—only a mere earl. Had he ever done any thing except have fat oxen one wouldn't say so. You know what I mean by a mere clerk. It isn't much in a man to be in a public office, and yet Mr. Crosbie gives himself airs."

"You don't suppose that Mr. Crosbie is the same as John Eames," said Bell, who, by her tone of voice, did not seem inclined to undervalue the qualifications of Mr. Crosbie. Now John Eames was a young man from Guestwick, who had been appointed to a clerkship in the

Income-tax Office, with eighty pounds a year, two years ago.

"Then Johnny Eames is a mere clerk," said Lily; "and Mr. Crosbie is— After all, Bell, what is Mr. Crosbie, if he is not a mere clerk? Of course he is older than John Eames; and, as he has been longer at it, I suppose he has more than eighty pounds a year."

"I am not in Mr. Crosbie's confidence. He is in the General Committee Office, I know; and, I believe, has pretty nearly the management of the whole of it. I have heard Bernard say that he has six or seven young men under him, and that—; but of course I don't know what he does at his office."

"I'll tell you what he is, Bell; Mr. Crosbie is a swell." And Lilian Dale was right; Mr. Crosbie was a swell.

And here I may perhaps best explain who Bernard was, and who was Mr. Crosbie. Captain Bernard Dale was an officer in the corps of Engineers, was the first cousin of the two girls who have been speaking, and was nephew and heir-presumptive to the squire. His father, Colonel Dale, and his mother, Lady Fanny Dale, were still living at Torquay—an effete, invalid, listless couple, pretty well dead to all the world beyond the region of the Torquay card-tables. He it was who had made for himself quite a career in the Nineteenth Dragoons. This he did by eloping with the penniless daughter of that impoverished earl, the Lord De Guest. After the conclusion of that event circumstances had not afforded him the opportunity of making himself conspicuous; and he had gone on declining gradually in the world's esteem—for the world had esteemed him when he first made good his running with the Lady Fanny—till now, in his slippered years, he and his Lady Fanny were unknown except among those Torquay Bath chairs and card-tables. His elder brother was still a hearty man, walking in thick shoes, and constant in his saddle; but the colonel, with nothing beyond his wife's title to keep his body awake, had fallen asleep somewhat prematurely among his slippers. Of him and of Lady Fanny, Bernard Dale was the only son. Daughters they had had; some were dead, some married, and one living with them among the card-tables. Of his parents Bernard had latterly not seen much; not more, that is, than duty and a due attention to the fifth commandment required of him. He also was making a career for himself, having obtained a commission in the Engineers, and being known to all his compeers as the nephew of an earl, and as the heir to a property of three thousand a year. And when I say that Bernard Dale was not inclined to throw away any of these advantages, I by no means intend to speak in his dispraise. The advantage of being heir to a good property is so manifest—the advantages over and beyond those which are merely fiscal, that no man thinks of throwing them away, or expects another man to do so. Moneys in possession or in expectation do give a set to the head, and a

confidence to the voice, and an assurance to the man, which will help him much in his walk in life—if the owner of them will simply use them, and not abuse them. And for Bernard Dale I will say that he did not often talk of his uncle the earl. He was conscious that his uncle was an earl, and that other men knew the fact. He knew that he would not otherwise have been clected at the Beaufort, or at that most aristocratic of little clubs called Sebright's. When noble blood was called in question he never alluded specially to his own, but he knew how to speak as one of whom all the world was aware on which side he had been placed by the circumstances of his birth. Thus he used his advantage, and did not abuse it. And in his profession he had been equally fortunate. By industry, by a small but wakeful intelligence, and by some aid from patronage, he had got on till he had almost achieved the reputation of talent. His name had become known among scientific experimentalists, not as that of one who had himself invented a cannon or an antidote to a cannon, but as of a man understanding in cannons and well fitted to look at those invented by others; who would honestly test this or that antidote; or, if not honestly, seeing that such thin-minded men can hardly go to the proof of any matter without some pre-judgment in their minds, at any rate with such appearance of honesty that the world might be satisfied. And in this way Captain Dale was employed much at home, about London, and was not called on to build barracks in Nova Scotia, or to make roads in the Punjaub.

He was a small, slight man, smaller than his uncle, but in face very like him. He had the same eyes, and nose, and chin, and the same mouth; but his forehead was better—less high and pointed, and better formed about the brows. And then he wore mustaches, which somewhat hid the thinness of his mouth. On the whole, he was not ill-looking; and, as I have said before, he carried with him an air of self-assurance and a confident balance, which in itself gives a grace to a young man.

He was staying at the present time in his uncle's house, during the delicious warmth of the summer—for, as yet, the month of July was not all past; and his intimate friend, Adolphus Crosbie, who was or was not a mere clerk as my readers may choose to form their own opinion on that matter, was a guest in the house with him. I am inclined to say that Adolphus Crosbie was not a mere clerk; and I do not think that he would have been so called, even by Lily Dale, had he not given signs to her that he was a "swell." Now a man in becoming a swell—a swell of such an order as could possibly be known to Lily Dale—must have ceased to be a mere clerk in that very process. And, moreover, Captain Dale would not have been Damon to any Pythias, of whom it might fairly be said that he was a mere clerk. Nor could any mere clerk have got himself in either at the Beaufort or at Sebright's. The evidence against that former

assertion made by Lily Dale is very strong; but then the evidence as to her latter assertion is as strong. Mr. Crosbie certainly was a swell. It is true that he was a clerk in the General Committee Office. But then, in the first place, the General Committee Office is situated in Whitehall; whereas poor John Eames was forced to travel daily from his lodgings in Burton Crescent, ever so far beyond Russell Square, to his dingy room in Somerset House. And Adolphus Crosbie, when very young, had been a private secretary, and had afterward mounted up in his office to some quasi authority and senior-clerkship, bringing him in seven hundred a year, and giving him a status among assistant secretaries and the like, which even in an official point of view was something. But the triumphs of Adolphus Crosbie had been other than these. Not because he had been intimate with assistant secretaries, and was allowed in Whitehall a room to himself with an arm-chair, would he have been entitled to stand upon the rug at Sebright's and speak while rich men listened—rich men, and men also who had handles to their names! Adolphus Crosbie had done more than make minutes with discretion on the papers of the General Committee Office. He had set himself down before the gates of the city of fashion, and had taken them by storm; or, perhaps, to speak with more propriety, he had picked the locks and let himself in. In his walks of life he was somebody in London. A man at the West End who did not know who was Adolphus Crosbie knew nothing. I do not say that he was the intimate friend of many great men; but even great men acknowledged the acquaintance of Adolphus Crosbie, and he was to be seen in the drawing-rooms, or at any rate on the staircases, of Cabinet Ministers.

Lilian Dale, dear Lily Dale—for my reader must know that she is to be very dear, and that my story will be nothing to him if he do not love Lily Dale—Lilian Dale had discovered that Mr. Crosbie was a swell. But I am bound to say that Mr. Crosbie did not habitually proclaim the fact in any offensive manner; nor in becoming a swell had he become altogether a bad fellow. It was not to be expected that a man who was petted at Sebright's should carry himself in the Allington drawing-room as would Johnny Eames, who had never been petted by any one but his mother. And this fraction of a hero of ours had other advantages to back him, over and beyond those which fashion had given him. He was a tall, well-looking man, with pleasant eyes and an expressive mouth—a man whom you would probably observe in whatever room you might meet him. And he knew how to talk, and had in him something which justified talking. He was no butterfly or dandy, who flew about in the world's sun, warmed into prettiness by a sunbeam. Crosbie had his opinion on things—on politics, on religion, on the philanthropic tendencies of the age, and had read something here and there as he formed his opinion. Perhaps he might have done better in the world had

he not been placed so early in life in that Whitehall public office. There was that in him which might have earned better bread for him in an open profession.

But in that matter of his bread the fate of Adolphus Crosbie had by this time been decided for him, and he had reconciled himself to fate that was now inexorable. Some very slight patrimony, a hundred a year or so, had fallen to his share. Beyond that he had his salary from his office, and nothing else; and on his income, thus made up, he had lived as a bachelor in London, enjoying all that London could give him as a man in moderately easy circumstances, and looking forward to no costly luxuries—such as a wife, a house of his own, or a stable full of horses. Those which he did enjoy of the good things of the world would, if known to John Eames, have made him appear fabulously rich in the eyes of that brother clerk. His lodgings in Mount Street were elegant in their belongings. During three months of the season in London he called himself the master of a very neat hack. He was always well dressed, though never over-dressed. At his clubs he could live on equal terms with men having ten times his income. He was not married. He had acknowledged to himself that he could not marry without money; and he would not marry for money. He had put aside from him, as not within his reach, the comforts of marriage. But—We will not, however, at the present moment, inquire more curiously into the private life and circumstances of our new friend Adolphus Crosbie.

After the sentence pronounced against him by Lilian the two girls remained silent for a while. Bell was, perhaps, a little angry with her sister. It was not often that she allowed herself to say much in praise of any gentleman; and now that she had spoken a word or two in favor of Mr. Crosbie, she felt herself to be rebuked by her sister for this unwonted enthusiasm. Lily was at work on a drawing, and in a minute or two had forgotten all about Mr. Crosbie; but the injury remained on Bell's mind, and prompted her to go back to the subject. "I don't like those slang words, Lily."

"What slang words?"

"You know what you called Bernard's friend."

"Oh, a swell! I fancy I do like slang. I think it's awfully jolly to talk about things being jolly. Only that I was afraid of your nerves I should have called him stunning. It's so slow, you know, to use nothing but words out of a dictionary."

"I don't think it's nice in talking of gentlemen."

"Isn't it? Well, I'd like to be nice—if I knew how."

If she knew how! There is no knowing how, for a girl, in that matter. If nature and her mother have not done it for her there is no hope for her on that head. I think I may say that nature and her mother had been sufficiently efficacious for Lilian Dale in this respect.

"Mr. Crosbie is, at any rate, a gentleman, and knows how to make himself pleasant. That was all that I meant. Mamma said a great deal more about him than I did."

"Mr. Crosbie is an Apollo; and I always look upon Apollo as the greatest—you know what—that ever lived. I mustn't say the word, because Apollo was a gentleman."

At this moment, while the name of the god was still on her lips, the high open window of the drawing-room was darkened, and Bernard entered, followed by Mr. Crosbie.

"Who is talking about Apollo?" said Captain Dale.

The girls were both stricken dumb. How would it be with them if Mr. Crosbie had heard himself spoken of in those last words of poor Lily's? This was the rashness of which Bell was ever accusing her sister, and here was the result! But, in truth, Bernard had heard nothing more than the name, and Mr. Crosbie, who had been behind him, had heard nothing.

"As sweet and musical As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair," said Mr. Crosbie, not meaning much by the quotation, but perceiving that the two girls had been in some way put out and silenced.

"What very bad music it must have made," said Lily; "unless, indeed, his hair was very different from ours."

"It was all sunbeams," suggested Bernard. But by that time Apollo had served his turn, and the ladies welcomed their guests in the proper form.

"Mamma is in the garden," said Bell, with that hypocritical pretense so common with young ladies when young gentlemen call; as though they were aware that mamma was the object specially sought.

"Picking pease, with a sun-bonnet on," said Lily.

"Let us by all means go and help her," said Mr. Crosbie; and then they issued out into the garden.

The gardens of the Great House of Allington and those of the Small House open on to each other. A proper boundary of thick laurel hedge, and wide ditch, and of iron spikes guarding the ditch, there is between them; but over the wide ditch there is a foot-bridge, and at the bridge there is a gate which has no key; and for all purposes of enjoyment the gardens of each house are open to the other. And the gardens of the Small House are very pretty. The Small House itself is so near the road that there is nothing between the dining-room windows and the iron rail but a narrow edge rather than border, and a little path made with round fixed cobble-stones, not above two feet broad, into which no one but the gardener ever makes his way. The distance from the road to the house is not above five or six feet, and the entrance from the gate is shut in by a covered way. But the garden behind the house, on to which the windows from the drawing-room open, is to all the senses as private as though there were no village of Allington,

and no road up to the church within a hundred yards of the lawn. The steeple of the church, indeed, can be seen from the lawn, peering, as it were, between the yew-trees which stand in the corner of the church-yard adjoining to Mrs. Dale's wall. But none of the Dale family have any objection to the sight of that steeple. The glory of the Small House at Allington certainly consists in its lawn, which is as smooth, as level, and as much like velvet as grass has ever yet been made to look. Lily Dale, taking pride in her own lawn, has declared often that it is no good attempting to play croquet up at the Great House. The grass, she says, grows in tufts, and nothing that Hopkins, the gardener, can or will do has any effect upon the tufts. But there are no tufts at the Small House. As the squire himself has never been very enthusiastic about croquet, the croquet implements have been moved permanently down to the Small House, and croquet there has become quite an institution.

And while I am on the subject of the garden, I may also mention Mrs. Dale's conservatory, as to which Bell was strenuously of opinion that the Great House had nothing to offer equal to it—"For flowers, of course, I mean," she would say, correcting herself; for at the Great House there was a grapery very celebrated. On this matter the squire would be less tolerant than as regarded the croquet, and would tell his niece that she knew nothing about flowers. "Perhaps not, Uncle Christopher," she would say. "All the same, I like our geraniums best;" for there was a spice of obstinacy about Miss Dale—as, indeed, there was in all the Dales, male and female, young and old.

It may be as well to explain that the care of this lawn and of this conservatory, and indeed of the entire garden belonging to the Small House, was in the hands of Hopkins, the head gardener to the Great House; and it was so simply for this reason, that Mrs. Dale could not afford to keep a gardener herself. A working lad, at ten shillings a week, who cleaned the knives and shoes, and dug the ground, was the only male attendant on the three ladies. But Hopkins, the head gardener of Allington, who had men under him, was as widely awake to the lawn and the conservatory of the humbler establishment as he was to the grapery, peach-walls, and terraces of the grander one. In his eyes it was all one place. The Small House belonged to his master, as indeed did the very furniture within it; and it was lent, not let, to Mrs. Dale. Hopkins, perhaps, did not love Mrs. Dale, seeing that he owed her no duty as one born a Dale. The two young ladies he did love, and also snubbed in a very peremptory way sometimes. To Mrs. Dale he was coldly civil, always referring to the squire if any direction worthy of special notice as concerning the garden was given to him.

All this will serve to explain the terms on which Mrs. Dale was living at the Small House—a matter needful of explanation sooner or later. Her husband had been the youngest of

three brothers, and in many respects the brightest. Early in life he had gone up to London, and there had done well as a land surveyor. He had done so well that Government had employed him, and for some three or four years he had enjoyed a large income. But death had come suddenly on him, while he was only yet ascending the ladder; and when he died he had hardly begun to realize the golden prospects which he had seen before him. This had happened some fifteen years before our story commenced, so that the two girls hardly retained any memory of their father. For the first five years of her widowhood Mrs. Dale, who had never been a favorite of the squire's, lived with her two little girls in such modest way as her very limited means allowed. Old Mrs. Dale, the squire's mother, then occupied the Small House. But when old Mrs. Dale died the squire offered the place rent-free to his sister-in-law, intimating to her that her daughters would obtain considerable social advantages by living at Allington. She had accepted the offer, and the social advantages had certainly followed. Mrs. Dale was poor, her whole income not exceeding three hundred a year, and therefore her own style of living was of necessity very unassuming; but she saw her girls becoming popular in the county, much liked by the families around them, and enjoying nearly all the advantages which would have accrued to them had they been the daughters of Squire Dale, of Allington. Under such circumstances it was little to her whether or no she were loved by her brother-in-law or respected by Hopkins. Her own girls loved her and respected her, and that was pretty much all that she demanded of the world on her own behalf.

And Uncle Christopher had been very good to the girls in his own obstinate and somewhat ungracious manner. There were two ponies in the stables of the Great House, which they were allowed to ride, and which, unless on occasions, nobody else did ride. I think he might have given the ponies to the girls, but he thought differently. And he contributed to their dresses, sending them home now and again things which he thought necessary, not in the pleasantest way in the world. Money he never gave them, nor did he make them any promises. But they were Dales, and he loved them; and with Christopher Dale to love once was to love always. Bell was his chief favorite, sharing with his nephew Bernard the best warmth of his heart. About these two he had his projects, intending that Bell should be the future mistress of the Great House of Allington; as to which project, however, Miss Dale was as yet in very absolute ignorance.

We may now, I think, go back to our four friends as they walked out upon the lawn. They were understood to be on a mission to assist Mrs. Dale in the picking of the pease; but pleasure intervened in the way of business, and the young people, forgetting the labors of their elder, allowed themselves to be carried away by the fascinations of croquet. The iron hoops and the

sticks were fixed. The mallets and the balls were lying about; and then the party was so nicely made up! "I haven't had a game of croquet yet," said Mr. Crosbie. It can not be said that he had lost much time, seeing that he had only arrived before dinner on the preceding day. And then the mallets were in their hands in a moment.

"We'll play sides, of course," said Lily. "Bernard and I'll play together." But this was not allowed. Lily was well known to be the queen of the croquet ground; and as Bernard was supposed to be more efficient than his friend, Lily had to take Mr. Crosbie as her partner. "Apollo can't get through the hoops," Lily said afterward to her sister; "but then how gracefully he fails to do it!" Lily, however, had been beaten, and may therefore be excused for a little spite against her partner. But it so turned out that before Mr. Crosbie took his final departure from Allington he could get through the hoops; and Lily, though she was still queen of the croquet ground, had to acknowledge a male sovereign in that dominion.

"That's not the way we played at—," said Crosbie, at one point of the game, and then stopped himself.

"Where was that?" said Bernard.

"A place I was at last summer—in Shropshire."

"Then they don't play the game, Mr. Crosbie, at the place you were at last summer—in Shropshire," said Lily.

"You mean Lady Hartletop's," said Bernard. Now the Marchioness of Hartletop was a very great person indeed, and a leader in the fashionable world.

"Oh! Lady Hartletop's!" said Lily. "Then I suppose we must give in;" which little bit of sarcasm was not lost upon Mr. Crosbie, and was put down by him in the tablets of his mind as quite undeserved. He had endeavored to avoid any mention of Lady Hartletop and her croquet ground, and her ladyship's name had been forced upon him. Nevertheless he liked Lily Dale through it all. But he thought that he liked Bell the best, though she said little; for Bell was the beauty of the family.

During the game Bernard remembered that they had especially come over to bid the three ladies to dinner at the house on that day. They had all dined there on the day before, and the girls' uncle had now sent directions to them to come again. "I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Bell, who was out first. And then she returned, saying that she and her sister would obey their uncle's behest; but that her mother would prefer to remain at home. "There are the pease to be eaten, you know," said Lily.

"Send them up to the Great House," said Bernard.

"Hopkins would not allow it," said Lily. "He calls that a mixing of things. Hopkins doesn't like mixings." And then when the game was over, they sauntered about, out of the small garden into the larger one, and through the

shrubberies, and out upon the fields, where they found the still lingering remnants of the hay-making. And Lily took a rake, and raked for two minutes; and Mr. Crosbie, making an attempt to pitch the hay into the eart, had to pay half a crown for his footing to the hay-makers; and Bell sat quiet under a tree, mindful of her complexion; whereupon Mr. Crosbie, finding the hay-pitching not much to his taste, threw himself under the same tree also, quite after the manner of Apollo, as Lily said to her mother late in the evening. Then Bernard covered Lily with hay, which was a great feat in the joeose way for him; and Lily, in returning the compliment, almost smothered Mr. Crosbie—by accident.

"Oh, Lily!" said Bell.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Crosbie. It was Bernard's fault. Bernard, I never will come into a hay-field with you again." And so they all became very intimate; while Bell sat quietly under the tree, listening to a word or two now and then as Mr. Crosbie chose to speak them. There is a kind of enjoyment to be had in society in which very few words are necessary. Bell was less vivacious than her sister Lily; and when, an hour after this, she was dressing herself for dinner, she acknowledged that she had passed a pleasant afternoon, though Mr. Crosbie had not said very much.

CHAPTER III.

THE WIDOW DALE, OF ALLINGTON.

As Mrs. Dale, of the Small House, was not a Dale by birth, there can be no necessity for insisting on the fact that none of the Dale peculiarities should be sought for in her character. These peculiarities were not, perhaps, very conspicuous in her daughters, who had taken more in that respect from their mother than from their father; but a close observer might recognize the girls as Dales. They were constant, perhaps obstinate, occasionally a little uncharitable in their judgment, and prone to think that there was a great deal in being a Dale, though not prone to say much about it. But they had also a better pride than this, which had come to them as their mother's heritage.

Mrs. Dale was certainly a proud woman—not that there was any thing appertaining to herself in which she took a pride. In birth she had been much lower than her husband, seeing that her grandfather had been almost nobody. Her fortune had been considerable for her rank in life, and on its proceeds she now mainly depended, but it had not been sufficient to give any of the pride of wealth. And she had been a beauty; according to my taste, was still very lovely; but certainly at this time of life, she, a widow of fifteen years' standing, with two grown-up daughters, took no pride in her beauty. Nor had she any conscious pride in the fact that she was a lady. That she was a lady, inward and

outward, from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, in head, in heart, and in mind, a lady by education and a lady by nature, a lady also by birth in spite of that deficiency respecting her grandfather, I hereby state as a fact—*meo periculo*. And the squire, though he had no special love for her, had recognized this, and in all respects treated her as his equal.

But her position was one which required that she should either be very proud or else very humble. She was poor, and yet her daughters moved in a position which belongs, as a rule, to the daughters of rich men only. This they did as nieces of the childless squire of Allington, and as his nieces she felt that they were entitled to accept his countenance and kindness, without loss of self-respect either to her or to them. She would have ill done her duty as a mother to them had she allowed any pride of her own to come between them and such advantage in the world as their uncle might be able to give them. On their behalf she had accepted the loan of the house in which she lived, and the use of many of the appurtenances belonging to her brother-in-law; but on her own account she had accepted nothing. Her marriage with Philip Dale had been disliked by his brother the squire, and the squire, while Philip was still living, had continued to show that his feelings in this respect were not to be overcome. They never had been overcome; and now, though the brother-in-law and sister-in-law had been close neighbors for years, living as one may say almost in the same family, they had never become friends. There had not been a word of quarrel between them. They met constantly. The squire had unconsciously come to entertain a profound respect for his brother's widow. The widow had acknowledged to herself the truth of the affection shown by the uncle to her daughters. But yet they had never come together as friends. Of her own money matters Mrs. Dale had never spoken a word to the squire. Of his intention respecting the girls the squire had never spoken a word to the mother. And in this way they had lived and were living at Allington.

The life which Mrs. Dale led was not altogether an easy life—was not devoid of much painful effort on her part. The theory of her life one may say was this—that she should bury herself in order that her daughters might live well above-ground. And in order to carry out this theory it was necessary that she should abstain from all complaint or show of uneasiness before her girls. Their life above-ground would not be well if they understood that their mother, in this under-ground life of hers, was enduring any sacrifice on their behalf. It was needful that they should think that the picking of pease in a sun-bonnet, or long readings by her own fire-side, and solitary hours spent in thinking, were specially to her mind. "Mamma doesn't like going out." "I don't think mamma is happy any where out of her own drawing-room." I do not say that the girls were taught to say such words, but they were taught to have

thoughts which led to such words, and in the early days of their going out into the world used so to speak of their mother. But a time came to them before long—to one first and then to the other—in which they knew that it was not so, and knew also all that their mother had suffered for their sakes.

And in truth Mrs. Dale could have been as young in heart as they were. She, too, could have played croquet, and have coquetted with a haymaker's rake, and have delighted in her pony, ay, and have listened to little nothings from this and that Apollo, had she thought that things had been conformable thereto. Women at forty do not become ancient misanthropes, or stern Rhadamanthine moralists, indifferent to the world's pleasures—no, not even though they be widows. There are those who think that such should be the phase of their minds. I profess that I do not so think. I would have women, and men also, young as long as they can be young. It is not that a woman should call herself in years younger than her father's Family Bible will have her to be. Let her who is forty call herself forty; but if she can be young in spirit at forty let her show that she is so.

I think that Mrs. Dale was wrong. She would have joined that party on the croquet-ground, instead of remaining among the pea-sticks in her sun-bonnet, had she done as I would have counseled her. Not a word was spoken among the four that she did not hear. Those pea-sticks were only removed from the lawn by a low wall and a few shrubs. She listened, not as one suspecting, but simply as one loving. The voices of her girls were very dear to her, and the silver ringing tones of Lily's tongue were as sweet to her ears as the music of the gods. She heard all that about Lady Hartleyp, and shuddered at Lily's bold sarcasm. And she heard Lily say that mamma would stay at home and eat the pease, and said to herself sadly that that was now her lot in life.

"Dear darling girl—and so it should be!"

It was thus her thoughts ran. And then, when her ear had traced them as they passed across the little bridge into the other grounds, she returned across the lawn to the house with her burden on her arm, and sat herself down on the step of the drawing-room window, looking out on the sweet summer flowers and the smooth surface of the grass before her.

Had not God done well for her to place her where she was? Had not her lines been set for her in pleasant places? Was she not happy in her girls—her sweet, loving, trusting, trusty children? As it was to be that her lord, that best half of herself, was to be taken from her in early life, and that the springs of all the lighter pleasures were to be thus stopped for her, had it not been well that in her bereavement so much had been done to soften her lot in life and give it grace and beauty? 'Twas so, she argued with herself, and yet she acknowledged to herself that she was not happy. She had resolved, as she

herself had said often, to put away childish things, and now she pined for those things which she so put from her. As she sat she could still hear Lily's voice as they went through the shrubbery—hear it when none but a mother's ears would have distinguished the sound. Now that those young men were at the Great House it was natural that her girls should be there too. The squire would not have had young men to stay with him had there been no ladies to grace his table. But for her—she knew that no one would want her there. Now and again she must go, as otherwise her very existence, without going, would be a thing disagreeably noticeable. But there was no other reason why she should join the party; nor in joining it would she either give or receive pleasure. Let her daughters eat from her brother's table and drink of his cup. They were made welcome to do so from the heart. For her there was no such welcome as that at the Great House—nor at any other house, or any other table!

"Mamma will stay at home to eat the pease."

And then she repeated to herself the words which Lily had spoken, sitting there, leaning with her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand.

"Please, ma'am, cook says, can we have the pease to shell?" and then her reverie was broken.

Whereupon Mrs. Dale got up and gave over her basket. "Cook knows that the young ladies are going to dine at the Great House?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She needn't mind getting dinner for me. I will have tea early." And so, after all, Mrs. Dale did not perform that special duty appointed for her.

But she soon set herself to work upon another duty. When a family of three persons has to live upon an income of three hundred a year, and, nevertheless, makes some pretense of going into society, it has to be very mindful of small details, even though that family may consist only of ladies. Of this Mrs. Dale was well aware, and as it pleased her that her daughters should be nice and fresh, and pretty in their attire, many a long hour was given up to that care. The squire would send them shawls in winter, and had given them riding habits, and had sent them down brown silk dresses from London—so limited in quantity that the due manufacture of two dresses out of the material had been found to be beyond the art of woman, and the brown silk garments had been a difficulty from that day to this—the squire having a good memory in such matters, and being anxious to see the fruits of his liberality. All this was doubtless of assistance, but had the squire given the amount which he so expended in money to his nieces the benefit would have been greater. As it was, the girls were always nice and fresh and pretty, they themselves not being idle in that matter; but their tire-woman in chief was their mother. And now she went up to their room and got out their muslin frocks, and—but, perhaps, I should not tell such tales!—She, however, felt no shame



"PLEASE, MA'AM, CAN WE HAVE THE PEASE TO SHELL?"

in her work, as she sent for a hot iron, and with her own hands smoothed out the creases, and gave the proper set to the crimp flounces, and fixed a new ribbon where it was wanted, and saw that all was as it should be. Men think but little how much of this kind is endured that their eyes may be pleased, even though it be but for an hour.

"Oh, mamma, how good you are!" said Bell,

as the two girls came in, only just in time to make themselves ready for returning to dinner.

"Mamma is always good," said Lily. "I wish, mamma, I could do the same for you oftener;" and then she kissed her mother. But the squire was exact about dinner, so they dressed themselves in haste, and went off again through the garden, their mother accompanying them to the little bridge.

"Your uncle did not seem vexed at my not coming?" said Mrs. Dale.

"We have not seen him, mamma," said Lily. "We have been ever so far down the fields, and forgot altogether what o'clock it was."

"I don't think Uncle Christopher was about the place, or we should have met him," said Bell.

"But I am vexed with you, mamma. Are not you, Bell? It is very bad of you to stay here all alone, and not come."

"I suppose mamma likes being at home better than up at the Great House," said Bell, very gently; and as she spoke she was holding her mother's hand.

"Well, good-by, dears. I shall expect you between ten and eleven. But don't hurry yourselves if any thing is going on." And so they went, and the widow was again alone. The path from the bridge ran straight up toward the back of the Great House, so that for a moment or two she could see them as they tripped on almost in a run. And then she saw their dresses flutter as they turned sharp round, up the terrace steps. She would not go beyond the nook among the laurels by which she was surrounded, lest any one should see her as she looked after her girls. But when the last flutter of pink muslin had been whisked away from her sight, she felt it hard that she might not follow them. She stood there, however, without advancing a step. She would not have Hopkins telling how she watched her daughters as they went from her own home to that of her brother-in-law. It was not within the capacity of Hopkins to understand why she watched them.

"Well, girls, you're not much too soon. I think your mother might have come with you," said Uncle Christopher. And this was the manner of the man. Had he known his own wishes he must have acknowledged to himself that he was better pleased that Mrs. Dale should stay away. He felt himself more absolutely master and more comfortably at home at his own table without her company than with it. And yet he frequently made a grievance of her not coming, and himself believed in that grievance.

"I think mamma was tired," said Bell.

"Hem. It's not so very far across from one house to the other. If I were to shut myself up whenever I'm tired— But never mind. Let's go to dinner. Mr. Crosbie, will you take my niece Lilian." And then, offering his own arm to Bell, he walked off to the dining-room.

"If he scolds mamma any more, I'll go away," said Lily to her companion; by which it may be seen that they had all become very intimate during the long day that they had passed together.

Mrs. Dale, after remaining for a moment on the bridge, went into her tea. What succedaneum of mutton chop or broiled ham she had for the roast duck and green pease which were to have been provided for the family dinner we will not particularly inquire. We may, however, imagine that she did not devote herself to her

evening repast with any peculiar energy of appetite. She took a book with her as she sat herself down—some novel, probably, for Mrs. Dale was not above novels—and read a page or two as she sipped her tea. But the book was soon laid on one side, and the tray on which the warm plate had become cold was neglected, and she threw herself back in her own familiar chair, thinking of herself, and of her girls, and thinking also what might have been her lot in life had he lived who had loved her truly during the few years that they had been together.

It is especially the nature of a Dale to be constant in his likings and his dislikings. Her husband's affection for her had been unswerving—so much so that he had quarreled with his brother because his brother would not express himself in brotherly terms about his wife; but, nevertheless, the two brothers had loved each other always. Many years had now gone by since these things had occurred, but still the same feelings remained. When she had first come down to Allington she had resolved to win the squire's regard, but she had now long known that any such winning was out of the question; indeed there was no longer a wish for it. Mrs. Dale was not one of those soft-hearted women who sometimes thank God that they can love any one. She could once have felt affection for her brother-in-law—affection, and close, careful, sisterly friendship; but she could not do so now. He had been cold to her, and had with perseverance rejected her advances. That was now seven years since; and during those years Mrs. Dale had been, at any rate, as cold to him as he had been to her.

But all this was very hard to bear. That her daughters should love their uncle was not only reasonable but in every way desirable. He was not cold to them. To them he was generous and affectionate. If she were only out of the way he would have taken them to his house as his own, and they would in all respects have stood before the world as his adopted children. Would it not be better if she were out of the way?

It was only in her most dismal moods that this question would get itself asked within her mind, and then she would recover herself, and answer it stoutly with an indignant protest against her own morbid weakness. It would not be well that she should be away from her girls—not though their uncle should have been twice a better uncle; not though, by her absence, they might become heiresses of all Allington. Was it not above every thing to them that they should have a mother near them? And as she asked of herself that morbid question—wickedly asked it, as she declared to herself—did she not know that they loved her better than all the world besides, and would prefer her caresses and her care to the guardianship of any uncle let his house be ever so great? As yet they loved her better than all the world besides. Of other love, should it come, she would not be jealous. And if it should come, and should be happy, might

there not yet be a bright evening of life for herself? If they should marry, and if their lords would accept her love, her friendship, and her homage, she might yet escape from the death-like coldness of that Great House, and be happy in some tiny cottage, from which she might go forth at times among those who would really welcome her. A certain doctor there was, living not very far from Allington, at Guestwick, as to whom she had once thought that he might fill that place of son-in-law—to be well-beloved. Her quiet, beautiful Bell had seemed to like the man; and he had certainly done more than seem to like her. But now, for some weeks past, this hope, or rather this idea, had faded away. Mrs. Dale had never questioned her daughter on the matter; she was not a woman prone to put such questions. But during the month or two last past she had seen with regret that Bell looked almost coldly on the man whom her mother favored.

In thinking of all this the long evening passed away, and at eleven o'clock she heard the coming steps across the garden. The young men had, of course, accompanied the girls home; and as she stepped out from the still open window of her own drawing-room, she saw them all on the centre of the lawn before her.

"There's mamma," said Lily. "Mamma, Mr. Crosbie wants to play croquet by moonlight."

"I don't think there is light enough for that," said Mrs. Dale.

"There is light enough for him," said Lily, "for he plays quite independently of the hoops; don't you, Mr. Crosbie?"

"There's very pretty croquet light, I should say," said Mr. Crosbie, looking up at the bright moon; "and then it is so stupid going to bed."

"Yes, it is stupid going to bed," said Lily; "but people in the country are stupid, you know. Billiards, that you can play all night by gas, is much better, isn't it?"

"Your arrow falls terribly astray there, Miss Dale, for I never touch a cue; you should talk to your cousin about billiards."

"Is Bernard a great billiard-player?" asked Bell.

"Well, I do play now and again; about as well as Crosbie does croquet. Come, Crosbie, we'll go home and smoke a cigar."

"Yes," said Lily; "and then, you know, we stupid people can go to bed. Mamma, I wish you had a little smoking-room here for us. I don't like being considered stupid." And then they parted—the ladies going into the house, and the two men returning across the lawn.

"Lily, my love," said Mrs. Dale, when they were all together in her bedroom, "it seems to me that you are very hard upon Mr. Crosbie."

"She has been going on like that all the evening," said Bell.

"I'm sure we are very good friends," said Lily.

"Oh, very," said Bell.

"Now, Bell, you're jealous; you know you

are." And then, seeing that her sister was in some slight degree vexed, she went up to her and kissed her. "She sha'n't be called jealous; shall she, mamma?"

"I don't think she deserves it," said Mrs. Dale.

"Now, you don't mean to say that you think I meant any thing," said Lily. "As if I cared a buttercup about Mr. Crosbie."

"Or I either, Lily."

"Of course you don't. But I do care for him very much, mamma. He is such a duck of an Apollo. I shall always call him Apollo: Phœbus Apollo! And when I draw his picture he shall have a mallet in his hand instead of a bow. Upon my word I am very much obliged to Bernard for bringing him down here; and I do wish he was not going away the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow!" said Mrs. Dale. "It was hardly worth coming for two days."

"No, it wasn't; disturbing us all in our quiet little ways just for such a spell as that—not giving one time even to count his rays."

"But he says he shall perhaps come again," said Bell.

"There is that hope for us," said Lily. "Uncle Christopher asked him to come down when he gets his long leave of absence. This is only a short sort of leave. He is better off than poor Johnny Eames. Johnny Eames only has a month; but Mr. Crosbie has two months just whenever he likes it, and seems to be pretty much his own master all the year round besides."

"And Uncle Christopher asked him to come down for the shooting in September," said Bell.

"And though he didn't say he'd come, I think he meant it," said Lily. "There is that hope for us, mamma."

"Then you'll have to draw Apollo with a gun instead of a mallet."

"That is the worst of it, mamma. We sha'n't see much of him or of Bernard either. They wouldn't let us go out into the woods as beaters, would they?"

"You'll make too much noise to be of any use."

"Should I? I thought the beaters had to shout at the birds. I should get very tired of shouting at birds, so I think I'll stay at home and look after my clothes."

"I hope he will come, because Uncle Christopher seems to like him so much," said Bell.

"I wonder whether a certain gentleman at Guestwick will like his coming," said Lily. And then, as soon as she had spoken the words, she looked at her sister and saw that she had grieved her.

"Lily, you let your tongue run too fast," said Mrs. Dale.

"I didn't mean any thing, Bell," said Lily. "I beg your pardon."

"It doesn't signify," said Bell. "Only Lily says things without thinking." And then that conversation came to an end, and nothing more was said among them beyond what appertained

to their toilet and a few last words at parting. But the two girls occupied the same room, and when their own door was closed upon them Bell did allude to what had passed with some spirit.

"Lily, you promised me," she said, "that you would not say any thing more to me about Dr. Croft."

"I know I did, and I was very wrong. I beg your pardon, Bell; and I won't do it again—not if I can help it."

"Not help it, Lily!"

"But I'm sure I don't know why I shouldn't speak of him—only not in the way of laughing at you. Of all the men I ever saw in my life I like him best. And only that I love you better than I love myself I could find it in my heart to grudge you his—"

"Lily, what did you promise just now?"

"Well, after to-night. And I don't know why you should turn against him."

"I have never turned against him or for him."

"There's no turning about him. He'd give his left hand if you'd only smile on him. Or his right either—and that's what I should like to see; so now you've heard it."

"You know you are talking nonsense."

"So I should like to see it. And so would mamma too, I'm sure; though I never heard her say a word about him. In my mind he's the finest fellow I ever saw. What's Mr. Apollo Crosbie to him? And now, as it makes you unhappy, I'll never say another word about him."

As Bell wished her sister good-night with perhaps more than her usual affection, it was evident that Lily's words and eager tone had in some way pleased her, in spite of their opposition to the request which she had made. And Lily was aware that it was so.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of September. The military operations of the month have been of the highest importance; but the Government having excluded newspaper correspondents from the army, and not deeming it expedient to furnish full details, we are able to give only a general outline of events. When the restrictions which have been imposed, for good reasons it is presumed, shall have been removed, we intend to record the particulars of the campaign, of which we can now furnish only leading features.—The falling back of our army from before Richmond to the James River, it is now clear, was not a strategic movement to insure a better position, but a military necessity to preserve it from destruction. It was a hazardous operation, skillfully conducted; but it involved an abandonment of the attack upon Richmond. The enemy, freed from the necessity of defending their own capital, speedily assumed the offensive, and undertook to menace our capital, with the further design to transfer, if possible, the seat of war from their territory to ours. It was decided to be necessary to withdraw the army under General M'Clellan from the James River, and unite it with that which defended Washington against the forward movement of the enemy. This operation was conducted cautiously and quietly. The sick and wounded were sent down the river, and thence distributed among the hospitals established at various points. One serious casualty occurred in the course of this operation. On the night of the 13th of August the steamer *West Point*, having on board many sick soldiers, came in collision with the steamer *George Peabody*, and was sunk, carrying down with her about seventy-five persons. The withdrawal of the army across the Peninsula was effected without opposition. To cover this operation, however, the "Army of Virginia," as the force which had been placed under the command of General Pope was called, made a diversion into the heart of Eastern Virginia. The advance of these forces, under General Banks, encountered, on the 9th of August, the advance of the enemy, under General Jackson, at Cedar Mountain, near the Rapidan River. Here a bloody but undecisive

action took place. After some days' skirmishing Pope fell back to the north side of the Rappahannock, guarding the fords of that river for many miles. On the 22d a strong party of cavalry crossed the river at some unguarded point, and, making a circuit, surprised Pope's head-quarters at Catlet's Station, some ten miles in the rear of his main force; here they gained a considerable amount of booty.

The enemy, who had by this time brought their whole force from Richmond northward to the Rappahannock, sent a strong detachment northwestward until they reached the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Bull Run Hills; they then proceeded north until they were opposite Pope's extreme right at Manassas Junction, though on the other side of the Hills. They passed through these at the Thoroughfare Gap, a little to the north of west of the Junction, and the first intimation of their presence was a sudden dash, made on the 26th, upon Manassas, where a large amount of stores had been collected, which were only weakly guarded. They destroyed the railroad track, stores, and buildings. Pope, finding an attempt made to turn his right, marched northward from Warrenton upon Manassas in three columns. One of these, under Hooker, encountered a portion of the enemy at Kettle Run on the 27th, and after a sharp action defeated them. Another, under M'Dowell and Sigel, came up with the enemy near Centreville on the 28th; a severe action took place, which was only terminated by darkness, the enemy falling back to the old battle-ground of Bull Run. Here, on the 29th, a desperate battle was fought, terminating in our favor. General Pope sent a dispatch announcing that the enemy were driven from the field, and were retreating toward the mountains. He estimated our loss in killed and wounded at 8000 men, and that of the enemy at double the number. The enemy fell back to meet their reinforcements, which had now come up; and the battle was renewed on the 30th, and continued all day, the enemy gaining the advantage. At night Pope fell back, in good order, to the strong intrenchments at Centreville, where he was reinforced by Franklin's and Sumner's corps, a part of the army from the Peninsula. Here he remained awaiting an attack from

the enemy. No assault was made in front; but the enemy appeared to be edging round further to the north, still threatening to turn our right, and interpose between our army and Washington, or to cross the Potomac above the capital. On the 2d of September a body of the enemy made a dash at our supply trains at Chantilly, near Fairfax Court House, between Centreville and Washington. They were met and at last driven back, but we lost two of our best officers, Generals Stevens and Kearney. At another point, on the same day, however, they succeeded in capturing a supply train of 100 wagons. Our main army, on the 3d, commenced falling back from Centreville toward Washington, and massing itself around Arlington Heights in front of the Capital, where reinforcements are rapidly pouring in. General McClellan has been by special order intrusted with the command of the fortifications of Washington and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital. The position of affairs in Virginia is almost the same as it was a year ago, only that both armies are now in far greater strength. An attack upon our army in its intrenchments before Washington seems wholly improbable; it appears more likely that it is the intention of the enemy to attempt to cross the Upper Potomac into Maryland, and to carry the war into that State, and even, if possible, into Pennsylvania.—Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has issued a proclamation urging the immediate formation of volunteer companies and regiments of militia, to whom he promises that arms shall be furnished; he also recommends that all places of business be closed at three o'clock, so that all persons employed may have opportunity for drill and military instruction.

In *Kentucky* affairs present an unfavorable aspect. Governor Magoffin, who in reply to the first call of the President for 75,000 men, answered that "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States," has resigned. His sympathies have from the first been with the Confederates, though his action has been controlled by the Union Legislature. Mr. Fiske, the Speaker of the Legislature, also resigned, and James F. Robinson, a decided Union man, has been chosen in his stead. He therefore becomes Acting-Governor of the State, and is President of the Military Board.—The guerrilla warfare, which has been raging for some months, has given place to a serious attempt to overrun the State. At Richmond, almost in the centre of the State, a battle took place on the 31st of August between the Union troops under General Manson and a larger Confederate force under General Kirby Smith, in which we were defeated. The enemy advanced to the important city of Lexington, which was surrendered on the 1st of September, and then proceeded to Frankfort, the capital of the State, which was occupied on the 3d. The archives and public property were removed to Louisville, where the Legislature was convened. Governor Robinson has called upon every loyal citizen of Kentucky to rally to the defense of the State. Paris, Louisville, and Bowling Green are named as the principal places of rendezvous. All the able-bodied citizens of Louisville have been ordered to enroll themselves at once for the defense of the city.—Concurrently with the foregoing news, it was stated that a strong body of the enemy were marching toward Cincinnati, and on the 2d of September it was said that they were actually within less than forty miles from that city, though upon the other side of the Ohio, and that the Ohio regiments in Kentucky were fall-

ing back upon Covington, opposite Cincinnati. Martial law was at once proclaimed; all citizens were ordered to enroll themselves for the defense of these cities, and the steamboats were ordered to remain on the Ohio side of the river.

An attempt to retake Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana, was made on the 5th of August by the Confederates under General Breckinridge. The design was to assail our forces by land, while the ram *Arkansas*, which had descended from Vicksburg, should co-operate by water. The land attack was fiercely made, but after a severe action the enemy were driven back. The *Arkansas* was unable to participate; her machinery gave way, and she laid by some miles above the town. Here she was attacked by our gun-boats, by which she was soon set on fire, and was blown up, after having been abandoned by her crew.

Clarksville, on the Cumberland River, which fell into our hands in February, immediately after the capture of Fort Donelson, was surrendered to an inadequate force of the enemy. Colonel Rodney Mason, of the 71st Ohio Volunteers, who commanded, has been cashiered for cowardice, and twelve subordinate officers who published a card stating that they had advised the surrender, have been dismissed from the service of the United States.

Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Corcoran, of the New York 69th, who was made prisoner at Bull Run, and was for more than a year kept in close confinement first as hostage for the captured privateers, and subsequently on other pretexts, has been released in pursuance of the agreement for a general exchange of prisoners, returned to New York, where he has been received with the utmost enthusiasm. He entered at once upon the work of recruiting a brigade, and met with the greatest success. His popularity with his fellow-citizens of Irish birth or descent is unbounded; and is hardly less among those who are not connected with him by this special tie.

Outrages of the most deplorable character have broken out among the Sioux and other Indian tribes in Minnesota. It was at first reported that 500 whites had been murdered; this is an exaggeration, but the number of victims is very large. The Governor of the State, having written to the President in consequence in relation to the draft, received for answer that he was to attend to the Indians. If the draft could not proceed, of course it would not; but the Government could not extend the time.

The President, in answer to a letter addressed to him by the editor of the New York *Tribune* in his paper, criticising the measures of the Government, returned the following reply, setting forth the principles and policy upon which those measures are founded:

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the National authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.'"

"If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union. And what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to

save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men every where could be free."

Editor's Easy Chair.

OF all our easily accessible lakes Lake George is the most sought and praised. But the proper lake achievement at present is Moosehead. There is no withholding or describing the tone in which a man who has been there asks another who unwittingly begins to prattle of lakes and summer wanderings, "And Moosehead?" There is a palpable drooping in the reply, "No, I've not been there yet, but I mean to go." Yet! The whole reply confesses the humiliation which the speaker feels.

In like manner the Adirondacks are brandished about your head. "Not been to the Adirondacks? dear me!" While every man who has been, as Winthrop slyly insinuates, towers among other of his peaceable fellow-citizens as if he were an essential part of that mountain scenery. Thus it is that we are all bullied by certain places and their reputations. Surrender is the best compromise. If you have not been to those mountains or to that lake you may as well begin to pack your trunk. What do I say? you may as well begin to stuff your knapsack.

As for the Easy Chair, now that the hunting season has arrived, he declares that he sees nothing manly nor exhilarating in shooting deer or birds, or in catching fish. What is a deer hunt? If you are in the wild woods like the Adirondack you lie behind a log or rock by which the animal is likely to pass, you scarcely breathe as you wait with your hand grasping your rifle. The slow hours drag by, and you are very wet, or the gnats and mosquitoes sting, or you are hungry, or cramped, or generally uncomfortable—but hark! What's that? A slight rustle! You are all alert. Your heart beats. Your hands tingle. Breathlessly you stare toward the sound. And then—nothing. A twig dropped.

Ah well! that's nothing. Very cautiously you stretch the leg which has the most stitch in it lest you should alarm the deer. The position and the progress of affairs are a little monotonous; but if the day that counts one glorious nibble is a day well spent, how much more so that which gives you the chance of a deer! 'St! A slight but decided crashing beyond in the woods. A faint, startled, hurrying sound; and the next moment, noble, erect, alive in every hair, the proud antlers quivering, the eye wild but soft, the form firm and exquisitely agile, the buck bounds into view. Crack you go, you poor miserable skulker behind a rotten log, and off he goes, the dappled noble of the forest!

Perhaps you hit him and kill him. You outwit him and murder him. Well, in Venice the bravos used to hide in dark door-ways and stab the gallants hieing home from love and lady. Any body can stab in the dark, or shoot from an ambush. To kill the animal for sport is wretched enough; but if you talk of manliness and use other fine words, be at least fair. Give him a chance. Put your two legs, your two arms, a knife, and your human wit against his four legs, greater strength, antlers, and want of brain. Then is the contest fair. You who seek his life for fun give him a chance at yours for self-de-

fense. The sylvan shades approve the equal strife; and if you fall you are at least not disgraced.

If you are a deer-stalker you creep up stealthily to find them feeding, and if you can creep near enough, you blaze away. I hope that you have seen Doyle's picture of you, a company of you, scrambling up the side of a hill hoping to catch the prey over the brow. But you will not do it. They are off, the blithe beauties, and you may get up from your stomachs as soon as you choose.

Or you may hunt in a deer preserve with drivers and hounds. You pass beyond the thicket in which they lurk, leaving the drivers to urge them forth. You emerge upon sunny open spaces waving with thin, long, dry grass, tufted with thick shrubs, and dotted with convenient mossy rocks. Here is a favorite path of the flying deer, and you post yourself expectant behind a rock. How calm and lovely the brilliant October day! How the mass of the wood foliage shines in the clear sunlight! How every prospect pleases and only man is—hark, again! They are coming. Lie low. Still as death. Oh! the beauties! There they are! And one glorious chief of chiefs darts straight and swift toward your ambush. Just beyond is the covert. He believes that safety is there. The quiet sunny nooks in which he shall lie and feed, the pleasant shades at noon, the leafy lair—they are all there a hundred rods before. Press on! press on! oh delicate, swift feet! He is not man who does not follow you with human sympathy. Innocence, purity, helplessness, they scud the sunny space with you. Too late! A sharp, mean sound, the bounding falters, the panting racer falls. The dogs and men rush on. If the deer is not dead they kill him. 'Tis a noble sport! 'Tis a manly business!

Lately I saw two deer, two splendid bucks. It was a solitary, sunny opening upon which I suddenly came. They were lying at the edge of the wood, and rose with a startled spring, for an instant looked, and with one bound, as if they would leap over the tree tops, were lost in the thicket. The grace and charm they gave to the wood was indescribable. Into the remotest gloom they sent a thrill of sunlight. Nothing fierce, or treacherous, or repulsive, consorts with the image of a deer, and when they vanished the whole wood was peopled with their lovely forms. If I had gone back to dinner dragging a mangled body along the wood road, or carrying the piteous burden in a wagon, how could that sunlit beech wood ever again be so sylvan sweet and Arcadian as now it is? I should have gained a haunch of venison, but I should have lost a day. That tranquil, secluded, happy scene would have been blood-stained. It would have been a fantastic remorse, but how could I have justified the killing of the deer?

No. I have not been to the Adirondacks, nor have I killed deer there, nor moose in Moosehead. I do not quarrel with those who have; and I hope they are as satisfied as I am. One day I hope to go, but I hope to see deer, not to kill them. I am content that other people should slay my venison as well as my beef; and I shall not pretend to find any sport in the shambles, whether in the outskirts of the city or in the mountain valleys. I do not insist upon killing the chickens that I eat, nor the partridges, nor the quails. The noble art of Venery is a fine term to describe the butcher's business. A man who sees a heron streaming through the tranquil summer sky and only wishes for his gun, or who sees the beautiful bound of a deer in the woods

with no other wish than that of killing it, does not show his manhood in those wishes. The bravest and most robust manhood does not imply nor require the least wanton cruelty. It is not necessarily developed nor proved either by sticking pins into grasshoppers or firing shot into deer.

"Ah yes! but you treat it too seriously," says young Nimrod. "It is not a matter of reason, but of feeling and excitement. As you lie in your ambush and hear suddenly the shouting of the drivers, the barking of the dogs, the crackling and rustling of boughs and leaves, you can not help the intense excitement. Your blood burns, your nerves tingle, your ears seem to quiver, your eyes will leap from your head, and, upon my honor, Sir, when our best sportsman saw the deer near him last year in Maine, he fixed his eyes steadily upon him, but such was his nervous twitter that he pointed his rifle straight into the ground and fired. He wounded the ground severely but the deer escaped. What is the use of talking to him about butchery? Nothing in the world interests or charms him so much as hunting. Besides, you get used to it. It is not pleasant, probably, for the tyro, who is a surgical student, to see men's legs and arms cut off. You could not see it without shuddering, perhaps not without sickening and fainting. But how long would it be before you would actually enjoy it?"

So the enthusiasts talk, and away they go to the hunt. Hark! tally ho, tantivy! Is not the language full of metaphors derived from the hunt? Does not literature ring with hunting songs and choruses and glees? Is it not all inwrought with romance and poetry? "Waken, lords and ladies gay!" The baying hound, the winding horn, the scarlet huntsman, the flying fox, the streaming, flashing dash across the country—they are of the very essence of the life and civilization from which we spring. They are the soul of the "Merrie England" which is our chief tradition. Come, come! to the Adirondack! to Moosehead!

"All nature smiles to usher in
The jocund Queen of morn,
And huntsmen with the day begin
To wind the mellow horn!"

For all that I did not go to Moosehead, but to Winnipiseogee. The name is always pronounced Winnepesaukee, and Eastman, in his admirable and accurate guide-book for the White Mountain region, so spells it. The lake is the finest approach to the White Hills. It is a vast ante-chamber, the entrance hall, from which you look up through the valley of the Saco to the towering peaks of the mountains.

The level of the lake, the bold beautiful foreground of Red Hill and Ossipee between which you see them dim, withdrawn into distance and sublimity, wonderfully deepen the impression. It is the felicitous setting which from this point makes them so truly imposing. For, in themselves, hills, at the most six thousand feet high, are not impressive mountains. Yet you can easily see the mid-Alps from some points where you are less struck by mountain grandeur than by the White Hills from Lake Winnipiseogee.

Let it be a moist, even showery, summer day in late July or early August, with heavy dark clouds rolling and breaking, fringing with silver rays and shrouding in soft evanescent mist the tops and sides of distant hills, while toward the west and south there are cool, sweet, tranquil depths of blue air

above, and a sparkling opaline sheen upon the shore. As you leave the Weirs in that neat, and pretty, and comfortable little steamer *The Lady of the Lake*, the green headlands near by will be brilliant with sunshine; but Red Hill will be muffled with solemn cloud, peering gravely through at times, and Ossipee will be utterly obscured, while on Belknap, at your right, the ground will seem to heave and roll, so suddenly shifting are the dark cloud shadows and bursts of sun. As you emerge upon the broader lake, far to the south the happy regions lie, calm skies and rosy peace. But as you head northward toward Centre Harbor alluring coves and bays open and stretch away on every side to dusky mist and storm. A thick black cloud envelops Red Hill, shuts out the friendly shore, leaves only the nearer quiet wooded points, while the lightning darts and the thunder booms angrily, sullenly haunting the winding hollows of the hills, or cracks and rattles sharply overhead, and the freshening breeze that foreruns rain, scuds darkling and sparkling over the water, nearer and nearer, until with colder blast and deeper roar the serried legions of the storm dash furious on, and we are instantly enveloped in rattling blinding rain, and fierce chill gusts, that extinguish the shores.

The tremendous rain streams by, and close before you lies the little white church and spire, and the cluster of neat houses that make the village of Centre Harbor, upon the very shore of the lake and at the foot of hills that rise backward to heavy evergreen sides and summits; while at the right, as you face the village, Red Hill emerges, dark and cool and crisp with even foliage, from the cloud that clings along the heights, but ravel into shreds of mist around the base and up the dells. A few steps through the garden, that descends in terraces to the lake, and which you cross through vine arbors, lead to the hotel—a pleasant old-fashioned house, with balconies, that fronts the lake.

Your arrival is greeted by that stare of half-weariness, half-interest which awaits the new-comer at every country summer resort. The arrival of the boat is a great event in a place where there are no events at all but the coming and going of strangers by the stage or the steamer. A long range of people, men and women, sitting upon wooden sofas and in arm-chairs, gaze upon you coming up the steps with your bag in hand, and your umbrella over your arm, with that expression of painful stolidity tempered with listless curiosity, which is the predominant condition of pleasure resorts. "Well," they seem to say, "we've got a little farther along. We've had the bother of arriving, and battling for rooms, and getting settled. We've been up Red Hill and down the lake. We're nearly through. To-morrow we shall have to fight for outside places on the stage going up to Conway. Oh dear! and you're just beginning. Well, the woman isn't very pretty, and that child's a fright."

It is a good house at Centre Harbor, with a pleasant old-fashioned flavor. In the wash-room there is a drawer labeled "slippers," and stages rattle up to the door. But there are two maple-trees upon the other side of the road in front, which serve to cut off the view of Ossipee, and are of no other use. But as Ossipee is the finest single object in the landscape, the maple-trees are in the way. So we said to the landlord as we all sat comfortably after dinner, enjoying the clearing up of the storm. The host was affable, and stopped to consider the point. "You do not wish them for shade, Mr. Landlord,

that is evident; nor for ornament. Why should they remain and deprive your house of so important and fine a view?" The landlord evidently liked his trees, but had never thought of the lost mountain. "It is not easy to cut down a tree, Landlord, and if you leave them they will grow so large that you will not have the heart to cut them down." He smiled, listened, and wisely, but obscurely, shook his head. We were all satisfied that the seed was planted, and that one day he will see that it is best to cut the maples rather than the mountain.

If not, it will be because the host suspects any suggestion that came from a party of which one of the members said to another as they were afterward watching the breaking clouds, "The sun will soon emancipate himself. Emancipation is the order of the day." The landlord suddenly turned at the word, and his look betrayed his politics. The ghost of Isaac Hill gleamed indignant from his eyes. It is clear that a political descendant of Governor Hill can hardly dare to follow in the picturesque the advice of a man whose politics are probably unsound.

We climbed the hill behind the house as the clouds broke away. They rolled heavily around the base of Ossipee, leaving the line of its summit clear, and melted up the ravines of Red Hill. Both mountains had that cold rich gloom which is the true contrast to the moist luminousness of such an afternoon, and far down the lake, at the right, the cheerful Belknap was chequered with the eery cloud shadows. The nearer reach of the lake sparkled in blue ripples; and little wooded islands, and points, and headlands led the eye away southward until bright water, and pale fading hills, and gray clouds and vapors mingled in soft mist upon the horizon.

At six we sped in the pretty steamer toward that vague receding realm; and as we passed out beyond the nearer points into the more open lake the gashed summit of Chocorua opened the panorama of the hills. But the clouds clung among them still, and veiling their forms, gave them more grandeur. They were heaped and huddled in the far vista of the valley, and piled against the horizon a translucent mass, but infinitely soft and tender, changing every moment like the hues on the surface of calm sea-water. The air was delightfully fresh and sweet; we had the steamer almost to ourselves; and upon the solitary lake, with few visible houses or cultivated fields upon its shore, but Ossipee and the Red Hill dark with evergreens in front, and the ghostly range of the White Mountains beyond, and a little unknown port before—there was all the charm of remote foreign travel, although the railroad skirted the lake that would bring us in fourteen hours to Wall Street.

We rounded a point into a beautiful bay, and upon the rising shore was the little white town of Wolfboro'. Here too is a pleasant and well-kept house, with rooms and balconies that command the lovely view across the beautiful bay, out upon the open lake, and across that to Belknap, which, rising from the very water, is even finer from Wolfboro' than Ossipee from Centre Harbor. But if, O Landlord, you chose to level those maple-trees, who can say that Ossipee might not bear the palm?

Two parties immediately developed themselves in our one: the Centre Harbor and the Wolfboro' party. The contest raged with acrimony. It was astonishing what things were coolly said—how the charms of the most beautiful mountains were gravely denied, and the most hideous charges brought against the most poetic and romantic landscapes. Call the landscapes characters, and the picturesque

politics, and you will understand how furiously the battle was waged. The Wolfboro' party, I am sorry to say, pretended to peculiar justice and impartiality. It artfully conceded one or two paltry charms to Centre Harbor, which the friends of that truly romantic point scornfully repudiated, demanding, like a party of the truest honor and the highest spirit, all or none. But the wretched concessions were made only to smooth the way for a radical assault upon the superiority of the Harbor, which the judicious, discriminating, and appreciative party of the Harbor repelled with unflagging energy. The Wolfboroers remained of their opinion, and the Harborers were loyal to theirs. The Easy Chair is notoriously of no party; as you have already remarked, it does not even indicate a preference. It recommends to every traveler the justice which the monkey meted to the parties quarreling over the oyster. They each received a shell, and the monkey ate the luscious prize. Concede, therefore, to each the superior charm of the boro' or the harbor, but take care to see and enjoy the whole lake yourself. To do that you must take the *Dover*—another of the neat and agreeable lake steamers, with a most courteous and intelligent commander—and slide down the long, narrow pass to Alton Bay, the very southern point of the lake. Cleanliness and courtesy await you there also; and the bold host declares that if, after a thorough trial, you do not grant that his end of the lake is the best, and his views the finest and most various, he will keep you a fortnight for nothing. How pleasant the fortnight would be!

We saw no moose by moonlight in Winnepesaukee, but we saw a bald eagle in the sunlight over it. He moved majestically to the very top of a pine-tree, and looked coldly at us as we fretted by upon the water. It was not he, bird of freedom and of our country, that reproached me as I left the lake, which had been but an episode in a necessary journey. But the two days' pleasure had the flavor of forbidden fruit. What were we doing there? What right had any man to be absent from his post, wherever and whatever that post might be? Even in that tranquil sunset, as we steamed over the lake, a returning wounded officer sat in the bow of the boat; and as we stood at the door of the Wolfboro' Hotel a soldier with his head bound up drove by.

So in the quiet of her secluded retreats the country reminded us of her devoted children and of her desperate struggle. Who falters now, she said to us on that calm lake, is false forever. Understand the liberty which I am defending, that you may strike for it wisely. Discuss it frankly, that my friends may know their number and their strength. In old Rome the slaves were not allowed to wear a distinctive badge, lest, seeing how many they were, they should be inspired by their numbers to strike for their liberty. You are not slaves. You are sons of Liberty. Speak your faith aloud and act it. Then you will avoid, and I your mother will escape, that terrible condition which De Tocqueville describes in France before the Revolution. For Christianity, read your old American faith of Liberty, and you will understand him:

"As those who denied the truths of Christianity spoke aloud, and those who still believed held their peace, a state of things was the result which has since frequently occurred again in France, not only on the question of religion, but in very different matters. Those who still preserved their ancient belief fearing to be the only men who still remained faithful to it, and more afraid of isolation than er-

ror, followed the crowd without partaking its opinions. Thus, that which was still only the feeling of a portion of the nation appeared to be the opinion of all, and from that very fact seemed irresistible even to those who had themselves given it this false appearance."

WE were speaking lately of the unrecorded heroism of the private soldier, who, in this war at least, so often sacrifices as much as many an officer whose name is blazoned in our current history. I say in this war, because there was never an army comprising so many intelligent and thoughtful men as the national army now in the field. It is the characteristic of civil wars that they necessarily call out the most devoted and patriotic citizens. The army may take sides against the nation if an ambitious leader commands it; and to save his country every good citizen must be willing to be enrolled and to do his share of active duty, and to take his chance of wound, capture, or death.

But it will not follow that he regards it as other than a duty, imperative and sacred indeed, but, like many another duty, not delightful. War, however inevitable, however consecrated by its purpose, is still the remedy of brute force. It is still barbarous and repugnant to every man who would rather owe the amelioration of the race to moral and intellectual rather than to purely physical forces. War is, indeed, a hundred times, it is incalculably preferable to tyranny or slavery or injustice of any kind. Organized injustice, however quiet it may be for a time, is only suppressed war in all its horrors, and the longer it is delayed the more fearful is its outbreak. In a world where human passions are so powerful, and so unscrupulous in the methods they employ to secure their will, every thing that is most precious is held upon the condition of willingness to spare no sacrifice whatever for its maintenance.

This devotion will not be upon one side only of any struggle. Men have fought just as bravely and desperately for bad as for good causes. It is sincerity of conviction which makes men determined. Philip II. of Spain was not less honest, probably, than William of Orange. Charles IX. slew the Protestants in the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the mob of Paris dictated the slaughter of the royalists of the Vendée. Marcus Aurelius honestly hated Christianity, and Christian courts have honestly hated heretics and burned them. The hand of Providence neither rescued Servetus from Calvin nor John Rogers from Mary, nor Sidney from James, nor Marie Antoinette from Marat. For the eternal laws of morality act through human means. Washington and Lafayette, at Brandywine, were unquestionably fighting for that liberty which is the condition of human progress, but they were defeated. The potato pop-gun of a saint will not save him against the Sharp's rifle of a sinner. The saint can not succeed unless he obeys the condition of success, and if he have not common sense his sanctity will not save him.

Therefore in any great struggle, where the two parties are equally in earnest, that one will conquer which has superior means and longer endurance. Each calls upon Providence with equal fervor. Each commends itself to Heaven with the same sincerity. The great laws of the world will undoubtedly be executed. Justice is still just, and morality moral. But the cause of justice will not prevail in any particular battle, if the army which defends it has no ammunition or if its guns are spiked.

Frederick the Great's saying that God is on the side of the strongest battalions was true for him, because success was God for him, and the strongest battalions secure that. But to say that the successful side is always God's side—in other words, is always right—is manifestly absurd. The older proverb is better, that the Gods help those who help themselves.

I met the other day a man who is one of the honestest men I know. "Well, well," he said, "I think we are sure to beat, not through any skill of our own, but because the Lord will not suffer his cause to be defeated." I replied what seemed to me the simple truth, "If we are not skillful the Lord certainly *will* suffer his cause to be defeated." For if the army of the Lord is not composed of soldiers as good as those of the Devil, when a battle is to be fought, the latter will win the day.

What guarantee have we, then, that Justice will prevail? Plainly, in any particular battle or moment, we have none at all. Every day we know of prosperous injustice and successful crime. The consoling faith is, that Justice permanently and at last prevails, and that the world is constantly better. And how can this be if hard fighting depends upon sincerity, and if a man can be as sincerely wrong as right? Simply because injustice breeds ignorance, superstition, bestiality, barbarism, and the conflict of passions; while Justice fosters intelligence, and constantly larger illumination. Thus it is in the intellectual sphere in which light necessarily scatters darkness that the actual progress of the race is achieved. War is a conflict of brute forces to secure the freedom of that sphere. Of itself it changes no opinion, it only obtains the conditions under which a change can be effected in the only possible, that is, the intellectual way.

Consequently war is of the utmost importance in the economy of civilization and progress. It is often, as we said, the paramount duty, but it is not the more agreeable. If your house takes fire in a wintry midnight, to save all that is dearest to you, you must strain every physical exertion to the utmost. There is no duty so solemn and instant as that; but it is in itself the most appalling, and all its details are repulsive. It is so with war. It may become the supremest and most unavoidable duty for every man. But no thoughtful man will like it. "War stirs the pulse, but it wounds a little all the time," wrote Theodore Winthrop. But he thanked God for the chance of doing his duty, and his duty was to die for his country.

It is this intelligent appreciation of duty that makes our army so strong. The chat we had two months since upon the peculiar heroism of our private soldiers—peculiar because without the excitement of public and particular applause, found its way to camp, and brought the Easy Chair a most friendly and interesting letter from a man who is himself a private.

I am glad of what you said, he writes, "because it may cause many a thoughtless man and woman who have heretofore taken little interest, to do more justice to those who, feeling the responsibility that rests on every man and woman of the North, forsook home, kindred, friends—in short, sacrificed all a man holds most dear to battle against a foe that would raze to the ground that noble structure which cost our fathers so much to rear."

"It is a too prevalent idea among us soldiers that the 'folks at home' underrate our motives in risking our lives in the defense of our most glorious Govern-

ment; and the question is often asked, 'What is the use of our having done all this, when we are not appreciated at home?'

"This very remark I heard at the guard-house this morning from one of the boys. He had just received a letter from a friend at home who was in the Bull Run fight, and there received a ball in the leg which necessitated amputation. 'There's B. C.,' he says; 'his misfortune was the subject of many pitying glances from the passers-by, and many inquiries as to the particulars how he lost his leg; but that was all the benefit he derived from having incapacitated himself from following his old trade, and made life an intolerable burden.'"

The correspondent who sends this letter has himself been in the Government hospital. But he deceives himself unkindly if he supposes that there is any want of the profoundest sympathy for the soldiers, and the most eager interest and pride in them, among those who stay at home. Let him remember that almost every family has some of its heart's-blood invested in this struggle; that the "folks at home" feel every blow, every victory, every movement, as the heart and the brain feel a sting in the finger or a thrill in the foot. We all rejoice, we all grieve together. No, believe it, good friend and friends, there is but one heart, but one hope, but one help, in this tremendous hour. The camp is but the home extended beyond the old familiar lines. Yes; we are all encamped—some in the field, others by the fireside; some are actually marching, others are only waiting to go. Believe in us as we believe in you. If we have not marched, it is not because the cause is less sacred and binding with us than with you. We have no interest but your movements; we have no hope but in your success. You are the advance, we are the reserves; but we all form the one great army which shall at last win the one great victory for the world.

If General Washington had arrived, after due notice, at Castle Garden a few weeks since, he could not have been received with greater popular enthusiasm than that which greeted General Corcoran. His progress up Broadway could not have been a more triumphant pageant. The eagerness to see his face and to hear his words could not have been more intense and universal. The display of welcome could not have been more imposing, nor the acclamation of the city more universal.

Who was this young hero, then, and what the service he had done? The answer is simple enough. He is a Colonel who fought bravely at the head of his regiment and was taken prisoner.

But does the country receive all brave officers returning from captivity with this hosanna of welcome? Others were taken in the same battle fighting as bravely, and they quietly return. Why is this soldier, defeated in his only battle, greeted as the leader would be who had triumphantly ended the war and restored union and peace to the country?

The reasons are many, but the chief is undoubtedly this, that, being an Irishman and a New Yorker, and one of the highest in rank who were taken at Bull Run, he was selected as the typical Union soldier in captivity. He suffered not only for himself, but the nation looked, in his person, upon the sufferings of all our hapless friends. That it was Corcoran instead of Wilcox, for instance, who was selected, is due to the fact that he is an Irishman, and that friendship for the Irish is a cardinal element of popular favor in the cities from which public senti-

ment is apt to take its direction. Then he bore his long imprisonment gallantly. Every word he wrote home was plucky, and his fidelity to the cause was unwavering. These were enough. The shouting city made the idol of an hour which it worshiped. Turin, Genoa, Palermo, regenerated Rome, could not have hailed Garibaldi the regenerator with more ecstasy than New York saluted Corcoran.

But the feeling which the city showed to him it has for every suffering loyal soldier. It was as typical as its object. The people offered homage, in the person of Corcoran, to every captive of its cause. It was another indication of the deep and hearty hold that cause has upon the mass of the population.

WE often enough hear that famous men disappoint upon meeting them, and that it is wise to be content with the books a man writes or the deeds he does, and not to risk his personal acquaintance. It may be that the kind of force which is necessary to project men into fame is often incompatible with those delicate and subtle traits which make the charm of personal intercourse. Certainly we often meet men who seem to have all the qualities of lovely character, as well as of talent or genius, which we instinctively associate with those who have invisibly attracted and influenced us. But the same persons, for some reason, never reach that general recognition which makes celebrity and at last fame.

When a man of this kind dies, the feeling of loss and affectionate admiration among his friends is of the kind with which the world regrets its teachers and singers. They cherish the thought of their friendship with him as a happy fortune of their lives. They delight in what he might have done. His genius was an unworked mine. The richness was all there, but it was not revealed. His life has made life lovelier to them forever, for it has reminded them how small a part of the infinite variety of human excellence and genius can ever be universally known.

Such a man died some months since in Florence. Arthur Hugh Clough is a name that to some persons in this country is full of promise and significance, but to the most is totally unknown. He was a young Englishman who lived for some time in America, the honored friend and companion of the most thoughtful and wise, and whose friends in England were such men as Matthew Arnold, Dr. Stanley, Thomas Hughes, F. T. Palgrave, all of whom have spoken of him since his death with that profound and pathetic regard which only great powers combined with the purest and loftiest character can excite. These men were schoolmates of Clough's at Rugby in the golden days of Dr. Arnold, and it is not the least of his praise that the charm of his character and the promise of his powers excited such admiration and love. "To win such love as Arthur Hugh Clough won in life," says his American biographer and friend, Mr. Norton, of Cambridge, "to leave so dear a memory as he has left, is a happiness that falls to few men."

His life was the uneventful one of a scholar. He traveled in Europe; he lived a short time in America; he was a Professor in the London University, and held a post in a Government office; he worked hard, thought deeply, loved much, and died at the age of forty-two, with nothing to show for it but a retranslation of Dryden's "Plutarch's Lives," a thin volume of poetry, and some delightful papers and poems in magazines here and abroad. His poems

have been collected into a volume and published in England, with a memoir by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, and a separate publication here, with a memoir by Charles Eliot Norton.

All that his friends say of him is justified to the thoughtful reader by the little volume. There are perhaps no poems in it which will be enshrined in the heart of the world; but there is much that will appeal to every earnest, simple, reverent man who knows how little can be known, and who looks for the sympathy of a generous manly soul as he sounds along the dim way of spiritual life. Like one at midnight perplexed by music that allures, the tendency of the poet's thought is constantly to the profound themes that baffle the intellect. With child-like confidence he abandons himself to the current that he knows drifts him to the shoreless sea. Consequently a tender melancholy, a passionate but still chastened longing, are the characteristics of his verse.

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

"On many noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

"On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

"Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away
Far, far behind, is all that they can say."

This wistful melancholy, not ascetic, but full of human sympathy and affection, and a manly dignity that submits but never surrenders, is all expressed in the following lines:

"Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
The tall rank weeds that clomb the blade above,
And all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again, upon some future day.

"When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learn'd what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

"With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's by-gone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again on many a future day.

"Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters, say!—
Meet yet again upon some future day?"

But Mr. Clough's poems were by no means exclusively these deep-drawn musical sighs from the soul for the supremely good and fair. His genial human sympathy embraced the daily life that we all lead, curiously seeking and analyzing still, nor ever unmindful of the eternal life beneath it, but humorous and delicately perceptive. The three chief poems in the volume are of this kind. Two of them are hexameters, one describing life and character in Scotland, and the other in Italy, while

the third is a series of tales upon shipboard. These have great vivacity of thought and style, and a pleasant sparkle of humor all the way, mingled with deeper and subtler touches. They show the scholarly culture and artistic skill of the poet. But they show also his true humanity and independence.

He was an Englishman, and loved England with all his heart. But he was a man, and he could see that other lands were more just to men. Mr. Norton quotes most interesting passages from Clough's letters to himself, which are not the least significant signs of the man. He wrote, after returning to England, seven or eight years ago: "Really I may say I am only just beginning to recover my spirits after returning from the young and hopeful and humane republic to this cruel, unbelieving, inveterate old monarchy. There are deeper waters of ancient knowledge and experience about one here, and one is saved from the temptation of flying off into space; but I think you have beyond all question the happiest country going. Still, the political talk of America as one hears it here is not always true to the best intentions of the country, is it?"

On the other hand, these lines reveal the loyalty of the poet's heart to the "best intentions" of his own country:

"Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, every where.

"Sweet eyes in England! I must flee
Past where the wave's last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

"Dear home in England! safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England won at last."

Love and fond admiration, at least, he won in England and in America, and his memory has an eternal home in many of the noblest hearts of our time. His grave is in Florence. "A fit resting-place for a poet," says Mr. Norton—"the Protestant Santa Croce—where the tall cypresses rise over the graves, and the beautiful hills keep guard around."

Editor's Drawer.

THE other day the Drawer was opened at a dinner-table whereat was gathered as goodly a company as graced the Knickerbocker board when the Dickens was the lion of the hour. One of the sages present startled the rest by propounding the astounding proposition that he could, by the internal evidence alone, determine whether an author's work was or was not written under the influence of *liquor*—the inspiration of the bowl; and, stranger still, that he would undertake to define particularly the kind of liquor the author most affected—whether wine, brandy, gin, or any other spirit!

"That," said Dr. S—, "would be 'discerning spirits' with a vengeance: I don't believe a word of it!"

ONE of our gravest religious newspapers, of the "Baptist persuasion," tells the following anecdote, which seems to belong to the Drawer:

"A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the

brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, and her step languid; and her brow wore the severe contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

"Some years afterward he encountered this same lady, but so bright, so fresh and youthful, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself with regard to identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B——, who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, Madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh; that was all."

SOME years ago we knew an old lady whose expressions were more striking than correct. She was much disgusted at the habit of some ladies in boasting of their husbands' qualities, appearance, etc. "Onee," said she, "when I was first married, I was at a tea-party, and in the afternoon all the women were telling each other what fine-looking men they were married to. I sat and listened until I thought how ashamed I should be when it was time for my Jimmy to come after me, for I knew he wasn't very handsome. Well, after a while all the men came in to supper, and I just sot and looked at the lot, and I do declare that Jimmy, alongside of them others, was a *perfect Venus!*"

FUNNY things happen all over the world, and an Indiana friend tells us of an old conrtraband in his neighborhood who makes himself useful in collecting the various articles contributed to the Soldiers' Aid Society, and taking them to the head-quarters. The other day he went into one of the stores and said that he was sent for "some papers of pins to pin the 'beverages' with." Perceiving, from smiling countenances, that he had made some mistake, he repeated, "Beverages? beverages? No, no, dat ain't it; beverages am someting to eat." He got the pins although he didn't get the word *bandages*.

A rural damsel caused some annoyance in the same store by inquiring, "Have you any blackguards?" The clerk answered decidedly in the negative. She had been sent for black silk-guards, which, after explanations, she readily obtained.

BILL H—— exercised as much ingenuity in securing his liquor as would have secured him all that he wanted, could he have dispensed with that single article. One day he took his jug to the shop and asked for a gallon of whisky. He gave his promise to pay for it upon the spot. The jug was not empty, Bill stating that he had already bought a quart, but wished the concern filled as full as it could hold.

When the gallon was poured into the jug the money was not poured out of Bill's pocket, for the latter was as empty as the former was full. Promises to pay were not received, and the grocer poured the gallon back again into the measure, leaving Bill to trudge off with his single quart. This, however, was more of a treasure than when he entered the shop, for it was then a *quart of water*, and now it was a *quart of rum*, not much worse for the little water with which it was diluted. The grocer's gallon was

a little weaker, but Bill's quart had become a great deal stronger.

THE following curious specimen of clerical literature came under our notice lately. It is a request from one clergyman to another to announce his hour of service. Here it is, orthography, syntax, style and all, literally copied from the original:

MR MO MACKRANELS
plese renounc
that there is
pretzhing at the brederen
chirge this day at 3 o'clock
by rev, yong lamasters

Lest this may be worse than "Greek" to such of our readers as are uninformed in backwoods literature, we append an English rendering:

MR. M'REYNOLDS, — Please announce that there is preaching at the Brethren Church this day, at 3 o'clock, by Rev. Young Lemasters.

FROM Springfield, Illinois, we have the following:

"The Illinois Normal University, at Bloomington, has a farm of 160 acres, which is generally let to be worked 'on shares.' Not long ago this land was tilled by the Hon. James Perkins, a well-known politician. He commenced operations very late in the spring, and was consequently obliged to sow a large breadth of buckwheat, which, as every farmer knows, is a very late-planted crop. It thrrove luxuriantly and in due time was gathered, to the extent of about eight hundred bushels.

"About this time the people of Kansas were starving, and throughout the West the people were generously donating supplies of food, which the railroad companies as generously carried free of charge to them. Now the Hon. Perkins had discovered that buckwheat was higher at St. Louis than at Bloomington, and concluded that it would be a fine speculation to send his crop thither to be sold, making believe that it was for the benefit of the hungry settlers of Kansas. The railroad company, accordingly, took in charge the whole stock of ineipient pancakes, charging nothing for the transportation. But the consignee at St. Louis was either stupid or treacherous. Our hero waited for his \$500 draft long and patiently in vain; but at length received the following instead:

"LEAVENWORTH, Oct. 19, 1860.

"Hon. J. Perkins:

"Your very generous donation (816 bush. buckwheat) duly rec'd. With many thanks in behalf of the suffering pioneers of Kansas, I remain, y'rs to command,

"W. F. M. A——, Ch'n Kan. Relief Com."

"It is said that the Hon. Gentleman ever since eschews pancakes as entirely contrary to all the laws of hygiene."

WE would scarcely believe that such an advertisement could be found in any newspaper, but we have it before us in a Canada journal, and the correspondent who sends it to us says that the advertiser is of the colored persuasion:

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICE.

M. R. NORRIS, living near Aldis's Mill, is making Spinning Wheels, Clock Reels, and Cheese Presses, and preaches on Sundays at 2 o'clock P.M. in the Market Shed, and on Wednesdays at 7 o'clock P.M., at his hired house. This arrangement will continue for three weeks.

The mingling of trades is quite as curious as that of the man who advertised "Bibles, Blackball, Butter, Testaments, Tar, Treacle, Godly Books, and Gimlets for sale here."

HERE is a story that comes from Wisconsin, and the wit of it may atone for its want of gallantry :

"In the town of Green Lake, Wisconsin, Old H——, though rich, dislikes not only to pay his debts, but taxes particularly, and scruples at no means to avoid them. His wife has a reputation for want of veracity, and nobody would believe her. The Legislature had passed a law to compel each person to 'list' his or her personal property, under oath, and deliver the same to the Assessors. The Assessors, three in number, called upon Old H——, and furnished a blank, but the old fellow did not like to come down. At a meeting of the Assessors (at a small country tavern in the same town) to perfect their roll, Old H—— and a number of other persons being present, Colonel S. C——, a prominent politician, and withal a great wag, was there.

"The Assessors proceeded to interrogate Old H—— in relation to his personal property, and among other questions asked him, 'what musical instruments he had?'

"Old H—— replied, 'I have no musical instrument but my wife's tongue?'

"The Colonel, who stood near the table, remarked immediately, 'Put him down one *lyre* (liar).'

"Old H——, after the roar was over, gave in his inventory without any further objections."

A DOYLESTON friend mentions an illustration of the progress which the schoolmaster is making in the "uninhabited" parts of Pennsylvania :

"John Jobson is a lawyer there, who knows a little of every thing, and not much of any thing. He is sad on the English language, and if murdering it were a capital crime, he would have been hung long ago. The county paper, speaking of a speech John made last Fourth of July, said it was very good, but the orator slandered Lindley Murray awfully. Now when Jobson read this charge in the newspaper he was very wroth, and declared with great earnestness and an oath that he did not know Mr. Murray, and had never thought of saying a word against him. John's wife was out at tea when she first heard of the newspaper attack on her husband, and she said at once that 'Murray begun it by abusing her husband, and got as good as he gave!'"

TALKING to boys in public meetings is getting to be an art and science. Billy Ross is a great Temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said :

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, Sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, Sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys,

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"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

Billy was thunder-struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

THE following occurred at the fall term of Common Pleas Court at N——, in H—— County, Ohio.

J. R——, of S——, was attorney for defendant in a civil action wherein the terms of a parole contract were in question; and in testing the memory of a witness in the cross-examination the following conversation took place :

J. R. "You said that Williams, Nevin, and Stockwell were in my office at a certain time when the terms of the contract were mentioned. Now, how do you know it was them? How do you know but that it was some other persons? And how do you recollect of their being present at that particular time?"

WITNESS. "Because, when they went out of the office you said, 'There goes a set of *scalawags*;' and I recollect the circumstance from the fact that it was the first time I ever heard that term used by any one."

J. R. "You said that lawyers Winslow, Patrick, and Sutton were present on another occasion. How did you know they were lawyers; how do you know but what they were *scalawags*?"

WITNESS. "Well I admit I did not then, nor do I now know the difference."

J. R. "You can go."

DESPONDENCY.

THE bright May sun is beaming, the soft rain falls in showers,

And the gentle wind is whispering its secrets to the flowers.

The world is Spring, but in my heart is Winter, cold and drear,

Nor bird, nor shower, nor Summer wind can find an echo there.

Ere this I was the earliest to greet the opening Spring, And gladsome thoughts, and hope, and mirth did this fair season bring :

And I forgot the Winter time, its ice, and frost, and snow,

To revel in the Spring day, its brightness, warmth, and glow.

But now my eye sees carelessly green boughs and lovely flowers,

And passionate sad tears obscure the sight of Summer showers,

And the little birds sing all unheard, no more to me they're gay,

For this poor heart shall ne'er again know sunshine, song, or May!

And from this darkened chamber, where in sadness now I lie

With aching heart, and weary limbs, and dim and heavy eye,

I pray to God for patience till his seasons bring the day

When His blessed angel Azraël bears me from earth away.

LISA.

It has often been remarked respecting Daniel Webster that the gravity of his mind prevented any inclination or display of wit or brilliant repartee in any of his efforts in the Senate or Courts. But on one occasion, at least, he certainly proved that he could be as brilliant and witty as he was always profound and great.

Mr. Webster was once engaged in the trial of a

case in one of the Virginia courts, and the opposing counsel was William Wirt, author of the "Life of Patrick Henry," which has been criticised as a brilliant romance.

In the progress of the case Mr. Webster produced a highly respectable witness, whose testimony (unless disproved or impeached) settled the case, and annihilated Mr. Wirt's client. After getting through the testimony he informed Mr. Wirt, with a significant expression, that he was through with the witness, and that he was at his service. Mr. Wirt rose to commence the cross-examination, but seemed for a moment quite perplexed how to proceed, but quickly assumed a manner expressive of his incredulity as to the facts elicited, and coolly eying the witness a moment, he said,

"Mr. K——, allow me to ask you whether you have ever read a work called the 'Baron Munchausen?'"

Before the witness had time to reply, Mr. Webster quickly rose to his feet, and said,

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wirt, for the interruption; but there was one question I forgot to ask the witness, and if you will allow me that favor I promise not to interrupt you again."

Mr. Wirt, in the blandest manner, replied, "Yes, most certainly;" when Mr. Webster, in the most deliberate and solemn manner, said,

"Sir, have you ever read Wirt's 'Patrick Henry?'"

The effect was so irresistible that even the Judge could not control his rigid features. Mr. Wirt himself joined in the momentary laugh, and turning to Mr. Webster said, "Suppose we submit this case to the jury without summing up;" which was assented to, and Mr. Webster's client won the case.

LAST July a Vermont correspondent wrote to us:

"I am inclined to believe that Washington will be taken now; for I heard an old lady remark, after being asked what the news was from the seat of war, 'Oho, nothing,' says she; 'only the rebels are going to attack Washington now: they have got their *spiles* drove to within three miles of Washington!'"

"The lady had been to a Sewing Society, where they had been making up hospital stores for the Vermont soldiers, and had heard the remark that the rebel pickets had already advanced to within three miles of Washington."

"In traveling through the country a few days ago, I found posted against a tree a notice, of which the following is a true copy:

"NOTISS

"'There will be a mas meating at Mr H——s Esq skool house on tomorrow nite for enlistin solders for to go to the war, let all be presant Wimmun is invited to be presant
(Signed) J—— R.'"

"Our acquaintance W——, had, a few years since, a female ancestor on the maternal side, who, although residing in the vicinity of Mobile for a lifetime, had never yet been there. After repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young W——, then a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibited that peculiar faculty for perpetrating 'practical jokes' which characterizes him yet, persuaded the cook to place a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the unusual dish attracted her attention. Carefully drawing her spectacles from their

case, she adjusted them firmly on her nose, and took a long stare at the singular-looking 'edibles;' at last, seizing a fork, she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming, with a long breath, 'Heavens and yearth, who ever seen sich spiders before!'"

ONE of the captured at Cape Hatteras, a Lieutenant-Colonel, was a Baptist minister by profession. A chaplain who accompanied the fleet was also a Baptist clergyman. When they met the fact became mutually known.

"Ah!" said the Yankee chaplain, "how I have prayed day and night for the success of this expedition! When the clouds threatened us once or twice with some of those terrible tempests that do so much damage on this coast I prayed with a fervor such as I never felt before."

"And I," said the prisoner, "prayed with all my soul that the storm might come up and spread over the entire coast with such fury that it might sweep the fleet out and drive you howling upon the shore."

"But my dear friend," said the Yankee parson, with a knowing smile, "God didn't answer *your* prayer, did he?"

The prisoner turned away with a crest-fallen look, and said no more.

THE State pride of South Carolinians can be more realized now than formerly. It was the occasion of some jealous feeling in the sister State of Georgia, before they were united by their present tender ties. A Georgian, excited by the evident contempt of a South Carolinian for his sister States, is said to have remarked,

"Well, you Carolinians are the most conceited people on earth! Why, you think South Carolina the only civilized part of the world. Even your children have the same feeling. One of your boys, the other day at school, when asked by his teacher how many continents there were, answered,

"Five—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and South Carolina!"

ONE of our correspondents contributes the following anecdote of a very informal preacher, who has the reputation of being extremely prosy:

"On one occasion, when the thermometer stood at 80°, he manifested his weakness so much that the congregation became uneasy, and some two or three left. Before they got to the door he broke out with, 'They have got enough; their capacity is small.' And when, a few minutes after, some more followed, he stopped, and after expressing himself to the effect that 'a few more *puffs* and the chaff would all be gone,' he proceeded. But human nature is stubborn in hot weather; and when the entire congregation became extremely restless, and more were departing, *he* couldn't stand it, and requested that, 'if there was any one present who was acquainted with those individuals,' he 'hoped they would tell them for him that they were no gentlemen; and if they felt offended, to send them to him and he would convince them of the fact!'"

THE same contributor gives a practical example of those who take no note of time:

"It is no uncommon thing here for young men to go hunting on the Sabbath. Two young men recently became separated from their party, and being thirsty they called at the nearest cabin on the prairie for some water. They were surprised to find the woman of the house hard at work in front of the

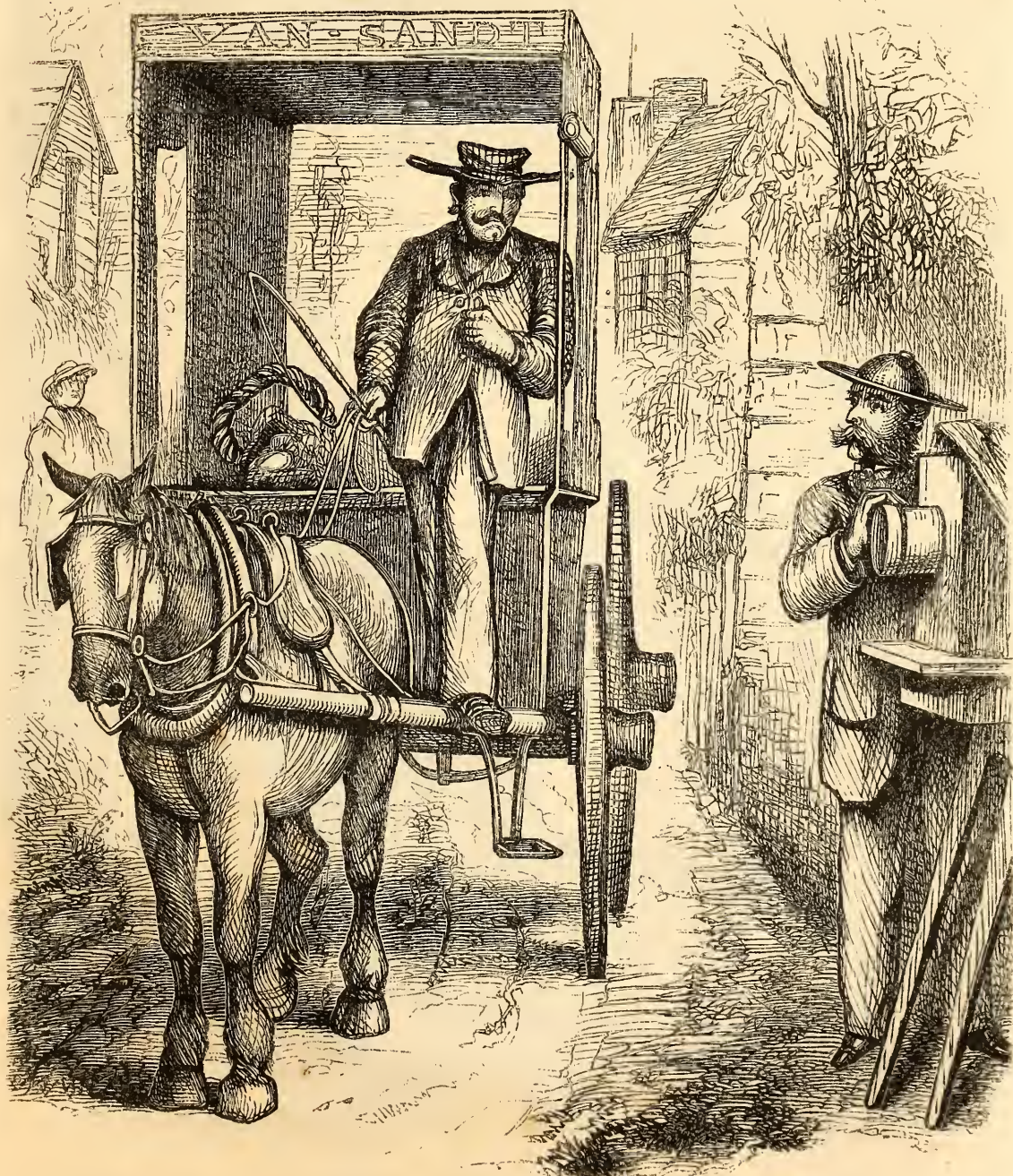
house doing her week's washing. She was very intent upon her work, and only ceased long enough to hand them a gourd and point to the water-bucket standing on a bench near the door.

"'Why, my good woman,' said one of the young men, 'do you know this is Sunday?'"

"'Sunday!' exclaimed she, drawing her hands quickly from the suds. 'Why no, is it? Well, I do declare now! our folks didn't say nothing about it, and we've no clock, and I guess I've lost the run o' the week somehow.' Seeing the fellows smile she colored up at once; then giving them a knowing look from her bright black eyes, she added: 'If I'd a knowed it was Sunday I wouldn't a washed; but if I did, it's no wus nor shootin', is it?' The young men left, but a clock peddler was seen crossing that very prairie in a few days after."

ALMOST any grocer will tell you that he is or has been infested with a customer who is perpetually infringing on the eighth commandment. This class of pilferers is constantly tasting the cheese, or munching huge lumps of sugar, dried apples, etc. They occasionally stick their dirty fingers into the molasses hogshead, and suck them with infinite gusto.

A grocer "not a thousand miles" from South Danvers was the victim of such a bore. Whenever Mr. A—— came to the store he would steer for the raisin-box, and deliberately abstract a handful; to the cheese, and take a generous slice; and, with a cracker and glass of water, serve himself an excellent lunch. The grocer one day undid a box of nice Malaga raisins and placed it on his counter. Mr. A——, coming in, made direct tracks to them, and expressed his approbation of their quality by taking an unusu-



TAKING A CART DE VISITE.

TEUTONIC GROCER.—"Ich must haben mein Cart und mein Horse, or else peoples will not know zat it be mein Cart of Visit; ven zey sees ze Cart, they know it's me."

ally large handful. Our friend the grocer observing this, gave orders to his clerks not to sell or allow any one to touch the raisins in that box except Mr. A——. He called frequently. At the end of six months the box of Malagas was gone; Mr. A—— had eaten them all. His bill for that time amounted to about \$40, the profits on which were \$3. The raisins (to say nothing of other nibbling) amounted, cost price, to \$3 25. Thus the grocer, from that "customer," in that space of time made twenty-five

cents *out of pocket*. After that he insisted upon having Mr. A——'s administering firm control over his fingers, or else withdraw his patronage.

MORAL—To whom it may concern: Don't imagine that when you purchase an ounce of pepper the grocer can afford you the gratuitous privilege of his raisin-box.

THE following reminiscence will be enjoyed in the midst of our great military activity:



MAKING A BARGAIN.

BRIDGET.—"Here, Mr. O'Grady, is a nice bit of Carpet Mistress told me to sell. It's as good as new, and you shall have it for Five Dollars."

MR. O'GRADY.—"An' cheap enough too. It's you always does the fair thing. I'll remember you about Christmas, darlint."

"In the campaign of '56 two politicians of opposite opinions were engaged in the discussion of questions which soon resulted in the abuse of prominent men connected with their respective parties.

"Where was General Jackson during the battle of New Orleans?"—indignantly inquired the man of the Opposition—"where? why down behind the—"

"Where was General Jackson," interrupted the Democrat, "you want to know; I can tell you where he was. He was running around the field, kicking the lighted matches out of the bomb-shells as they

fell among the soldiers! *There's* where General Jackson was during the battle of New Orleans!"

"We give this as a noble example to our Brigadier-Generals who are not fully posted on the art of war."

THE real grit is in the next one:

"Who made you?" said a teacher to a little flaxen-headed girl, tall enough for her chin to reach the table. "Why, God; and he made father and mother, and the stars and the stripes."



THE ACCOUNT OF SALES.

MRS. JENKINS.—"Why, Bridget, where's the Dining-room Carpet?"

BRIDGET.—"That old rag of a Carpet! When you went away you told me to sell all the rubbage. Mr. O'Grady gave me half a dollar for it; and mighty glad I was to get rid of it."

"Oh no, dear; He made the stars, but not the stripes."

"Why, if He made one, He must have made t'other; for the stars and stripes always go together."

How rapidly young Germany develops in Illinois! A correspondent says: "We have a bright-eyed little Dutch girl to work in our family; Katreen is fourteen years old, and tends baby and makes herself generally useful. Three years ago her sister Leesbeth filled the same place. The latter is now a young lady working in town, and Katreen never wearies telling of her accomplishments. 'She wear a *shay cur* every day wid a long silk cape to it, den she got

hoops an' she walk on de sidewalk ven her work ish done.' We were agreeably surprised and expressed our admiration, when she continued: 'And she vash Mister Tomkins vine cherts too, zen she make ze pies and ze cakes, and she look so pooty mit her new dress Sunday that my mudder don't know her ven she comes in.'

"Of course, Katreen," I said; 'it was a great thing for Leesbeth that she went to town; she'd never learned as much at home, not if she'd lived to be as old as your mother.' 'My mudder? I knows more'n my mudder now,' said the young country woman of Mrs. Bayard Taylor; 'but den you know dey doesn't learn much in Chermany,' she added, apologetically."



A CASE OF COLIC.

DOCTOR PILGARRIC.—"Yes, I see—been eating ice-cream, bananas, pickles, mixed candy, and green apples. I shall have to administer *Oleum Ricinum cum Mucilaginem, Syrupum Tolutanum, et Spiritum Lavandulae*. That'll put him all right."

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—"Oh, Doctor, I'm afraid to give such strong medicines to the little Darling! Now wouldn't a dose of *Castor Oil*, mixed up with a little *Gum* and *Tolu*, and a few drops of *Lavender* to take off the taste, answer just as well? I always keep that in the house."

Fashions for October.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING NEGLIGÉE AND GIRL'S STREET DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—THE EGLANTINE CLOAK.

THE MORNING NEGLIGÉE is of white or corn-colored Cashmere, embroidered with Mazarine-blue braid. The skirt is of embroidered Nansouk.

The EGLANTINE CLOAK may be made of taffeta or cloth, according to the season. It is elaborately ornamented with braided embroidery.

THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

“EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.”

Vol. II.]

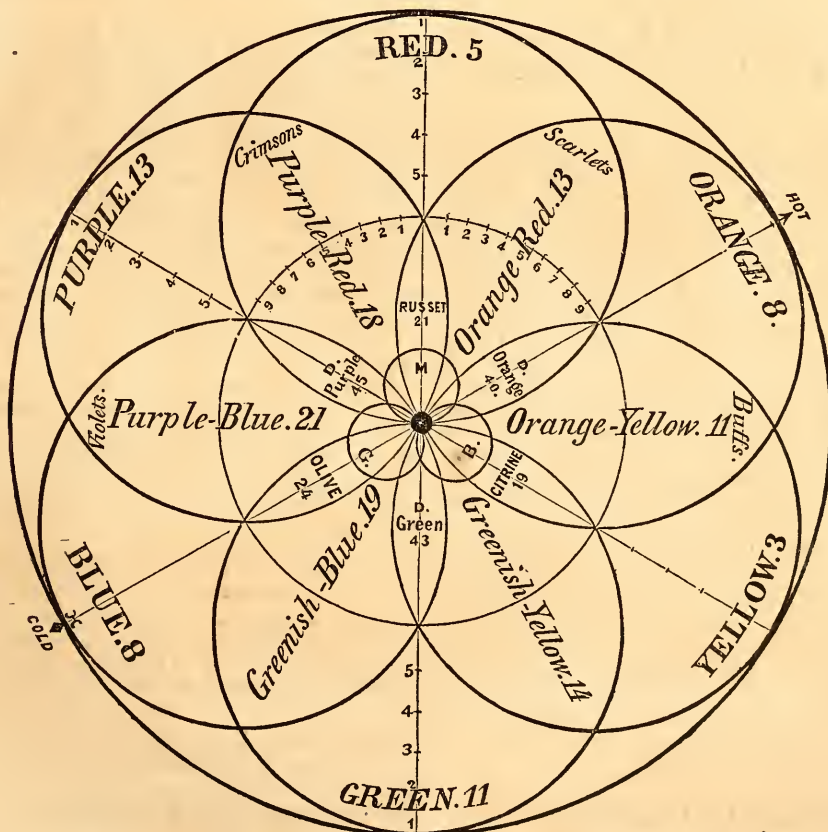
NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1862.

[No. XII.]

A Series of Colored School and Family Charts. Twenty-two in Number. Designed for a Course of Elementary Instruction, in Schools and Families. By MARCIUS WILLSON and N. A. CALKINS.

These Charts, which were briefly described in the June Number of the *Bulletin*, are now completed. They will be furnished either separately or in full sets, either mounted, or in sheets, and also for Family Use in neat port-folio form, at the following prices. When mounted, two are on a card, of the size of each chart, about 22 by 30 inches. They are sent by mail, *in sheets*, at the prices named.

		<i>In Sheets.</i>	<i>Mounted.</i>
Reading.	No. I. Elementary: Sixty illustrated Words	25 cents.	60 cents.
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	No. III. Reading: Second Lessons	25 cents.	60 cents.
	No. IV. Reading: Third Lessons	25 cents.	
	No. V. Reading: Fourth Lessons	25 cents.	60 cents.
	No. VI. Reading: Fifth Lessons	25 cents.	
Miscellaneous.	No. VII. Elementary Sounds	25 cents.	60 cents.
	No. VIII. Phonic Spelling	25 cents.	
	No. IX. Writing Chart	25 cents.	60 cents.
	No. X. Drawing and Perspective	25 cents.	
	No. XI. Lines and Measures	25 cents.	60 cents.
	No. XII. Forms and Solids	25 cents.	
Colors.	No. XIII. Familiar Colors, accompanied by a duplicate set of Hand Color-Cards	90 cents.	\$1 80.
	No. XIV. Chromatic Scale of Colors*	60 cents.	
Zoological.	No. XV. Animals. Economical Uses	35 cents.	90 cents.
	No. XVI. Classification of Animals	35 cents.	
	No. XVII. Birds. Their Classification	35 cents.	90 cents.
	No. XVIII. Reptiles and Fishes	35 cents.	
Botanical.	No. XIX. Botanical Forms, &c.	35 cents.	90 cents.
	No. XX. Classification of Plants	35 cents.	
	No. XXI. Economical Uses of Plants	35 cents.	90 cents.
	No. XXII. Economical Uses, continued	35 cents.	
	Price of the entire Set, in Sheets	\$7 00	
	“ “ Mounted	9 00	
	“ “ Port-folio Form	11 00	



* Uncolored Miniature Copy of the Chromatic Scale, Chart No. XIV.

While these Charts, mounted on heavy binder's board, are designed more especially as aids in carrying out a system of elementary school instruction upon the "development" or *object-lesson* method, they are also, in port-folio form, admirably adapted—in their plan and arrangement, by the attractiveness of their colored illustrations, and by the interest that attaches to the subjects which they embrace—to family use. (Over.

An Accompanying Manual of Instruction On the Plan of "Object" Teaching,

By MARCIUS WILLSON,

is also ready. This is designed, not merely to accompany and explain the Charts, and to furnish the directions, suggestions, and *information* which the teacher requires for their use, but also to set forth the principles on which a true system of "development" or *object* teaching should be based, and to present, in the same connection, an "Approximate Programme" for a full course of Primary Instruction during the first ten years of school life.

Some of the Charts carry out principles beyond mere elementary instruction. Thus the chapter on "Drawing and Perspective," in the Manual, will be found, in connection with Chart No. X, not only to furnish a system of *First Lessons* in DRAWING for Common Schools, but to present, also, a treatise on the principles and practice of PERSPECTIVE sufficiently full to meet the wants of Academies and Seminaries. The COLOR CHARTS, Nos. XIII and XIV, will be found adapted not only to primary instruction in a knowledge of colors, but to the wants of advanced students also. Thus the CHROMATIC SCALE OF COLORS, of which we have given here a miniature uncolored copy, presents, in connection with the Manual, a scientific view of colors,—their manifold tints, shades, and hues,—their combinations, proportions, complementaries, harmonies, &c., and the principles and effects of their arrangement in nature, in dress, and in painting. The materials for this chapter have been derived mainly from the elaborate work of the French writer Chevreul, who has devoted more than twenty years to an investigation of the subject of colors, in connection with his superintendence of the Gobelins tapestry works, under the orders of the French government.

Price of Willson's Manual, \$1 00.

Calkins's Manual of Object Lessons. (In Press.)

This work, although covering different ground from the above, fully harmonizes with it, and both carry out the same principles. While the Manual by Mr. Willson is designed to present the outlines of a full English course of elementary instruction, on the *Development* or "Object" system, and on the plan of the Charts, with suggestions for the teacher, and such an amount of necessary information as could be embraced within the limits of a moderate-sized volume, the Manual by Mr. Calkins, besides also giving an exposition of principles, works out, in detail, a sufficient number of lessons to serve the teacher as *models* in the various departments of primary education. Both works are adapted to the use of the Charts—the former more especially than the latter, although both may be used without them. The Charts, however, are highly important in illustrating both. Both avoid certain radical defects which are found in the English system. In fine, the "Primary Object Lessons" by Mr. Calkins, the two "Manuals," and the "School and Family Charts"—all harmonizing in principle and plan—are designed to furnish a reliable exposition of the principles and practices of a *true* Development or Object System of teaching. It will be seen that the system itself is not new in *principle*, but in *adaptation*;—and the changes which it introduces are not so much those of *subjects of study*, as of the *time and modes* of treating them.

Willson's Readers.

The testimonials which we have received, during the past year, to the merits of these Readers, and many of which have been published in preceding numbers of the *Bulletin*, show, from the very highest sources, the most

decided and general approbation of the plan on which these books are constructed. If doubts were at first entertained of the success of the so-called "*Scientific Readers*," those doubts have since been pretty generally dispelled; and now we find educators wishing *still more* "science" than these Readers have ventured to introduce. A short time ago we were requested to send a set of the books for examination to Dr. A. P. Merrill, the able superintendent of the Public Schools of Memphis, Tennessee. The response was a cash order for a quantity of the books for a first supply of the Public Schools of that city. The author of the Readers has since received the following from Dr. Merrill, to which we call the special attention of those (if any there are) who still entertain the idea, as the Dr. expresses it, "that natural science can not be made interesting to young children."

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 19th, 1862.

MARCIUS WILLSON, ESQ., New York.

I have examined your series of books from the Primer to the Fifth Reader, inclusive, and find them so much better than others that I have recommended them to be used in our public and private schools. Still, I think you have not fully carried out the great idea of popularizing science, particularly in the smaller books. Why should not children, as soon as they begin to read, have the privilege of reading what may be useful to them? Reading-lessons are generally committed pretty well to memory, but the books in use afford very little material which is useful to remember. Little children are engaged in mere novel reading, and their lessons compare well with the "yellow-covered literature" which wastes away the mental energies of so many grown people. It is a great mistake, I apprehend, to suppose that natural science can not be made interesting to very young children. Many facts in reference to the mineral kingdom, the curious habits of certain animals, especially the insect tribes, the curiosities of botany, and even the wonders of astronomy, might afford themes for reading-lessons even for the most tender minds.

Wishing you all success in your laudable enterprise, I am

Your obt' servant,

A. P. MERRILL.

We have a few remarks to make with reference to Dr. Merrill's suggestion of "more fully popularizing science in the smaller books of the series." When these books were first published, the schools and teachers were hardly prepared for any greater change; but the *same end* which Dr. Merrill aims at has been sought to be attained in the plan of the "School and Family Charts," and in Calkins' and Willson's works on "Object" teaching, and especially in the course of instruction laid down in the "Approximate Programme" in Willson's Manual, now just published. Here is a wide field opened for scientific *observation* on the part of children, and for *illustration* on the part of the teacher—a carrying out of the plan of the Readers in accordance with Nature's method of primary education.

We are still constantly receiving from educators in all parts of the country the most cordial testimonials to the merits of the Readers, and with all of them it is the *plan* of the series—the happy popularizing of science—that places these books so far in advance of all others. We can make room for only the following additional testimonial.


From JOSEPH MIFFLIN, County Superintendent of Cumberland Co., Pa., July 21, 1862.


I have carefully examined Willson's School Readers, and I feel no hesitation in pronouncing them the best series of reading-books that I have ever met with. The advantages they possess are not confined alone to the arrangement of the series as a gradual and easy leading of the child from the first principles of orthography to the most difficult combinations, and from the simplest lessons in reading to the highest literary productions,—in which particulars they are, in my opinion, vastly superior to any other Readers in use—but they possess a feature not *claimed* by any other series, viz., they impart in easy and familiar reading-lessons a vast fund of useful scientific information that *the mass of our pupils* could have no other opportunity of acquiring. I shall indeed hail with pleasure the time when they are introduced into all the schools of our county.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1862.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *October 1, 1862.*

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